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THE NEW YORKER

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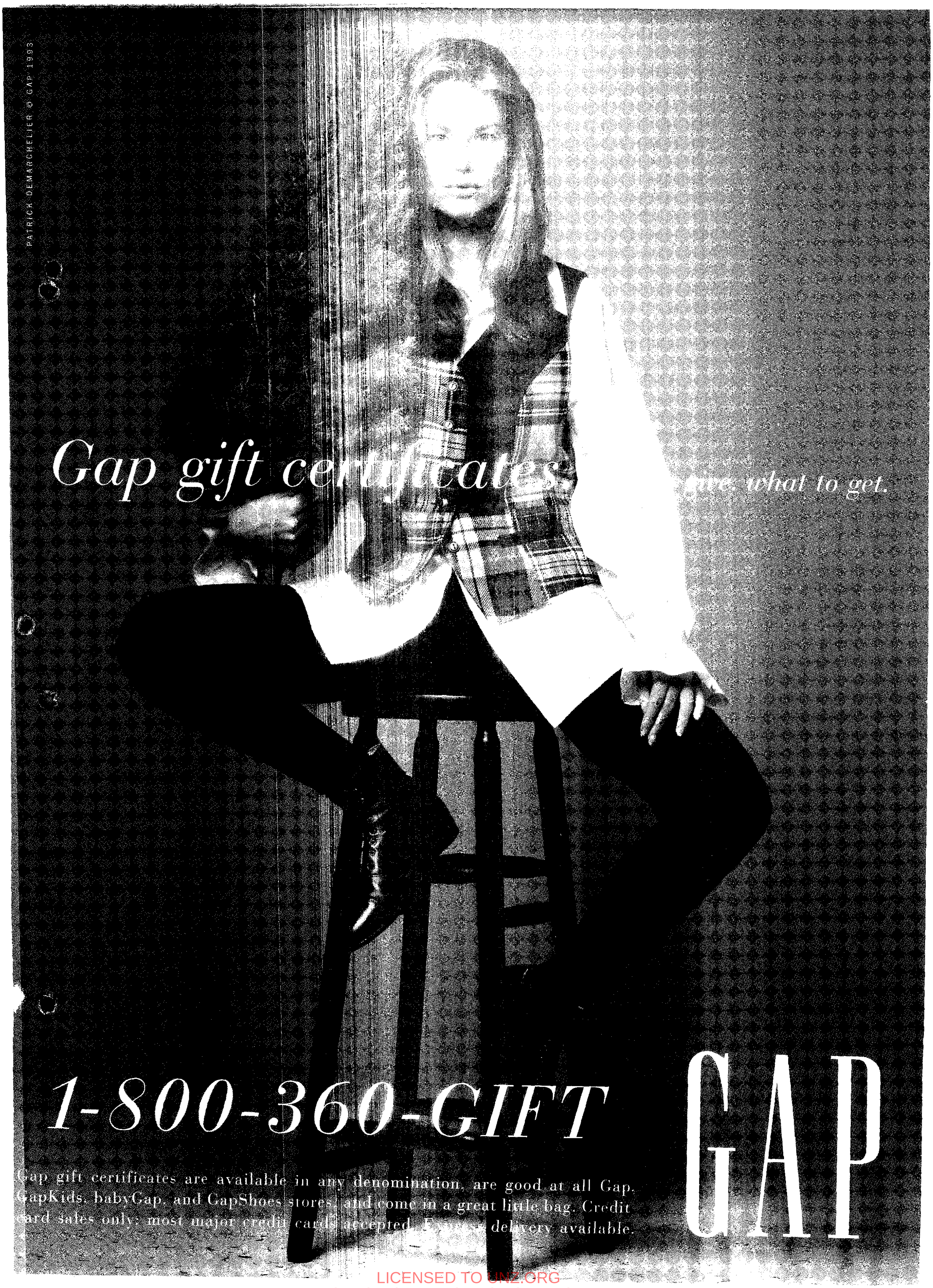
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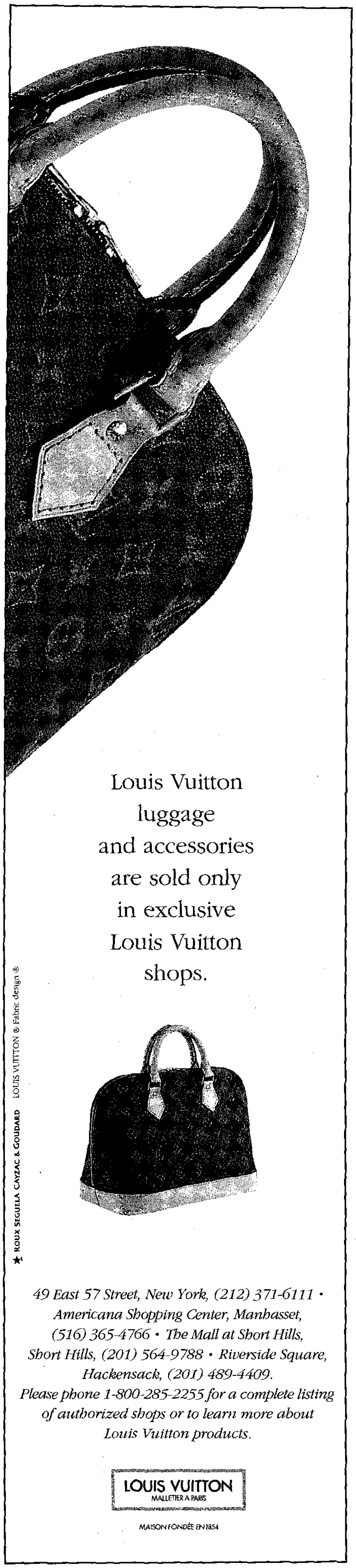
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COMMENT

LOCAL COLOR

IN the aftermath of last Tuesday's off-year elections, the Clinton Administration is taking solace from Tip O'Neill's immortal maxim "All politics is local." Naturally, the White House is eager to discourage any effort to interpret the most prominent results—Republican victories in the races for the governorships of New Jersey and Virginia and for mayor of New York—as a referendum on itself. And, while the O'Neill maxim never explains everything, this time it explains quite a bit. So, before adding to the pile—as always, a high one—of post-election generalizations, pursuing the particulars may be useful.

The defeat of the Governor of New Jersey, Jim Florio, was the biggest disappointment to the White House, because Florio's case was widely seen as a test of the proposition that a tax-raising Democrat can get reëlected. In truth, though, Florio's dilemma was more Bushian than Clintonian. Like both Bush and Clinton, Florio raised taxes; like Bush but unlike Clinton, he had given the voters the impression he wouldn't. What Florio did was necessary—new taxes were the only way to stanch recession-driven deficits and to achieve a more equitable distribution of funds among school districts—and it was heroic: the Governor's support in opinion polls quickly plummeted to below twenty per cent. In 1991, in a virtually unprecedented upheaval, the Democrats in the legislature were overthrown and Republicans put in their places with veto-proof majorities. But the Republicans, for all their talk about rescinding Florio's taxes, left them almost untouched. This turn of events gave Florio the opportunity to recover. When the legislature, succumbing to the lobbying of the National Rifle Association, granted an exemption for already owned assault weapons in a bill originally designed to curb such weapons, Florio vetoed it, and the legislature did not override his veto. His triumph over the N.R.A. brought him national attention and higher poll ratings. Even so, at the start of his reëlection campaign he lagged far behind Christine Whitman, a former county official, who in 1990 had nearly unseated the legendary Senator Bill Bradley.

Whitman belongs to the wealthy

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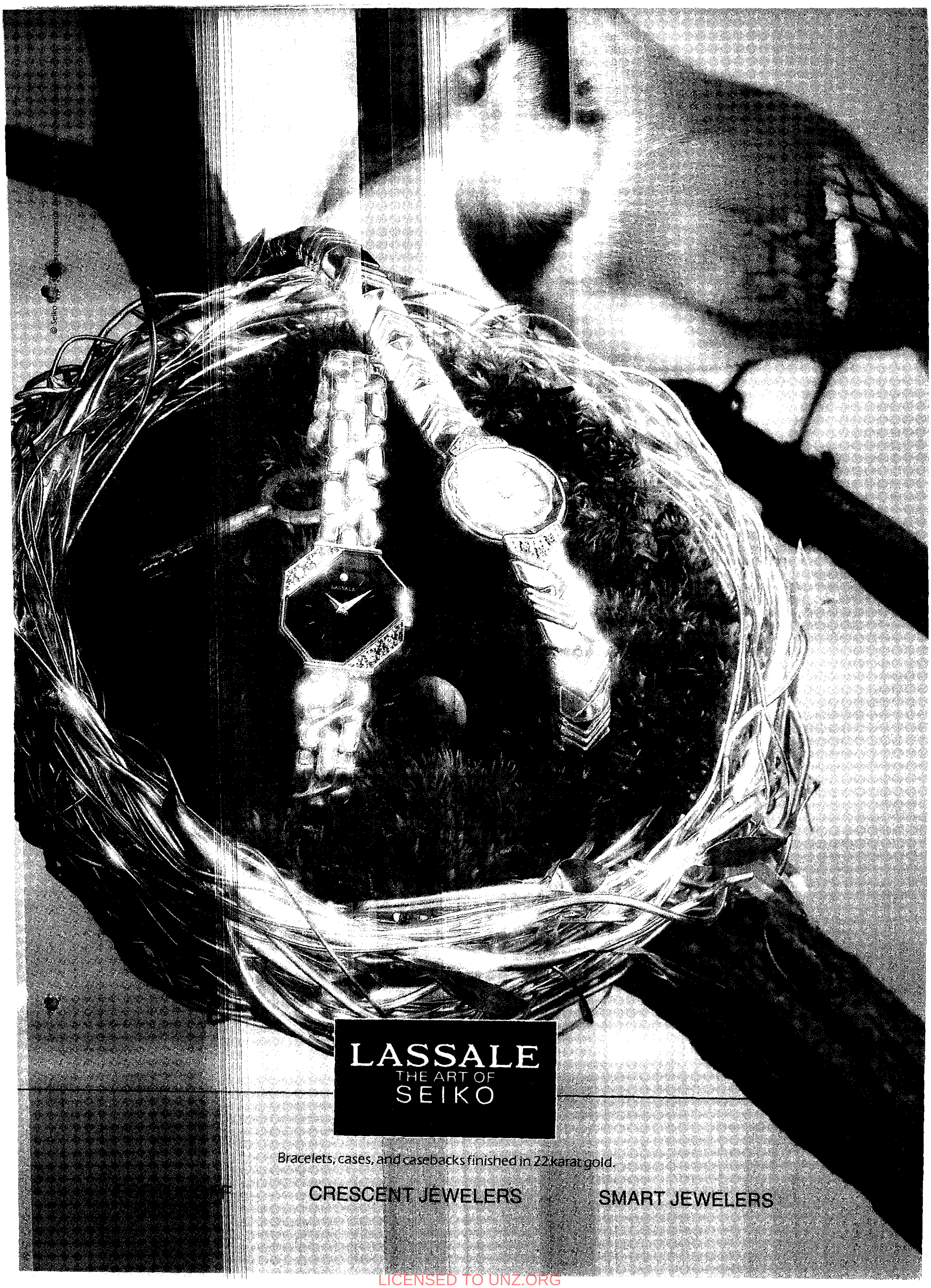

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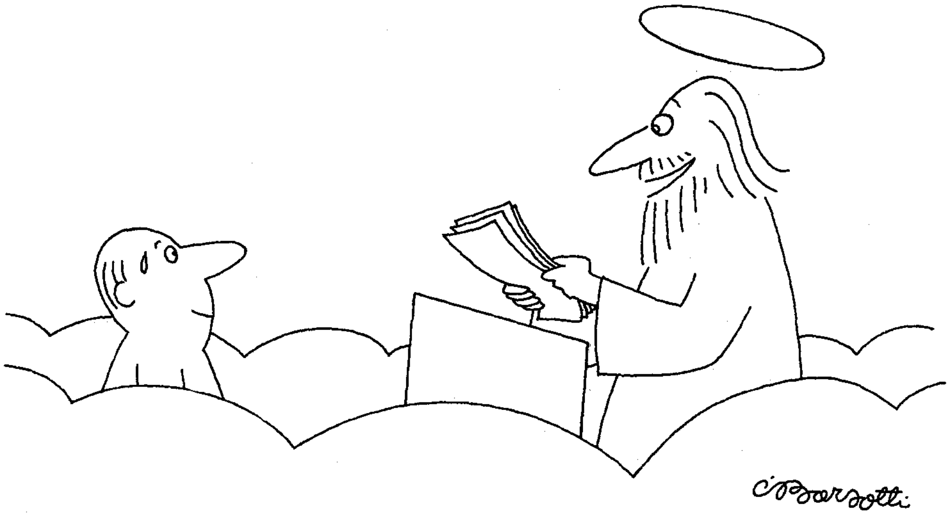


"Blasphemy, yes, but it was funny."

* *

equestrian class to which middle-class voters in New Jersey occasionally enjoy deferring. Throughout the campaign, however, she lacked patrician assurance. Florio, a former Golden Gloves boxer, was all furious punching. He landed blow after blow on social issues—slamming the N.R.A., proposing mandatory sentencing, calling for tougher gun control. Whitman seemed weak and dizzy, and Florio won round after round. He was far ahead on points. When Whitman announced, in desperation, a program that would radically cut taxes by thirty per cent *and* cut the budget, her credibility appeared to collapse, and, with it, her standing in the polls. But Florio had come back from the political dead two weeks too early. Failing to connect his tax increases and austerity to a compelling plan for economic development, he was cornered. On Election Day, the pseudo-populist *enragés* of the suburbs turned out in great numbers, determined to punish Florio for his flagrant act of realism and responsibility. He lost by a very narrow margin—less than two per cent of the vote.

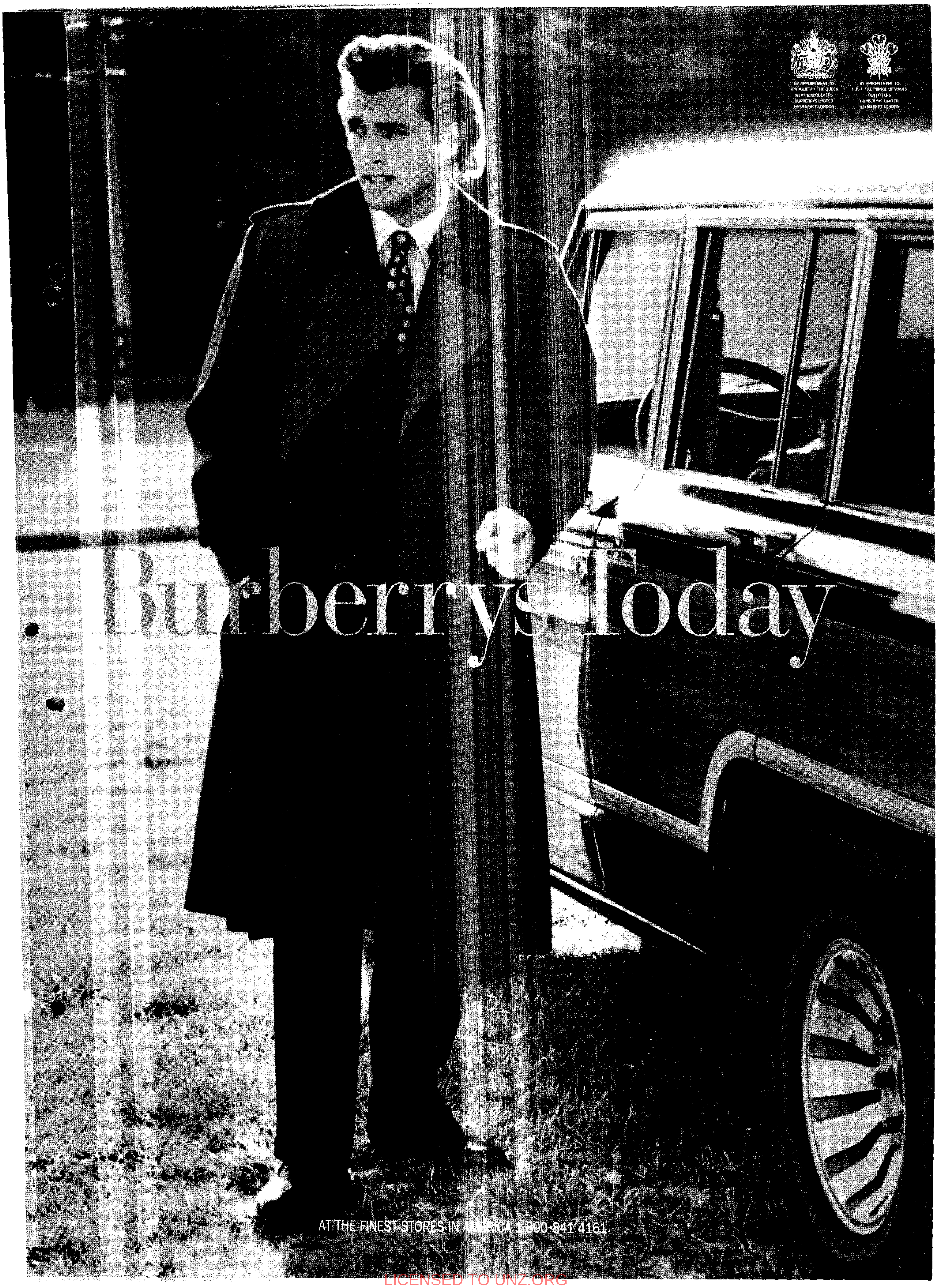
In Virginia, a twelve-year tenure of Democrats came to an end. This was not a sudden Republican insurgency toppling a century-old regime: these Democrats were moderate progressives, a relatively new and still rather anomalous species in the hierarchical Old Dominion, which had been ruled for decades by the reactionary Harry Flood Byrd and his Dixiecrat machine. The outgoing incumbent, Douglas Wilder, who in 1989 became the first black ever to be elected governor of any state, compiled a solid record in office. But that was overshadowed by his opéra-bouffe feud with Senator Charles Robb (the first in the state's recent line of Democratic governors), who has been reeling from charges that he dallied with a former Miss Virginia and that he snooped on Wilder's car phone. Mary Sue Terry, the stiff, uncommunicative Democrat nominated to succeed Wilder (Virginia limits its governors to a single term), carried the burden of the Wilder-Robb tragicomedy.

Into this breach entered the affable Republican George Allen, son of the late Washington Redskins football coach, and his running mate as candidate for lieutenant governor, Michael Farris, who is a close ally of the political evangelist Pat Robertson. Allen, in a classically all-purpose statement, remarked that he and Farris "agree on virtually every issue, but I'm sure we don't agree on every issue." Against Allen, Terry ran a narrowly poll-driven campaign. Her grim inexpressiveness was bested by the soothing vagueness of Allen, a true child of Reaganism. Allen won in a landslide, restoring the natural conservative order of things in Virginia.

Back home in New York City, the results were almost identical to those in the election that David Dinkins won and Rudolph Giuliani lost four years ago. As Andy Logan reports in this issue, slight variations—a hundred votes here, a few dozen there—added up to a turnaround. That Dinkins was defeated in this hairsplitting way is consistent with the stasis he had fostered in office. The Mayor's indecisiveness in the Crown Heights riot and on a boycott of Korean grocers led by black activists made this devoted integrationist appear a racialist to many whites: his image imploded. A perception that he was weak on crime followed his displays of hesitancy. His television commercials appealing to the city's unity could not make him politically whole again.

In all these results, some patterns are obvious: violent crime is the most salient social issue; economic decline is potent; voters are short-tempered and often cynical, willing to make abrupt changes. But there are wider ramifications to be noted. Republican glee about the defeat of incumbents ought to be tempered by the fact that in the two biggest cities, New York and Los Angeles, Republicans will now be the incumbents. For more than a generation, Republicans have profited politically from blaming Democrats for urban maladies. Homeless vagrants, crime and guns, racial discord, the crumbling infrastructure—these American problems are now Republican problems, too.

In Virginia, the Republicans will rest their fate on a sunny personality with happy-go-lucky promises. Since Allen can serve only one term, he will leave the results to his successor. It is perfect Reaganism. In New Jersey, though, Christie Whitman must either act on her pledge to cut taxes radically, thus courting fiscal ruin, or abandon it, thus risking political disaster. And, in New York, Giuliani, whose citywide margin was just forty-five thousand votes out of nearly two million cast, takes office by virtue of a ninety-thousand-vote edge in tiny, atypical Staten Island—a borough that, at the same time it bestowed Giuliani upon the city, voted to secede from it. In New York and New Jersey, the Republican winners have more in common with the Democratic President than they, or the White House, might imagine. Like Clinton, Whitman and Giuliani are going to have to learn how to govern with wobbly mandates. They will be lucky to do as well as the President, who, though he was elected by the smallest plurality of the century, has nonetheless managed, amid harrowing ups and (especially) downs, to keep the country's attention more or less focussed on his agenda. ♦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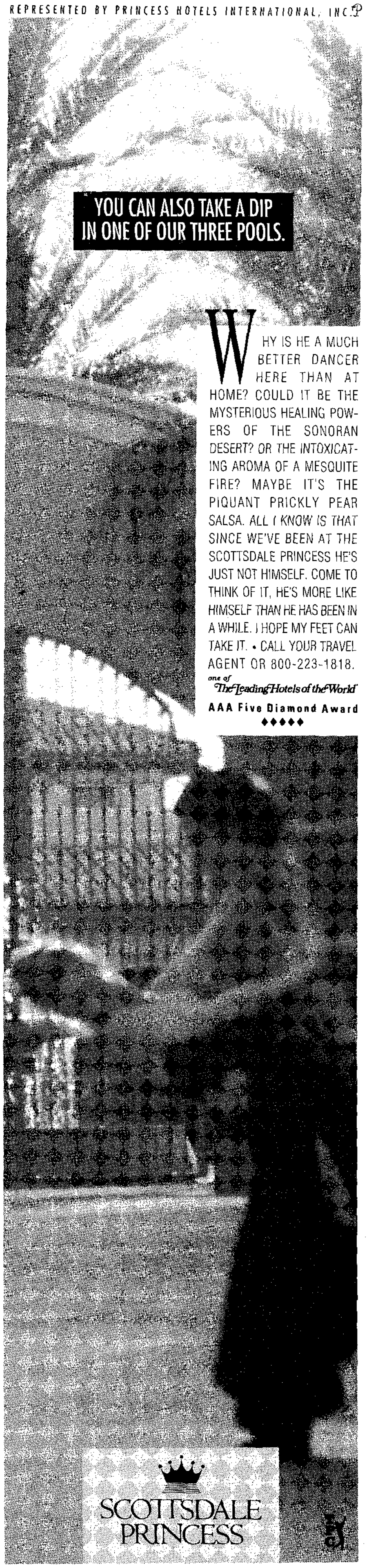

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NOT FORGOTTEN

Many of us will miss Peter De Vries (Obituary, October 11th). As one admirer put it, he had the rare gift of being simultaneously witty and funny, meaning that his comic novels were a compatible marriage of brilliantly wrought wordplay and physical, broad humor.

Tom Stoppard once said that his favorite parenthesis in world literature is in "Lolita": "My very photogenic mother died in a freak accident (picnic, lightning) when I was three." Nabokov's succinctness is masterly, but a parenthesis that I find equally worthy of praise can be found in the following passage from De Vries's "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo." The narrator is a precocious young man given to high-flown observations:

> It is from Dearest that I have derived my own fondness for domestic flora, and my understanding of them too. Their so varying individualities! The bloodleaf with its Slavic temperament. The Episcopalian prissiness of the poinsettia ("With leaves like these, as you think them, you klutz, though they are in fact bracts, with leaves like these, who needs flowers? And yet I give you such pretty little blossoms too, you undeserving clod").

DAVID ENGLISH
Somerville, Mass.

COURT TV

In the October 11th Comment, the case is made for televising Supreme Court proceedings. Many Americans think that, for all its faults, television is a valuable educational device. Not everybody agrees. One of those who don't is a fellow named Neil Postman, whose book "Amusing Ourselves to Death" says that television has trivialized many, if not most, of the serious problems with which we are faced. For example, if Abraham Lincoln were to run for President today he probably couldn't be elected, because he wouldn't be telegenic enough. Indeed, the ideal Presidential candidate nowadays is a completely amoral confidence man who looks good on the tube.

If the proceedings of the Supreme Court were televised, the focus of public attention would inevitably switch from the decisions of the Court to the appearance of the Justices, so an individual's estimate of a particular Justice's value to the Republic would be based not on what he does but on what he looks like.

FRANK HOLAN
Westminster, Vt.

BAD BLOOD

As the recent widow of a hemophiliac who died from AIDS contracted from contaminated Factor VIII, I found Jane Kramer's article on the French *scandale du sang* (October 11th) sounding all too familiar.

American hemophiliacs were infected in the early eighties because drug companies did not see fit to withdraw a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of contaminated clotting factor from the market. As in France, the corporate mentality that ranks profit over humanity won. Lawsuits are pending, and a government inquiry is being sought by the hemophiliac community. Whereas the French story has reached resolution with compensation to the injured and with responsible parties in jail, the American story has only begun to be told. Of the roughly twenty thousand hemophiliacs in this country (two thousand have died since 1985), some ten thousand are infected with H.I.V. While many of those already have full-blown AIDS, that number does not include the spouses, significant others, or children of the

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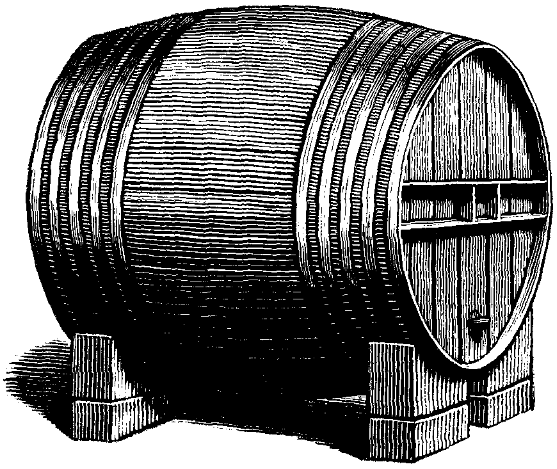

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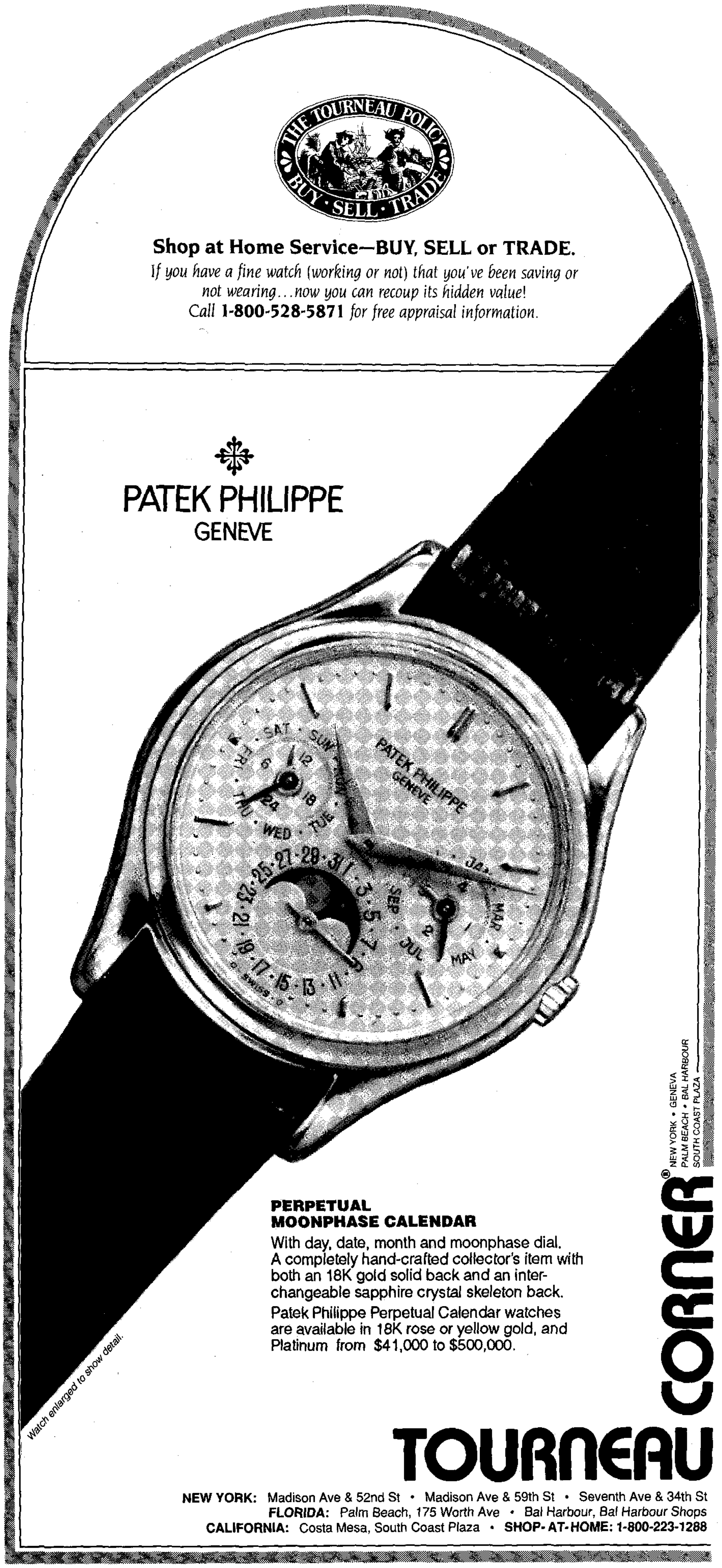
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hemophiliacs, many of whom are also infected.

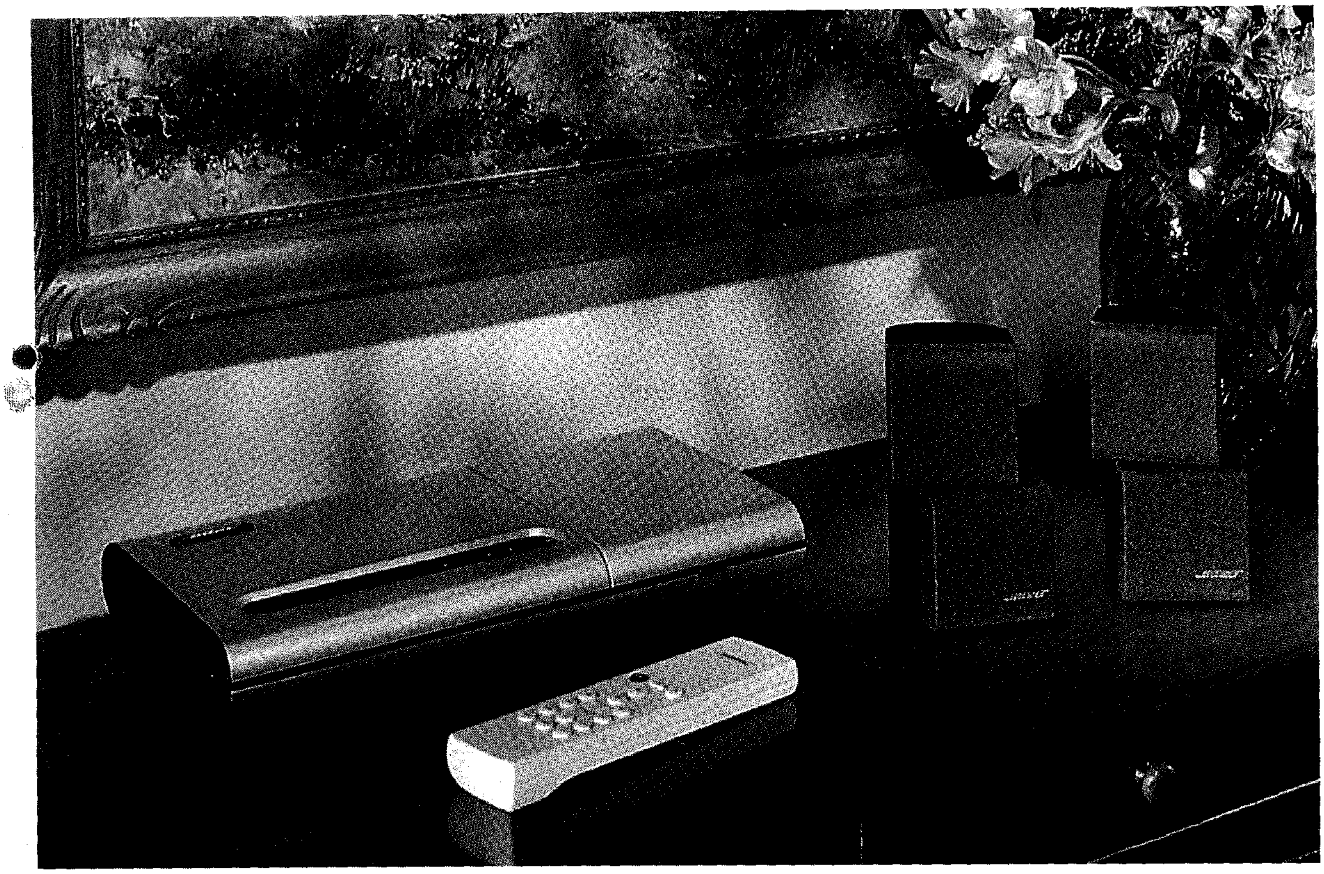
I hope that *The New Yorker* will one day be able to tell the story of the ten thousand H.I.V.-infected American hemophiliacs with as much clarity and detail as it told the French story.

SUSAN BUSSARD
Dallas, Texas

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to In the Mail, The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

MAEVE BRENNAN

MAEVE BRENNAN died a few days ago, at the age of seventy-six. She was a small, charming, effortlessly witty, generous woman with green eyes, hugely oversized horn-rimmed glasses, and chestnut hair worn in a vast beehive. Her father was the Republic of Ireland's envoy to Washington, and she was brought to this country with him. She had a lovely Dublin accent. Before she came to *The New Yorker*, she was on the staff of *Harper's Bazaar*, and to be around her was to see style being invented. If you heard laughter at the water cooler, the chances were that a remark of hers had given rise to it. She began by writing about women's fashions and then moved on to doing short reviews of books. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, those letters to the editors of Talk of the Town from the "Long-Winded Lady" were all by her. They were a running diary of the city—its weather, its more fragile types, its *look*. She had a special tenderness for the seedy streets around Times Square and saw what no one else was likely to see. She published two volumes of short stories, nearly all of which appeared originally in this magazine. The best ones tended to be about a husband and wife who were not quite able to make themselves understood by each other, with the result that a kind of canopy of sadness hung over whatever happened to them. She set great store by W. B. Yeats' statement "Only that which does not teach, which does not cry out, which does not persuade, which does not condescend, which does not explain, is irresistible." ♦



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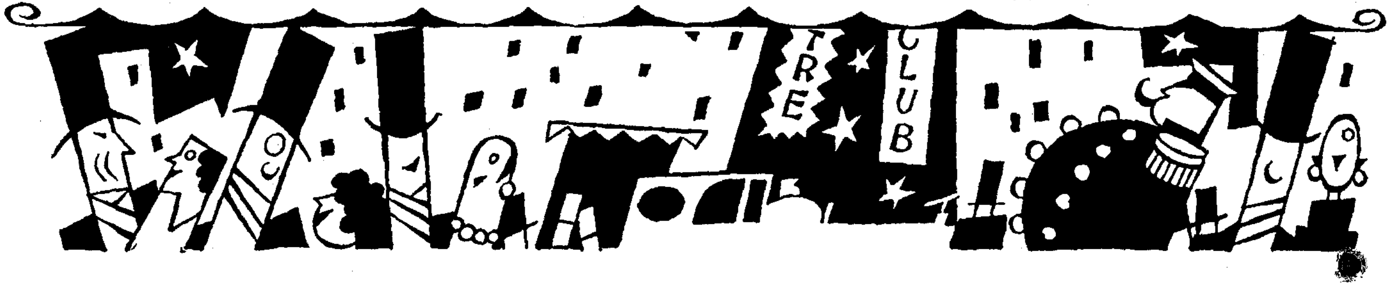


THE THEATRE

Paris Texan

The performance artist John Kelly had long wanted to do a piece about Jean Cocteau, but it was not until he happened upon the story of Barbette—a Texas-born acrobat (his real name was Vander Clyde) whose Paris performances of the nineteen-twenties occasioned one of Cocteau's best-known essays about the nature of art—that he felt he had found his subject. For his new work on Cocteau and Barbette, which is called "Light Shall Lift Them" and will be presented this week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theatre, Kelly has learned the trapeze. "It's twelve feet above the stage," he says proudly, "and I perform without a net."

Kelly's piece is much more than a high-wire stunt, however. It includes a new score, by Bill Obrecht, and a variety of roles, drawn from the lives of Cocteau and Barbette, for the singer Mary Elizabeth Poore and the dancer Robert LaFosse. In "Light Shall Lift Them," Kelly intends to use these elements to embody salient aspects of his two artists. In a profile of the Texan that was published in these pages in 1969, the Cocteau biographer Francis Steegmuller recounted a story that Kelly felt illustrated the exemplary refinement of their milieu. "Mme. Aline," Steegmuller writes, "the severely black-clad manageress of a Marseilles brothel that Barbette, Cocteau, and Cocteau's friend Maurice Rostand . . . once visited in order to see its blue films, displayed her brand of refinement when replying to Cocteau's request for a homosexual film: 'Ah, Monsieur, we do have a film of that kind, and everybody asks for it, but unfortunately it is being repaired. *Je suis désolée.*' " Barbette told Steegmuller that when Mme. Aline showed the men what she did have on hand, Maurice Rostand fell asleep and snored, and Cocteau kept up a commentary on the defects of the acting.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Sam Waterston has the title role in a production of Robert E. Sherwood's 1938 play. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
14	15	16	10	11	12	13

Angels in America: Perestroika—The second half of Tony Kushner's epic work is in previews, running in repertory with Part One, "Millennium Approaches." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Any Given Day—A new play by Frank D. Gilroy, which stars Sada Thompson and Andrea Marcovicci. Previews through Nov. 14. Opens Nov. 16 at 6:45. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Cyrano: The Musical—The Dutch actor Bill van Dijk has the title role in this new musical version of Edmond Rostand's play. In previews. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Desdemona: A Play About a Handkerchief— Paula Vogel's play looks at "Othello" from the female characters' points of view. Preview on Nov. 10. Opens Nov. 11 at 8. (Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—A new edition of G[illegible]d Alessandrini's parodies, including spoofs of "Angels in America" and "The Who's Tommy." Preview on Nov. 10. Opens Nov. 11 at 7:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

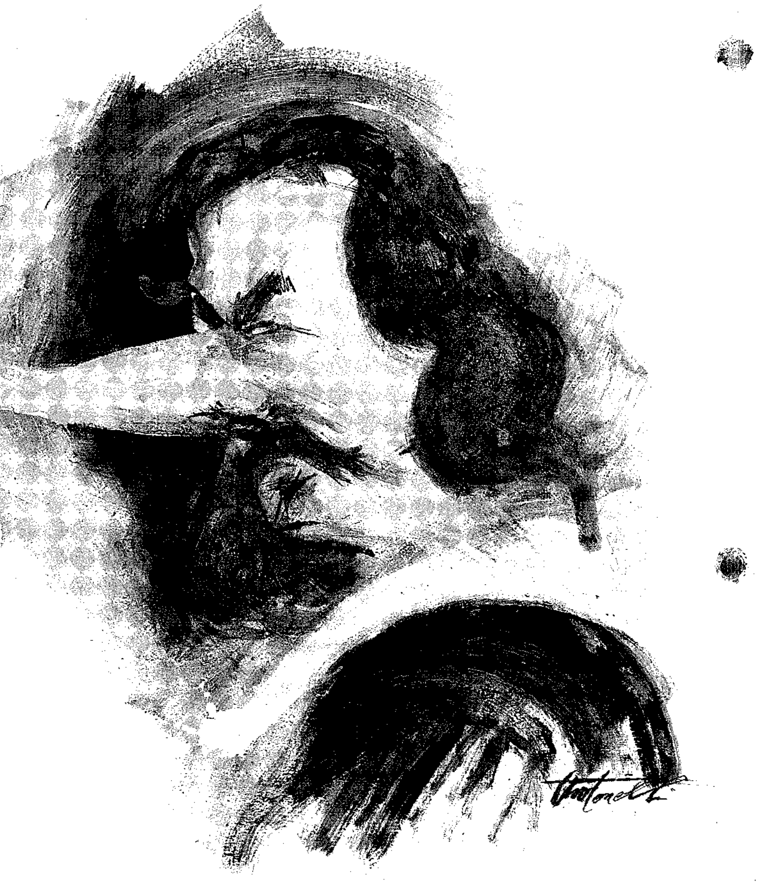
A Grand Night for Singing!—An expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that played at Rainbow & Stars last spring. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Gray's Anatomy—Monologuist Spalding Gray is back, this time to talk about his eye troubles, among other matters. Sundays and Mondays only. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

An Imaginary Life—A play by Peter Parnell. Previews begin Nov. 12. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

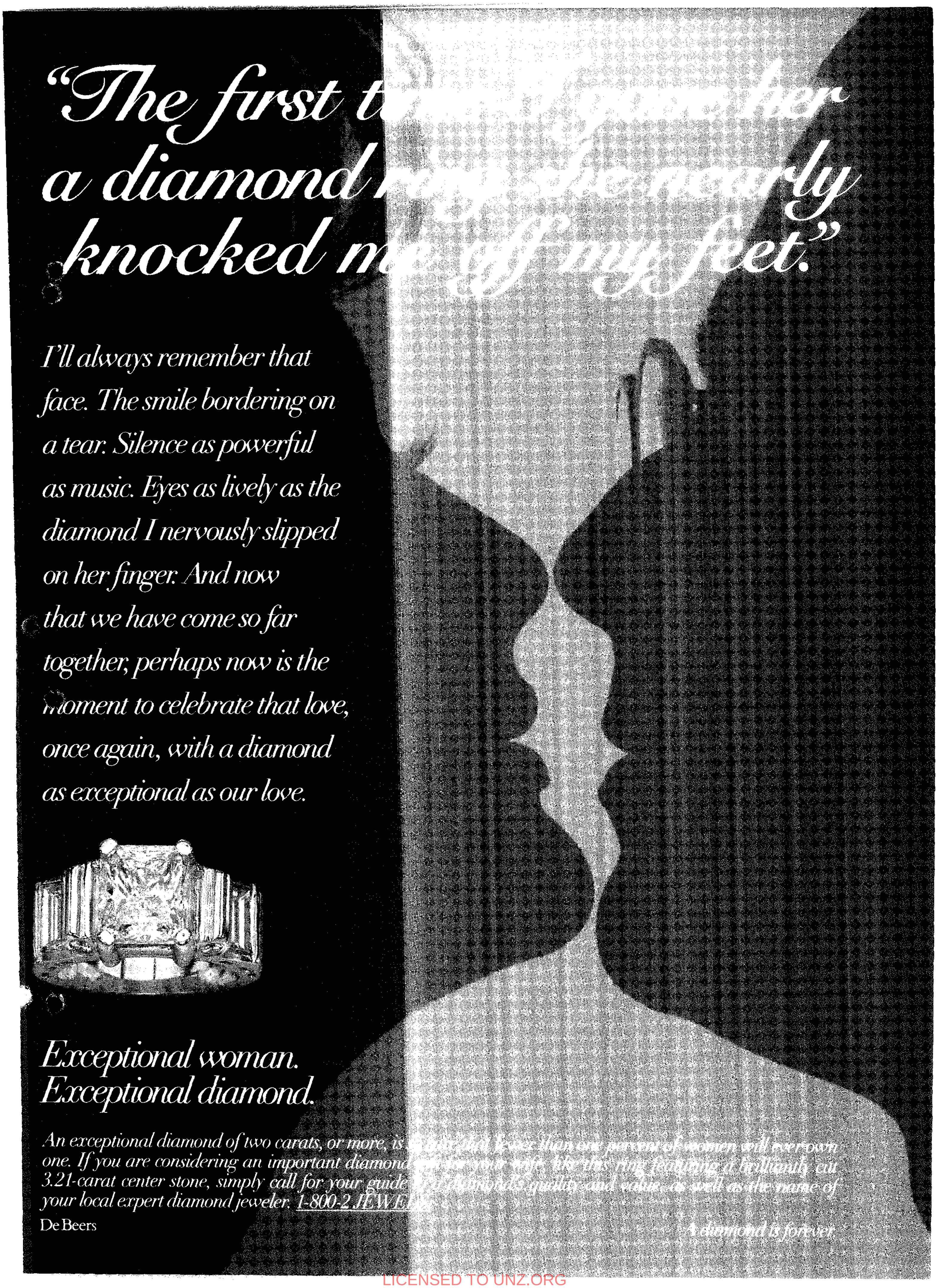
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A new production of the musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber. Opens Nov. 10 at 6:30. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

The Kentucky Cycle—Robert Schenkkan's six-hour, two-part play, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1992, comes to Broadway. Stacy Keach heads the cast. Previews through Nov. 13. Opens Nov. 14 at 1. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



CHRISTIAN ANTONELLI

Bill van Dijk in "Cyrano: The Musical."



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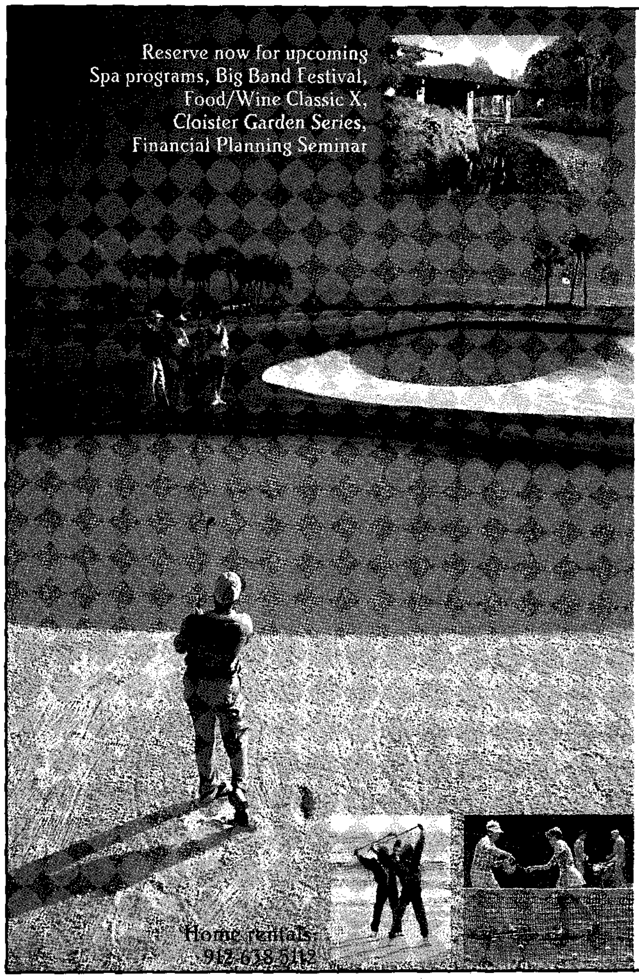

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR—Neil Simon's latest comedy takes place during the early days of live TV. Starring Nathan Lane, Randy Graff, and Mark Linn-Baker. In previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

LIFE SENTENCES—A new play by Richard Nelson, with Edward Herrmann and Michelle Joyner. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

LIGHT SHALL LIFT THEM—John Kelly's new work plays Nov. 10 at 7 and Nov. 11-13 at 8. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

THE LOMAN FAMILY PICNIC—A play by Donald Margulies about a Jewish family in Brooklyn during the sixties. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 5[illegible] St. 581-1212.)

THE RED SHOES—A new musical, based on the 1948 movie, with a score by Jule Styne, a book by Marsha Norman, and lyrics by Ms. Norman and Paul Stryker. In previews. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

THE SWAN—A play by Elizabeth Egloff. Previews through Nov. 14. Opens Nov. 15 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

ANNIE WARBUCKS—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—Willy Russell's musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. The cast includes Shaun [illegible] David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" in a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes Nov. 13.)

EATING CHICKEN FEET—A comedy by Kitty Chen, presented by Pan Asian Rep and the Women's Project. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

FAMILY SECRETS—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE FIERY FURNACE—Julie Harris stars in a play by Timothy Mason. Presented by Circle Repertory Company. (10/18/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Nov. 28.)

FOUR DOGS AND A BONE—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THE GAME OF LOVE AND CHANCE—An eighteenth-century comedy by Pierre Marivaux. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHOOP-DEE-DOO!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES—The York Theatre Company presents a 1970 farce by Alan Ayckbourn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366. Closes Nov. 21.)

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in a 1983 comedy by Charles Ludlam. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

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CABARET

IN PERSONS—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson in a show about their lives in the theatre. (10/18/93) (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 14.)

JEFFREY—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

JIMMY TINGLE'S UNCOMMON SENSE—A solo show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOLKILLER—A new musical by Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts, based on a short story by Stephen Vincent Benét. Johnny Pye is the only person who can see the Foolkiller, an agent of Death who leads mortals from this world to the next. This isn't the most obvious subject for a musical, but the show is neither dreary nor prescriptive, and it offers a very funny evocation of life in a small town from the Depression to the present. The wonderfully performed musical numbers give the evening a charmingly peculiar mixture of sweetness and philosophizing. Spiro Malas, as the Foolkiller, conveys an appropriate mixture of stolidity and regret, and Heather Lee Soroka and Kaitlin Hopkins, as the younger and older versions of Johnny's love, are both radiant. Daniel Jenkins is Johnny. The set, by Peter Harrison, is ingenious. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. Carol Lawrence fills in for Ms. Rivera through Nov. 13. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LATER LIFE—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE LIGHTS—The Atlantic Theatre Company in a new play by Howard Korder. Mark Wing-Davey directed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

MIXED EMOTIONS—Katherine Helmond and Harold Gould in a romantic comedy by Richard Baer. (11/1/93) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PTERODACTYLS—Nicky Silver's absurdist comedy about an AIDS-related homecoming is intermittently amusing until its final scene, in which heavy-handed pathos almost sinks the proceedings. That the production generally succeeds is owing in large measure to the performances of Kelly Bishop as a Main Line matron and T. Scott Cunningham as her son. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Nov. 28.)

A QUARREL OF SPARROWS—A comedy by James Duff. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

SHAKESPEARE FOR MY FATHER—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

SHE LOVES ME—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

SIGNATURE THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting Edward Albee's one-act plays "Counting the Ways" and "Listening." (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 5.)

TIMON OF ATHENS—The National Actors Theatre launches its season with a rarely performed Shakespearean tragedy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes Dec. 5.)

THE TREATMENT—Randy Danson and Daniel Von Bargen in a play by Martin Crimp. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 21.)

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GOLDS—A play by Jonathan Tolins, starring Jennifer Grey, David Groh, Raphael Sbarge, Judith Scarpone, and

CHEAP THRILLS

A look at a few bargains for New York theatregoers.

TKTS BOOTHS—A twenty-year Big Apple tradition of discount tickets (fifty or twenty-five per cent off, with a small service charge), run by the Theatre Development Fund. In terms of over-all ticket availability, the earlier in the week, the better. Duffy Square: 47th St. between Broadway and Seventh Ave. Open Mondays through Saturdays, from 3 to 8, for tickets to evening performances; from 10 to 2 for Wednesday and Saturday matinées. Sunday hours are noon to 7 (sometimes closing earlier). . . . ¶ Downtown: 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level. Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 3:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Heights: Court and Montague Sts. Open Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 3:30. Some TKTS connoisseurs prefer the Brooklyn and World Trade Center locations, because the lines are shorter and you can buy matinée and Sunday tickets a day ahead of time. . . . **NOTE:** The Public Theatre has a similar service called Quiktix. A limited number of ten-dollar day-of-performance tickets are sold, starting at 6 for evening events and at 1 for matinées.

USHERING—A strategy for becoming more involved in the world of theatre, meeting kindred spirits, and, of course, seeing shows free. Many companies and a few individual shows use volunteer ushers, including the Atlantic, Circle Rep, Classic Stage Company, Manhattan Theatre Club, Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, Pearl, Playwrights Horizons, Ridiculous, Roundabout, Signature, Vineyard, Willow Cabin, Blue Man Group's "Tubes," "Forbidden Broadway 1994," and "Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!" Schedules are prearranged with theatre management.

S.R.O., ETC.—Some of the lowest-priced tickets a Broadway show offers—usually when the orchestra has already sold out—are standing-room tickets, which generally cost ten to fifteen dollars. These tickets are most often sold on the day of the show, although "The Phantom of the Opera" sells in advance. You can stand for "Blood Brothers," "Cats," "The Who's Tommy," "Guys and Dolls," "Millennium Approaches," "Les Misérables," and "Phantom." The last two shows, as well as "Miss Saigon" and "The Red Shoes," also sell a fifteen-dollar rear-mezzanine seat for their Monday through Thursday performances. On Wednesday you can see the "Angels in America" matinée play for ten dollars or the entire six hours of "The Kentucky Cycle" for twenty bucks; these seats must be purchased that day at the theatre. The "Angels" line forms as early as 9 A.M.

STUDENTS—Two good deals are the ten-dollar balcony seats for "Timon of Athens" and Classic Stage Company's "Classic Adventures" program, in which a New York City primary- or secondary-school student pays what he wishes for a ticket. Current I.D.s are required.

KEN RINCIARI

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Michael Spound. Arvin Brown directed. (11/1/93) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Who Will Carry the Word?—The Willow Cabin company presents Charlotte Delbo's Holocaust memoir. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes Nov. 28.)

The Workroom—A play by Jean-Claude Gromberg. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Nov. 14.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Big Apple Circus—The little big top returns to Lincoln Center. (Damrosch Park. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

Ladyland—Kyle deCamp's solo performance piece about ten women who knew Jimi Hendrix. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 11-14 at 9. Through Nov. 21.)

Rita Rudner—The comedienne, in a one-night stand. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 12 at 8:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—At the Next Wave Festival, performing "Billboards," which comprises four ballets—by Laura Dean, Charles Moulton, Margo Sappington, and Peter Pucci—set to thirteen songs by Prince. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 10-12 at 8, Nov. 13 at 2 and 8, and Nov. 14 at 3.)

Brenda Bufalino and the American Tap Dance Orchestra—In "American Landscape," set to the music of Hoagy Carmichael. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Colorado Ballet—A company of twenty-three dancers in its New York début. The program includes Act III of "Raymonda," "Diana and Actæon," "A Little Love," and "Façade." (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Works and Process Series—"Ring Around the Rosie," a performance about the plague in fourteenth-century Europe, in a collaboration by director-choreographer David Parsons, composer Richard Peaslee, lyricist Mark Campbell, and painter and set designer Power Boothe. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. Nov. 15-16 at 8. For tickets, call 423-3597.)

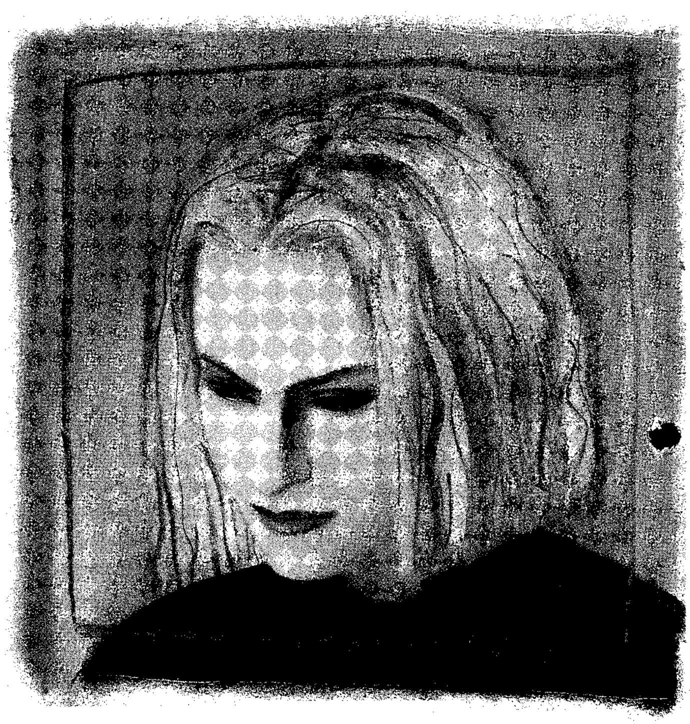
Garth Fagan Dance—The opening performance of a two-week engagement: excerpts from "Griot New York," "Draft of Shadows" (première), and "Postscript Posthumous: Ellington." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 16 at 8. Through Nov. 28.)

NIGHT LIFE

Second Wind

The first time Aimee Mann played a tape of the song "4th of July" for her friend Elvis Costello, he ran across the room and hugged her. For a pop songwriter, that's the equivalent of being high-fived by Michael Jordan after a slam dunk. Mann has been scoring points with a lot of people these days, thanks to that bittersweet ballad and the twelve other gems on "Whatever," her solo début. The blond waif who sang lead vocals for 'Til Tuesday, Mann hit the charts with that Boston-based rock group in 1985, with the title track of its first album, "Voices Carry," a stately lament about a love affair gone awry. The singer's relationship with her record company soon went awry, too, and after recording her third and final album with 'Til Tuesday, in 1988, her career was put on hold. While the business types haggled, Mann and producer Jon Brion, a former member of 'Til Tuesday's touring lineup and, according to Mann, "a brilliant musician who plays everything," went into the studio and began recording together. "We worked on and off over the course of two or three years, without having any idea if it would ever come out," Mann says.

Finally, Mann was released from her major-label contract and landed a deal with the independent company Imago Records, which released "Whatever" last spring. The album is a remarkably consistent collection of lean, melodically inventive compositions, most of which combine a bracing sense of indignation with an elegant, haunted soulfulness—much like some of Elvis Costello's own best work. Mann appears at the Bottom Line on November 15, and it's a gig that fans of smart pop would be wise not to pass up.



Aimee Mann at the Bottom Line.

VIVIENNE FLESHER

CONCERTS

Jackson Browne—Popular theory holds that the intimate, confessional material on Browne's excellent new album, "I'm Alive," was inspired by his breakup with actress Daryl (Now she's marrying J.F.K., Jr./Now *she's not*) Hannah. Whatever or whoever inspired these songs, they're the warmest and most lyrical that Browne has written in years. And it's a safe bet that in concert the earnest pretender will dig up a few of his golden oldies as well. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 307-7171. Nov. 10 and Nov. 12 at 8.)

Nanci Griffith/John Prine/Iris DeMent—An unbeatable lineup of folk-country songwriting talent, in a benefit for the Food & Hunger Hot Line. With Jenni Muldaur. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 12 at 7:30.)

Nirvana—Kurt Cobain's band is, of course, alternative rock's most celebrated success story. But these notoriously ambivalent fellows—who, to their credit, can crank out some vicious and nifty raw pop—would no doubt object to being associated with anything as shallow as popular success. The band's new album, "In Utero," may please them by never achieving multi-platinum sales, but it's a fascinating and undeniably accessible musical document, heavy on aggression, confusion, and agony. The trio headlines a bill that also features the Breeders and Half Japanese. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. 307-7171. Nov. 14 at 8; Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Nov. 15 at 8.)

Jazz at Lincoln Center—Presenting "Sing Me a Jazz Song," a series of rare film clips of Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, and Louis Jordan, among others. Jon Hendricks is the evening's host. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. 875-5050. Nov. 10 at 7 and 9.)

The Cranberries—With the Figgs. (Manhattan Center Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. 279-7740. Nov. 11 at 9.)

Jerry Garcia Band—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 12 at 7:30.

Kevin Burke—The Irish fiddler, with his new group, Open House. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan—The Pakistani *qawwali* singer. (*Qawwali* is the devotional music of Sufi Muslims.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Nov. 14 at 7:30.)

George Thorogood & the Destroyers—Beacon Theatre. Nov. 15 at 8.

ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—A cozy former theatre, situated a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and alternative-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. On Nov. 11: **LIVING COLOUR,** with

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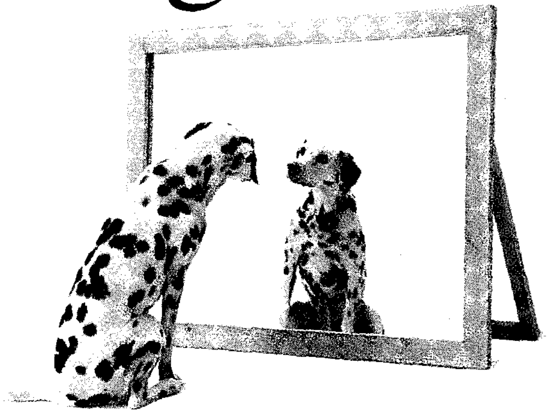

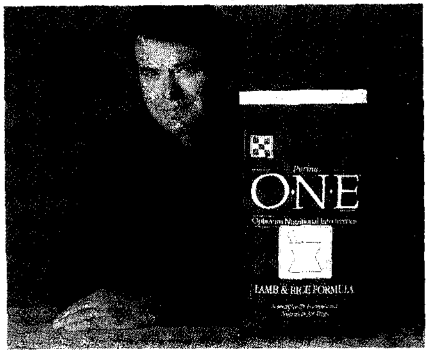
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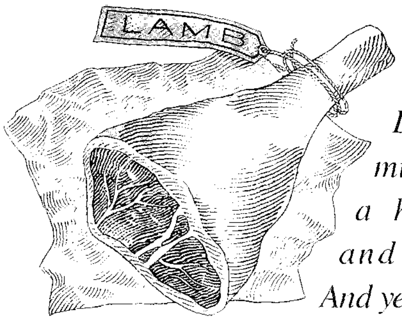

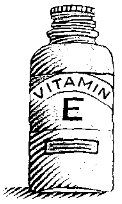

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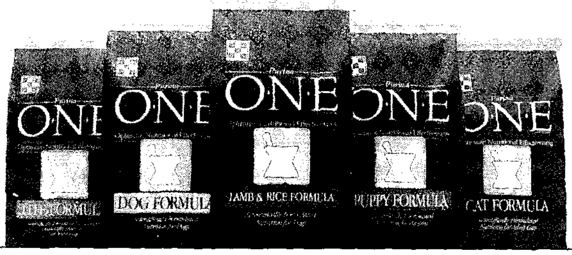
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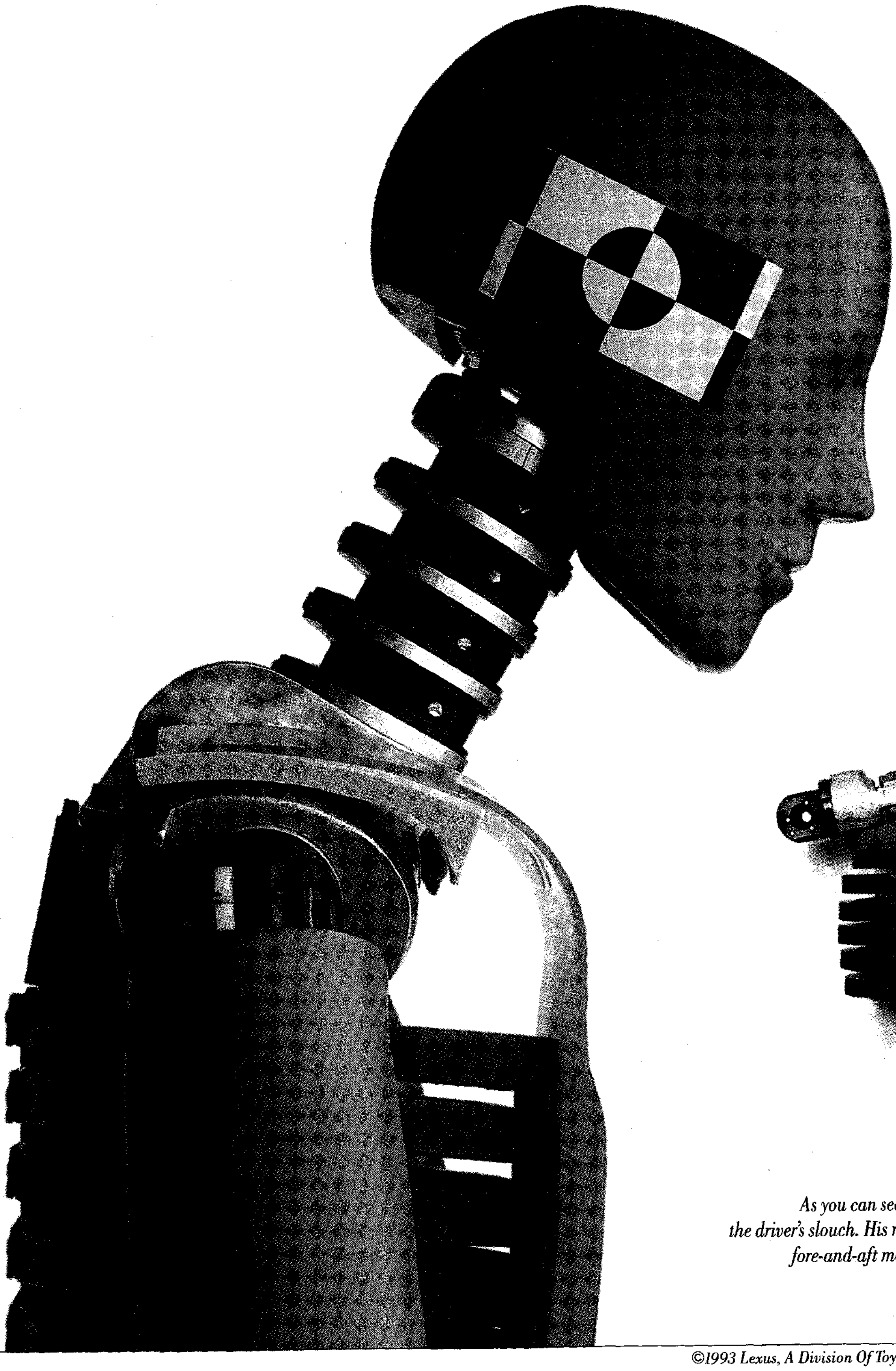

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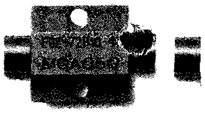

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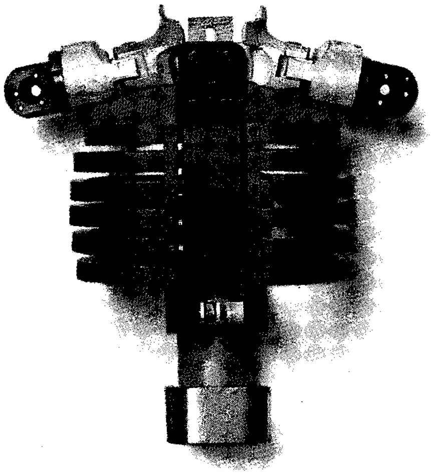

As you can see, this guy's spine is curved to mimic the driver's slouch. His neck is designed to illustrate more human-like fore-and-aft movement. And his torso even has ribs.

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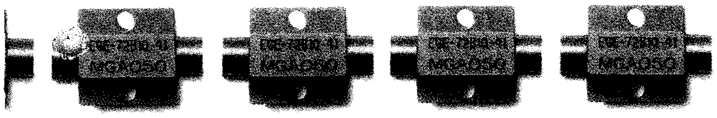
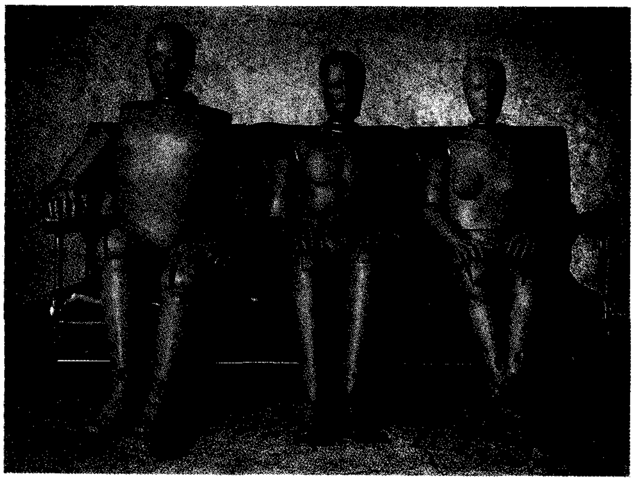


feel with sensors and accelerometers. We place these devices throughout the body–in gs of the dummy–to monitor the force of impact these areas receive in a crash.



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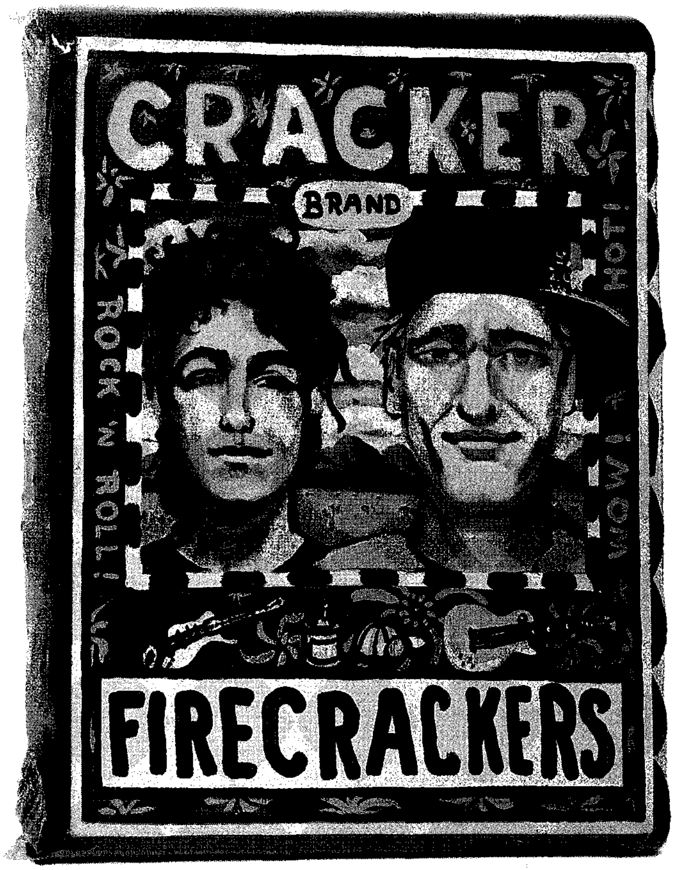
NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd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BRAND
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HOT!
WOW!
FIRECRACKERS

Johnny Hickman and David Lowery of Cracker, at Irving Plaza.

E.F. HIGGINS III

guests **CANDLEBOX**. Last year, Living Colour replaced its original bassist with veteran session man Doug Wimbush, who has played with artists ranging from Jeff Beck to George Clinton. The spheres of influence represented by these worthies have always overlapped in Living Colour's music, a blistering metal-funk hybrid that seduced album-oriented rock-radio programmers—who aren't famous for championing black artists—in the late eighties. "Stain," Living Colour's third album (released earlier this year), finds the band in typically fine, fierce form. Candlebox has been described as a metal band and a grunge band, but bassist Bardi Martin would prefer that the group not be consigned to either category. Sure, these guys hail from Seattle, sport long hair, and use a lot of loud guitar distortion, but give them a break. Call the music on "Candlebox," the group's début album, "soulful hard rock" and check it out. The hard-rock band **SAIGON KICK** plays on Nov. 12, with **TRIBE AFTER TRIBE**. For concert information, call 249-8870.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes still) the great. **JANE SIBERRY** performs on Nov. 11. Siberry, a Canadian treasure whose fans include such disparate heavyweights as Brian Eno and k.d. lang (both of whom appear on her stunning new record, "When I Was a Boy"), has been languishing in near-obscurity for the past thirteen years, making challenging art-school pop and enduring endless comparisons to Kate Bush and Laurie Anderson. She's a far better songwriter and a truly charming, guileless performer. This unusual solo appearance, billed as an "it-ain't-a-concert concert," will include several films, a spoken-word piece, and a Q & A session. It all sounds suspiciously like performance art, but Siberry promises a "low-tech" evening. On Nov. 13: singer-songwriter **AL STEWART**. Stewart, who was responsible for some of the smoothest bittersweet pop of the late seventies (remember "Time Passages" and "Year of the Cat"?), has just released "Famous Last Words," his first collection of new material since 1988. He'll be appearing with a five-piece band, featuring his longtime guitarist and musical collaborator, Peter White. Budding smart-pop bard **AIMEE MANN** arrives on Nov. 15.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to burn brightly here. The band **FUDGE TUNNEL** appears on Nov. 13. In Fudge Tunnel's record-company bio, bassist Dave Ryley offers this heartening raison d'être: "All we really wanted to do was annoy people. There's just so many of them and they're so stupid." On its current album, "Fudge Tunnel," the band channels such refreshingly unabashed misanthropy into a sonic attack blending elements of hard-core punk, industrial music, and that nasty little hard-rock subgenre known as "death metal"—and it somehow manages to work catchy hooks into the mix.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but that's part of its appeal. This week, a feast for modern-rock fans: the **MEKONS** appear on Nov. 11, followed by **CRACKER** (with **COUNTING CROWS**) on Nov. 12, and **GRAHAM PARKER** on Nov. 16. Cracker's lead singer, David Lowery, who served his apprenticeship with the California band Camper Van Beethoven in the late eighties, has a great voice for modern rock: he often sounds a little tired, yet he manages to sneer, registering irony without losing the sincere intensity that makes rock sound real. After Camper broke down in 1990, Lowery hooked up with country guitarist Johnny Hickman and found the perfect muscular twang to carry his songs and drive home his world-weary vision of adventure and twisted fun. The band's first album, released in 1992, had a couple of great songs, but it turned out to be just a warm-up for its new record, "Kerosene Hat." It takes a while to realize how ambitious the record is, because it has that disreputable, offhand grace that messed up albums like "Exile on Main Street" and "London Calling" while lifting them from debauchery to beauty. Cracker also has the requisite big beat, in bassist Bruce Hughes, formerly of Poi Dog Pondering, and ex-Pixies drummer David Lovering. Opening for Cracker is the rootsy, lyrical rock of Counting Crows, one of this year's best new bands. The great country-blues and folk performer **TAJ MAHAL** will be in on Nov. 13. **DAVE VAN RONK** will open.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) On Nov. 12: **BILLY BURNETTE,** with **MAURA FOGERTY.** Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—T[illegible] bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The **MEKONS** play on Nov. 10, with **SEAM.** (See Irving Plaza.) On Nov. 12: the New Zealand rock aces in **STRAITJACKET FITS** take the stage.

Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway (966-9520)—A sometime gallery space with an ahead-of-the-curve booking policy. On Nov. 11-12, two innovative jazz musician-composers with their ensembles: cornettist **LAWRENCE D. (BUTCH) MORRIS** and alto saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL.** On Nov. 13, an alternative-rock fiesta, with Sonic Youth's **THURSTON MOORE** and the bands **FREE KITTEN** (featuring Kim Gordon, also of Sonic Youth) and **BOREDOMS.** The progressive fun continues on Nov. 14, with **THE WAR COMET,** featuring members of Pavement and Silver Jews, and the **JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION,** with special guests **TRIPHAMMER.**

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Low lighting, muraled pillars, ironwork, a beautifully restored stamped-tin ceiling, and very little elbow room. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. On Nov. 12: **THE STUNNING.** These Galway lads, who cover everything from Captain Beefheart to Johnny Cash, are Stateside celebrating their third album. Dining.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. On Nov. 11: **FREEDY JOHNSTON,** a songwriting Kansan whose literate rock has inspired some intemperate (and accurate) praise, will strum his acoustic and electric guitars. **MERL SAUNDERS,** whose career has benefitted greatly from his past association with Jerry Garcia, will preside at the keyboard with his band, on Nov. 13.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—All this week, in the Oak Room: California singer **WESLIA WHITFIELD.** Whitfield is back after her triumphant début here last spring; she is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to arrive in New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74[illegible]1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT.** Short happens to like the Carlyle, and his engagements here are always well worth checking out. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"Eddie, Bix and Bing," a tribute to the music of Eddie Lang, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bing Crosby is currently playing, with guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA,** cornettist **PETER ECKLUND,** and singer **ERNIE BYRD.** On Monday evenings, Woody Allen continues his night job, playing clarinet in a Dixieland jazz ensemble known as the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA.**

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

QUEEN LATIFAH, "Black Reign" (Motown).

JODY WATLEY, "Intimacy" (MCA).

TEENAGE FANCLUB, "Thirteen" (DGC).

OTIS REDDING, "Otis! The Definitive Otis Redding" (Rhino).

KATE BUSH, "The Red Shoes" (Columbia).

"INCREDIBLY STRANGE MUSIC" (Caroline).

"NO ALTERNATIVE" (Arista).

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with plenty of niceties and an amazing view. Veteran singer and actress **LESLIE UGGAMS** continues through Nov. 20. Closed Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. **JULIE WILSON** continues her weekend appearances with **MARK HUMMEL,** on Nov. 11-13. On Nov. 14, singers (and sisters) **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** and **LIZ CALLAWAY** are performing "Together at Last." Dining.

JAZZ AND BLUES

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth A[illegible] (475-8592)—This pricey club is perpetrating a lot of hoopla this fall as part of its twelfth-anniversary celebration. Soul diva **CHAKA KHAN** continues through Nov. 14. **LARRY CARLTON** begins an engagement on Nov. 16. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here, shoehorned into a corner with the resplendent Baldwin that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the late Bradley Cunningham. Through Nov. 13: the **PETE MALINVERNI** quartet with **RALPH LALAMA, DENNIS IRWIN,** and **VERNEL FOURNIER.** This is a convocation of four of the most reliable and hardworking players in town, all of whom have made a wide range of bandleaders sound good, including Johnny Griffin, John Scofield, and Ahmad Jamal. Malinverni, a polished piano stylist, is in charge for this engagement, with Irwin on bass, Lalama on tenor saxophone, and Fournier on drums.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. The **HEATH BROTHERS** quintet performs through Nov. 14. *Beginning Nov. 16: the* **MOSE ALLISON** *trio.* On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a f[illegible] modern touches, such as the zebra-pattern[illegible] carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. On Nov. 11-13: **MISS IRENE REID.** Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. Through Nov. 13: pianist **LEE MUSIKER** and bassist **JAY LEONHART.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory books all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. **ANTHONY BRAXTON** plays on Nov. 11-14. Braxton's celebrated avant-garde jazz compositions draw on the legacies of masters like John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, as well as the music of Stockhausen. Braxton's also keen on jazz standards and has been known to incorporate them into his performances, offsetting cacophonous outbursts with moments of delicate beauty.

LA CAVE ON FIRST, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—Though situated in the basement of an Upper East Side Mexican r[illegible]taurant (Pancho Villa), this is an establishment worth checking out. There's nothing trendy or even distinguishing about it, and that may be the secret of its appeal. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next. The **DAVE HALL** quartet arrives on Nov. 11, followed by **SONNY PRESTON** and his quartet on Nov. 12.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the square-by-definition Upper East Side club scene. Don't expect to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent *sign outside* is the *only* car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. **RONNIE EARL & THE BROADCASTERS** appear on Nov. 11. On Nov. 12: the **BILL PERRY BLUES BAND.**

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—The jazz-and-hip-hop enterprise called **DIGABLE PLANETS** rolls into the downstairs room on Nov. 10, offering mellow rapping on the themes of New York life, interplanetary travel, and insects. Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, an intimate nook with Art Deco touches and chanteuse memorabilia. It's the perfect setting for a night out with **JIMMY SCOTT,** who's here Thursdays through Saturdays for the next two weeks. Even on songs you've heard dozens of times before, he makes you listen for the next lyric as if it were the password to love and happiness. Seize the opportunity to see the man who counts Nancy Wilson and Ray Charles among his admirers ("Jimmy had soul way back when people weren't using the word").

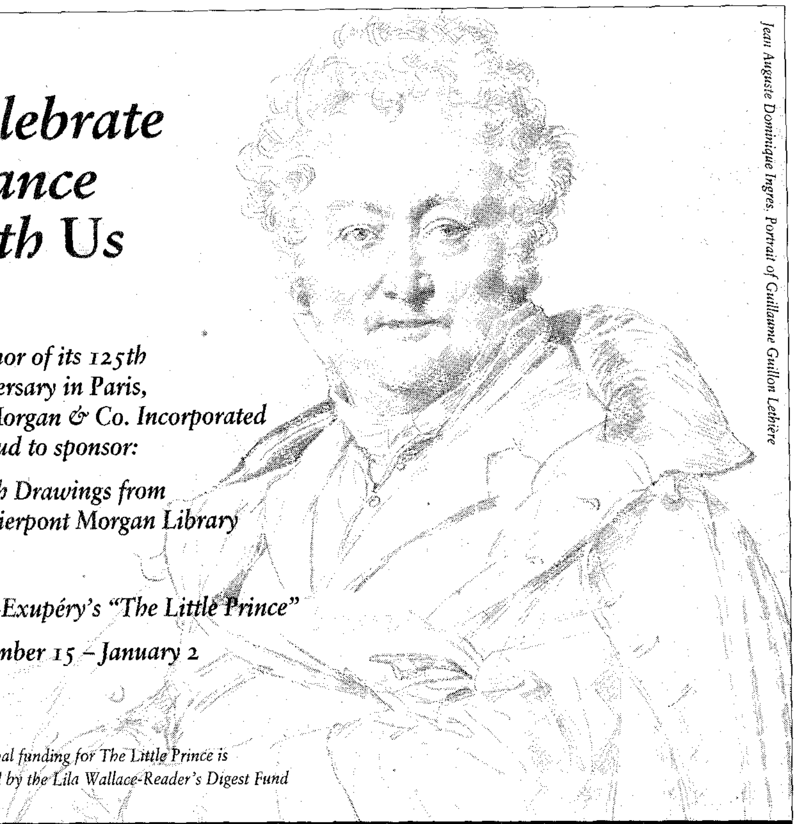
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. The **ART FARMER** quintet, with **JEROME RICHARDSON,** plays through Nov. 14. Flugelhornist Farmer proves that urbanity has its place, even in jazz's spontaneous and emotional universe. By picking the perfect notes, placing them exactly where they should be, and burnishing each one with a sheen of elegance, he has made a virtue out of control and calculation. Richardson, the exemplary and rarely seen saxophonist and flutist, is Farmer's new foil. Antonio Hart is in on Nov. 15. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. It resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. The **DOROTHY DONEGAN** trio continues through Nov. 14. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. On Nov. 14, singers **DOROTHY SCOTT** and **SUSAN MC KEOWN,** two of the New York folk scene's brightest aspiring talents, team up for an evening of what they describe as "intense, soulful songs and tantramental Celtic harmonies." Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Nov. 14: the **CLARK TERRY** quintet. Terry is a funny guy: he tells jokes, sings gibberish, and in between plays some of the most sophisticated flugelhorn and trumpet around. He came up through the big bands, doing stints with Basie and Ellington, so his style smacks as much of swing as it does of bop. The quintet includes Jesse Davis, a brisk young altoist who does a good job keeping pace with Terry. Dining. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: a place where you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Beginning Nov. 15: **SONNY FORTUNE.** This quadruple-threat musician has mastered tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone and flute. The fifty-four-year-old Fortune also has the dubious distinction of being one of the great players of the "lost generation"—jazzmen in their forties and fifties who are too old to be prodigies and too young to be legends. He'll be accompanied by pianist George Cables and bassist Buster Williams—empathy incarnate.



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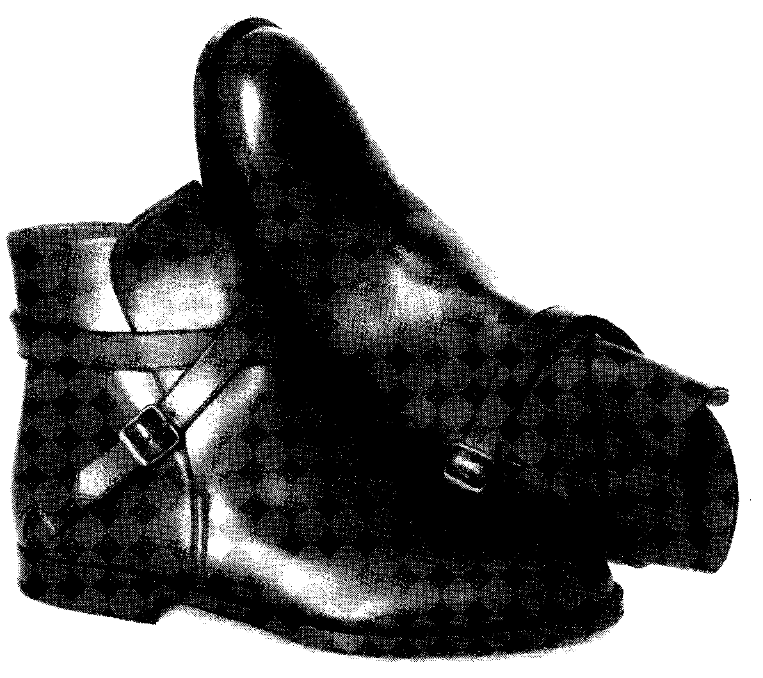

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FRATELLI ROSSETTI

ART

Themes and Variations

DONALD BAECHLER is both prolific and intensely focussed. Over the past fifteen years, in a body of work that includes scores of paintings, thousands of drawings, and a fair number of sculptures, he has tended to concentrate, for long stretches of time, on certain specific yet pointedly generic pictorial themes—central images such as childlike figures, silly heads, playing cards, flowers—which he gradually exhausts through series of variations. The artist's subtle but dynamic backgrounds serve as laboratories for change, even as the bolder central images remain constant. Old washcloths and discarded underwear, for instance, subsumed by whitish paint, have found their way into the grounds of many of Baechler's paintings. His works on paper, meanwhile, have evolved into intricate collages that encompass everything from fortune-cookie messages and scribbles on hotel stationery to children's drawings found on the street and photocopies of his own sketches that have been weathered by being soaked in tea.

Baechler recently switched galleries, and his first show at the new venue (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; through December 23) looks grand. On view are seven new paintings—a thumb, a hand, and five flowers—on distressed tarps, austerely displayed in the vast front room. In the gallery's smaller space, there is an engaging totem sculpture, along with a suite of fourteen big works on paper, installed almost frame to frame. The big flower paintings have particular clout. But the works on paper are something else. Among these, six collaged flower drawings are almost *too* well done, yet the drawing of a gray umbrella, set against a cloudy background of pale paint and polka-dot patches—like rain, and like Lichtenstein's dots—is sublime.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art" is an unusual exhibit organized around early-seventeenth-century sliding-panel paintings that the museum acquired four years ago and discovered, during their restoration, were from the Ryoan-ji in Kyoto, a temple famous for its rock-and-sand Zen garden. One set pictures gentlemen in a garden, appreciating a landscape scroll; in the other, amazed spectators observe a levitating Taoist. In both, bright figures, rocks, trees, and buildings emerge from gold-leaf backgrounds as though from an otherworldly mist. Other Japanese treatments of Confucian and Taoist themes in the show include a lively screen by Hasegawa Tōchō (known as Sakon) that emphasizes grotesque aspects of Chinese immortals in an altogether Japanese way. . . . ¶ The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cypresses" (1889). . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Versailles 1973: American Fashion on the World Stage." Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. Through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The current Miró retrospective celebrates the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics. Perhaps the most powerful interlude in the show is the series of twenty-three paintings known as "The Constellations" (1940-41). Works of dazzling complexity and innovation, they were begun in the seeming tranquillity of Miró's adopted home in Varengeville, France, and completed in Palma de Mallorca only after the artist and his family had made a harrowing retreat from the Nazis. . . . ¶ Paintings by Robert Ryman, who for the past thirty years has specialized in white-on-white canvases. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "New Photography Nine" showcases four contemporary photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1945-1989). (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8; closes Mondays at 6.)

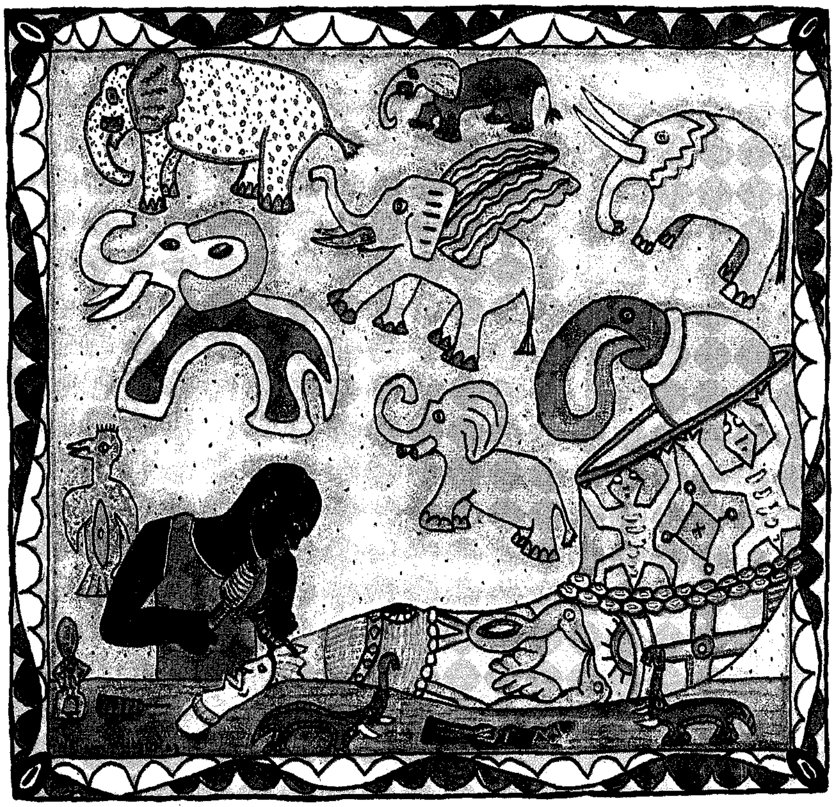
Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley, a Los Angeles-based conceptual artist whose diverse influences range from Joseph Beuys to Iggy Pop. . . . ¶ "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies by Arshile Gorky (1904-48). . . . ¶ Paintings by Vija Celmins. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "The Cave," a video installation by Beryl Korot, with music by Steve Reich. Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two exhibitions that focus on lesser-known locales and conditions in Cuba and Antarctica via photographs, drawings, biological specimens, and dioramas. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Global Face of AIDS," twelve large-scale black-and-white photographs of women with AIDS, from New York to Kenya. Opens Nov. 12. . . . ¶ "Crash! Art Implants Reject Emotions," a lobby installation by the French artist Patrice Caire, features computer animation based on magnetic resonance images. . . . ¶ More than a hundred realist photographs by Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Ideal Home: 1900-20" demonstrates how the English arts-and-crafts movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century took hold—and took off—in this country. The movement's first principle—the delegation of aesthetic and intellectual control to the artist—and its respect for material (clay, glass, metal, fibre, and wood) are manifested here in extraordinary pieces, which have a distinctive American character, while sometimes revealing a European influence. A number of women worked as professional artisans at the time, notably Elizabeth Eaton Burton, whose copper lamp with abalone shells is a show-stopper, and Lucia Kleinhaus Mathews, whose clock is ennobled by a richly painted, gilded-wood base. Among the other exceptional works are George Ohr's combination teapot-coffeepot, the Greene brothers' black-walnut chiffonier, and Tiffany Favrile Glass vases so delicate that only the smallest could be trans-



"Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" at the Met.

WILLIAM WILSON

ported for this show. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"A Coat of Many Colors: Two Centuries of Jewish Life in Canada" tells several stories of the first Jewish settlers: how they overcame prejudice, tamed the rough Canadian terrain, and made lives for themselves in the New World. The hundred-odd objects on display include a deerskin Torah scroll from Canada's first synagogue, a pair of branding irons belonging to Canada's only Jewish woman rancher, and a trademark white cowboy hat from the Calgary-based milliner who outfitted the 1988 Olympic teams. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"French Master Drawings from the Pierpont Morgan Library" assembles a hundred and twenty-five works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Many of the superstars of French art are featured, among them Poussin, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and Cézanne, but some of the most striking and beautiful works are by lesser-known artists, like Pierre Paul Prud'hon (1758-1823). In "The Park at Malmaison" Prud'hon uses the simplest means—black and white chalk on blue paper—to create extraordinary atmospheric effects. This drawing of the residence of Empress Joséphine (a portrait study of her by Prud'hon is in the exhibit) could, in an unrigorous and associative way, be a protosymbolist forerunner of Odilon Redon (1840-1916), examples of whose work are also included. . . . ¶ The library celebrates the birthdays of two classics—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" (1943) and Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" (1893)—with early manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, and other memorabilia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

JEAN DUFY (1888-1964)—Circus scenes, musicians, and horses, all painted in the tradition established by the artist's older brother Raoul. Opens Nov. 12. Through Jan. 6. (Kahan, 40 E. 76th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Maine landscapes in which trees are rendered in the artist's distinctive figurative style; a monumental beach scene; and a series of seven paintings of a woman modelling wedding gowns. Opens Nov. 10. Through Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Paintings of pears, white roses, tomatoes, and wildflowers, set in frames designed and made by the artist. Opens Nov. 13. Through Dec. 21. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

ELLIOT OFFNER—Realistic sculptures of animals and plants, with elaborate patinas. Opens Nov. 10. Through Nov. 27. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MICKLOS SUBA (1880-1944)—The Brooklyn of another era (wooden Indians, barbershop poles, flags) in oil, watercolor, and pencil, by a Hungarian artist who immigrated in 1924. Opens Nov. 12. Through Dec. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO (1899-1991)—Works from the thirties through the eighties by this renowned Mexican artist. Opens Nov. 11. Through Dec. 18. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

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ROBERT ARNESON (1930-92)—A memorial exhibition of paintings and sculptures from the past twenty years, including a 1972 self-portrait, a bronze portrait of Jackson Pollock, and the centerpiece of the show, "Guardians of the Secret II," Arneson's last major work. Through Nov. 16. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950) / **STEVE CURRIE**—Two oils ("Still-Life with Pears" and "Autumn

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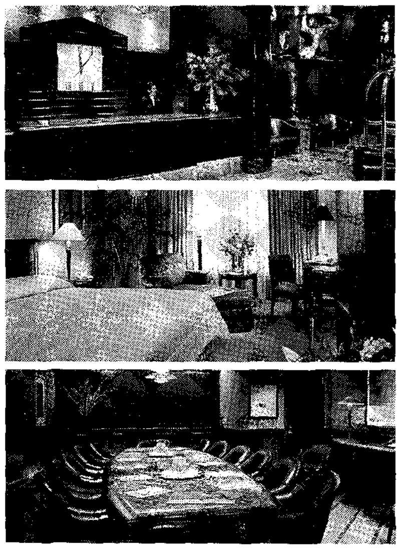

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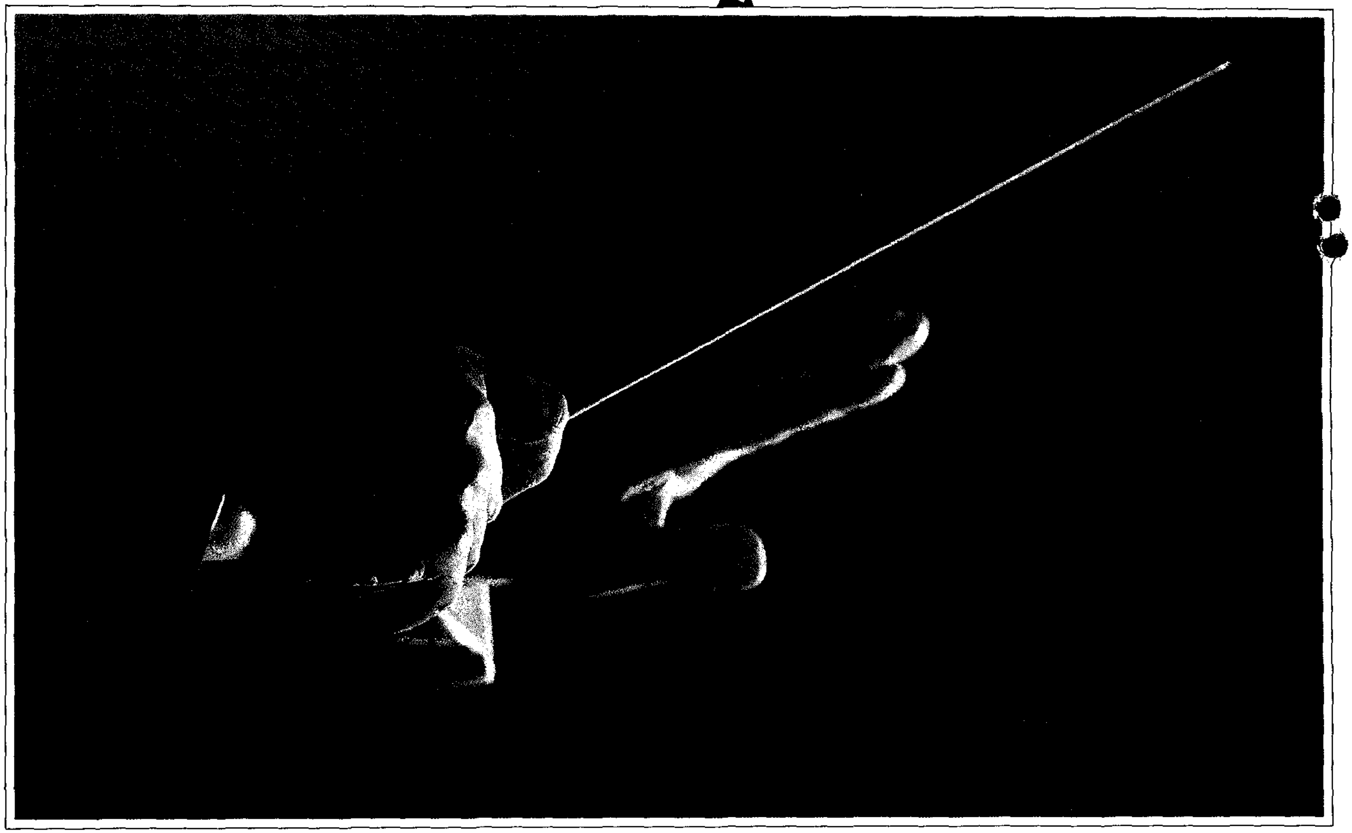

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Flowers") and a watercolor ("Sleeping Nude"), plus drawings and graphics. / Quirky hybrid sculptures that suggest objects in transition. Through Nov. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fritz Bultman (1919-85)—Abstract Expressionist drawings from the years 1958 to 1961 by one of the Irascibles, a group that included Pollock, Kline, and Motherwell. Through Nov. 23. (Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St.)

James Lee Byars—Paper objects in simple forms, minimally detailed sculptures, and large-scale drawings from the sixties, when the artist was travelling in the United States and Japan. Through Nov. 27. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

R. Crumb / H. R. Giger—A retrospective of Crumb's work, along with rarely seen images from his personal correspondence and sketchbooks. / Paintings and drawings, furniture, and engraved stainless-steel floor tiles by a Swiss artist, best known for his design work on the film "Alien." Through Dec. 23. (Alexander, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings from throughout the artist's career. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—"Ape & Cat," a group of new bronze-and-wood sculptures, is accompanied by several drawings on plywood, in charcoal, pastel, enamel, and shellac. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Gipe—Paintings based on Robert Moses projects in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—A mini-retrospective of paintings spanning five decades. Through Nov. 13. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Tobi Kahn—Abstract paintings derived from geological or biological forms. Through Nov. 27. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joan Nelson—Fifteen untitled landscapes painted on wood, in which Nelson effects an exquisite tension between the serene presence of nature and its inevitable decay. Through Nov. 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darragh Park—Paintings of landscapes, cityscapes, and baseball stadiums. Through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—A modest show of drip paintings from 1948 and 1949. Through Dec. 11. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

George Rickey—Abstract stainless-steel kinetic sculptures by an eighty-six-year-old artist. Through Nov. 20. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Philip Smith—Paintings with dense, overlapping imagery related to memories of the artist's father. Through Dec. 11. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A retrospective of watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1964 to the present, including some preparatory studies from the artist's own collection. Through Nov. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Turrell—Works on paper and documentation referring to the artist's long-term project to reshape a crater in the Painted Desert. Through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Benar Venet—Sculptures that resemble giant bent springs laid sideways. Through Dec. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Miró and New York"—A show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists who were influenced by Miró's New York exhibitions in the thirties and forties, among them Ilya Bolotowsky, Arshile Gorky, and David Hare. Through Nov. 27. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Miró paintings and works on paper from 1927 to 1951. Through Nov. 24. (Cohen, 1018 Madison Avenue at 78th St.)

DOWNTOWN

Vito Acconci and Steven Holl—A site-specific collaborative project that transforms the façade of the gallery into an exhibition of rotating panels. Opens Nov. 13. Through Dec. 30. (StoreFront, 97 Kenmare St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Kocheisen + Hullmann—Another collaboration: the artists take a photo of an image, each goes to his studio to produce a painting based on it, then they combine the paintings in a panel piece. Opens Nov. 12. Through Dec. 11. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

"Inside/Outside"—A show of three untrained artists: Mr. Imagination, a Chicago sculptor of totems, icons, and figures; Todd McKie, a Boston primitive painter; and John Martini, a Key West sculptor of cut-steel figure silhouettes. Opens Nov. 11. Through Dec. 4. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

"Poverty Pop"—Artists who, out of economic necessity, work with found materials, in a sort of urban folklorism. Opens Nov. 13. Through Jan. 8. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

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Sean Landers—A few years ago, Landers had an artistic and existential crisis. With his career as a sculptor going nowhere, he scribbled his suffering, elation, and spleen on yellow legal pads, tacked the results on the gallery wall, and a new and radical confessional art was born, one that required the gallerygoer to read—*a lot*. Incredibly, it was worth the effort. In his latest installation, Landers deploys what has become his stock-in-trade—writings, videos, and the odd sculpture. But he seems happier about sculpture these days, having fashioned a group of green-glazed terra-cotta leprechauns. As usual, Landers' point is excruciation: he revels in the tackiness of these misshapen bogeys as talismans of ethnic identity (Landers is part Irish). But the repressed conventional artist in Landers can't resist some aesthetic polish, and these sprites from the netherworld of kitsch are actually quite handsome. Through Nov. 27. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Reinhard Mucha—"Collected-Recollected" is the first solo exhibition in the United States of a German artist who, in spite of his relative youth, enjoys almost legendary status in Europe. Several of the enigmatic, moody sculptures assembled here (all from the past decade) directly or obliquely concern the German railroad system, divining in it temporal and spatial connections. There is no mistaking Mucha's rarefied melancholia, but many of his objects remain quite baffling. Through Nov. 20. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Lorenzo Bonechi—Vivid paintings of elongated figures in minimal classical settings. Through Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Ted Byfield and Lincoln Tobier—"Cop Sculpture," two installations that incorporate newspaper photographs of contraband seized by law-enforcement agencies. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Chuck Close—A new group of his trademark portraits of contemporary artists. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Jeffrey Dennis—Paintings the artist calls "bubblescapes," in which objects observed in his everyday London life are embedded. Through Nov. 27. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Ann Hamilton—A site-specific installation involving horsehair, scorched paper, and a tape-recorded voice. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bill Jensen—Abstract paintings with dense arrangements of interacting shapes suggestive of landscapes or still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Bo[illegible] 417 West Broadway.)

Claire Khalil—Watercolors and oils, from 1977 to the present. Through Dec. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

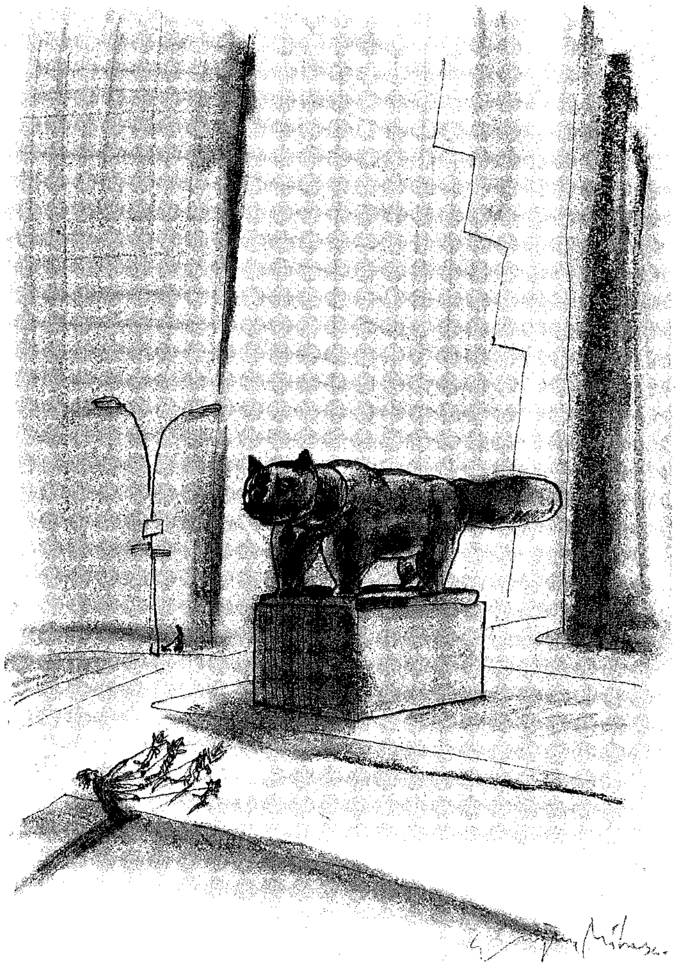
Konrad Klapheck—Paintings and drawings, dating from 1978 to the present. Through Dec. 22. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Robert Kushner—Large-scale paintings with floral motifs, in which the paint surface is embellished with gold, silver, and copper leaf and bronzing powder. Through Nov. 20. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Glenn Ligon—Large black-and-white paintings that incorporate James Brown lyrics and Richard Pryor jokes. Through Nov. 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper from the forties, fifties, and sixties, after Lewis had abandoned figurative art to escape being judged—and dismissed—as an African-American artist. These appealing works are bold, confidently composed, and full of spontaneity, yet oddly delicate. Many impose doodlelike black or gray squiggles on a patch of sheer color; some enhance black marks with metallic paint. Others are enlivened with malachite green, clear red, or lemon yellow. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale charcoal-and-graphite drawings of handguns, plus a single sculpture made of twenty thousand bullets. Through Nov. 27. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)



Last chance to see Fernando Botero bronzes on Park Avenue (through November 13).

EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

Judy Mannarino—Multilayered paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Ledisflam, 130 Prince St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Gouaches, prints, a painting on wood, letters, and rare photographs. Through Nov. 13. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Doug Ohlson—Bright-colored geometric abstractions. Through Dec. 4. (Zarre, 48 Greene St.)

Ellen Phelan—A dozen paintings, in oil on linen, of dolls' faces. As usual, the artist made these works only after completing a corresponding series in gouache and watercolor (on view in December). Through Nov. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Lydia Schouten—Installation works on paper. Through Nov. 20. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

Mark Tansey—Recent drawings and selected paintings. Through Dec. 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ernest Trova—Forty large stainless-steel sculptures, mostly from the Falling Man series. Through Dec. 23. (Lewin, 136 Prince St.)

Oleg Vassiliev—Russian landscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Willie Young—Finely detailed drawings of abstract root forms. Through Dec. 4. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"From Isabey to Noguchi"—Another survey of newly acquired works, ranging from two portrait drawings by Isabey, the court painter of Marie Antoinette, to a brush drawing of a standing nude, done by Noguchi in Beijing in 1930. Through Dec. 11. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole was designed by a different artist. You can rent a putter for five bucks, or just look for free. Through Feb. 27. (Fulton Market Building, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. The course is open Thursdays through Saturdays, from noon to midnight, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, from noon to 10.)

"The Return of the Cadavre Exquis"—In late 1925, during the boom years of the Surrealist movement, Marcel Duhamel, the poet Jacques Prévert, and the painter Yves Tanguy got together at Duhamel's place, where they amused themselves playing a children's game. One man drew a head on a piece of paper, folded it over to conceal his handiwork, and passed it to the next, who added the torso, and so on. At this legendary soirée, the quintessential Surrealist pastime was born: the Exquisite Corpse. This parlor game was so much fun that the cliquish Surrealist group soon had enough corpses to fill an entire exquisite morgue. The Drawing Center celebrates the Surrealists' pastime with a splendid show of archival Surrealist works and contributions from over seven hundred contemporary artists, who created some four hundred brand-new exquisite corpses, including one particularly hilarious work by Brett Reichman and Caitlin and Peter Mitchell-Dayton—a beach babe whose head explodes in a tumult of baroque plasterwork. Through Dec. 18. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

ANTIQUES

The Print Fair—Eighty-eight dealers from the United States and abroad will show off their choicest Japanese woodcuts, European old- and modern-master works, and contemporary prints in the most comprehensive selection of prints under a single roof. One of the earliest is the Dürer engraving "Coat of Arms with Skull," dated 1503 and priced at $150,000 (the work is in mint condition). Described as a heraldic version of love and death, it evinces an astonishing and, for its time, revolutionary ability to capture texture. On the contemporary end, there's Jim Dine's "Blue Vase, Yellow Flowers" (1993), priced at $6,500. The hand-colored etching is one of an edition of fifty-six. In between—a *big* in between—are approximately ten thousand prints. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. Nov. 12, from 11 to 8, and Nov. 13-14, from 11 to 7. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—Photographs of the artist's family taken in the thirties and forties. Through Nov. 22. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

William Eggleston—Recent work. Through Nov. 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Graciela Iturbide—Seventy photographs of life in rural Mexico. Through Dec. 4. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Roxanne Lowit—"Moments," a series of black-and-white photographs that capture the late seventies and early eighties in all their glory, from rich and glamorous types dancing at Studio 54 and Area to portraits of celebrities forever associated with the period, like Andy Warhol and Divine. Through Nov. 27. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Silvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York Street life. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

George Segal—A series of twenty-five black-and-white photographs of the streets of New York and New Jersey by the well-known sculptor. Through Nov. 27. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

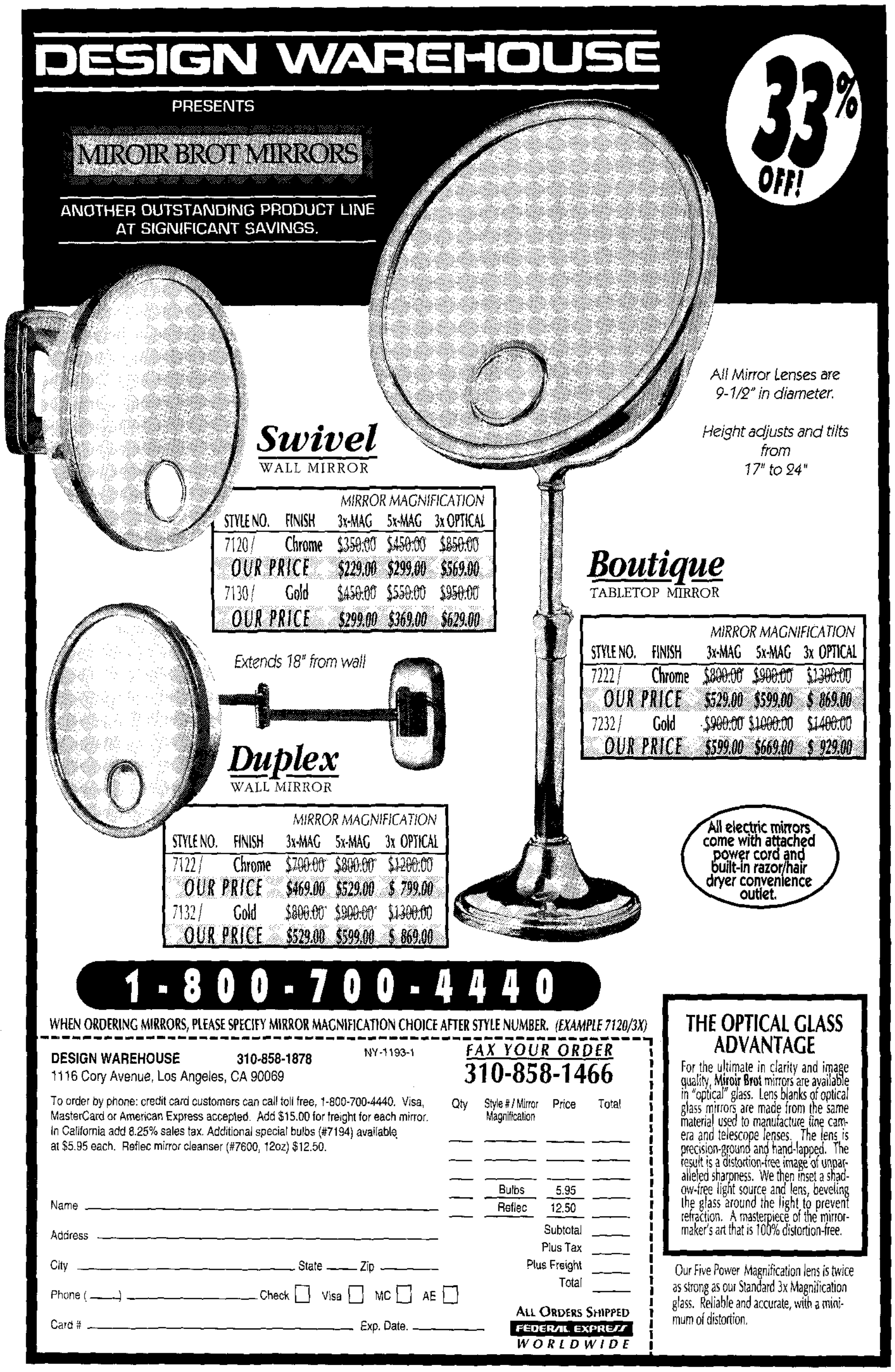
Cy Twombly—Twombly's photographic début features subject matter that includes tulips, trees, and Roman antiquities. Through Dec. 4. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Wegman—Selections from the artist's new book, "Little Red Riding Hood," which features Wegman's famous Weimaraners dressed up in the fairy-tale roles. Through Nov. 27. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Short Stories: Celebrating Twenty Years of 'Vogue' Fashion by Grace Coddington"—More than four hundred photographs from the pages of *Vogue*, featuring work by Beaton, Penn, Newton, and Weber, among others. Through Nov. 24. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Mexico Through Foreign Eyes" features more than two hundred photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Brooklyn Museum.)



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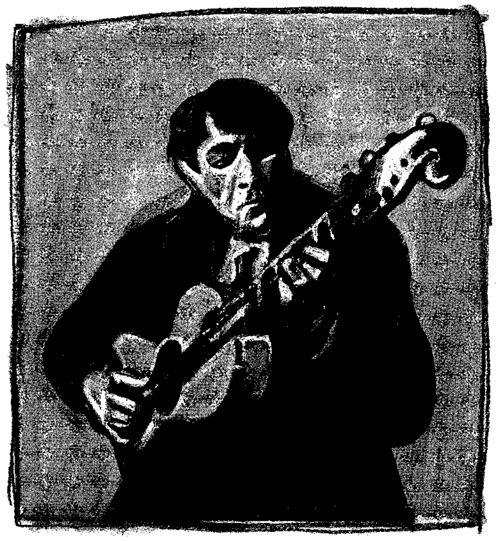
CLASSICAL MUSIC

Guitar Trove

THOUGH library shelves everywhere sag beneath the weight of obscure scores, few music lovers worry that they're missing out on a completely overlooked master. But in David Starobin's musical world—the rarefied world of the classical guitar—the rediscovery of Giulio Regondi is little short of earth-shattering. It was Regondi's "Ten Études"—a forty-five-minute-long set that surfaced in Russia four years ago—that convinced Starobin, who has already recorded them (on the Bridge label). He'll give them their New York première on November 14 at Weill Recital Hall. "We guitarists don't have any Chopins, or things like Schumann's 'Carnaval,'" Starobin observes. "For solo repertoire, we have Fernando Sor and, now, Regondi; and Regondi's études make up the only major guitar cycle from the nineteenth century, so it was an exceptionally important find."

Regondi was born in 1822, maybe in Switzerland, maybe in Italy. What's certain is that his mother died giving him birth, and that he was taken by a guardian to England, where he spent most of his life. Acknowledged as a guitar prodigy at the age of five, he also achieved acclaim as a player of the accordion-like concertina, for which he wrote many solos, two concertos, and arrangements of Mozart symphonies. But was he really a great composer? "Fantastic!" exclaims Starobin. "With the mass of nineteenth-century guitar literature that's surfacing just now, we'll have to winnow out the good from the mediocre. With Regondi, it's easy. There's not much of it, but what we have is of extraordinary value. It will *all* be taken into the repertoire."



David Starobin at Weill Recital Hall.

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OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—STIFFELIO, by Verdi, with Sharon Sweet, Plácido Domingo, Vladimir Chernov, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (Nov. 10 at 8.) . . . With Sharon Sweet, Plácido Domingo, Giorgio Lormi, and Jeffrey Wells; James Levine. (Nov. 13 at 1:30.) . . . RUSALKA, the company's first production of Dvořák's opera about a hapl[illegible] water sprite, with Gabriela Beňačková, Janis Martin, Dolora Zajick, Neil Rosenshein, a[illegible] Sergei Koptchak; John Fiore. (Nov. 11 and Nov. 15 at 8.) . . . LA BOHÈME, with Veronica Villarroel, Carol Neblett, Vincenzo La Scola, and Timothy Noble; Carlo Rizzi. (Nov. 12 at 8.) . . . DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, with Sylvia McNair, Ruth Welting, Frank Lopardo, Manfred Hemm, and Eric Halfvarson; Ion Marin. (Nov. 13 and Nov. 16 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Presenting "Cinderella," a stage adaptation of the 1957 television musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nov. 10 at 7:30; Nov. 11-12 and Nov. 16 at 8; Nov. 13 at 1:30 and 8; and Nov. 14 at 1:30. Through Nov. 21, when the company's season ends.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Presenting Rossini's "Il Viaggio a Reims," a sort of post-Napoleonic version of "Grand Hotel"; fully staged, with Richard Bradshaw conducting. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Nov. 10 and Nov. 12 at 8 and Nov. 14 at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Carl St. Clair conducts Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" Overture, Schumann's Piano Concerto (with Vladimir Feltsman), Ginastera's "Variaciones Concertantes," and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite No. 2. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 11 and Nov. 13 at 8; Nov. 12 at 11 A.M.; and Nov. 16 at 7:30.)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY—At Avery Fisher Hall, Herbert Blomstedt conducting. Nov. 12 at [illegible] Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Garrick Ohlsson) and Bruckner's Symphony No. 9. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 3: Symphonic poems by Bartók (his "Kossuth") and Janáček ("Taras Bulba"), as well as Dvořák's Symphony No. 7.

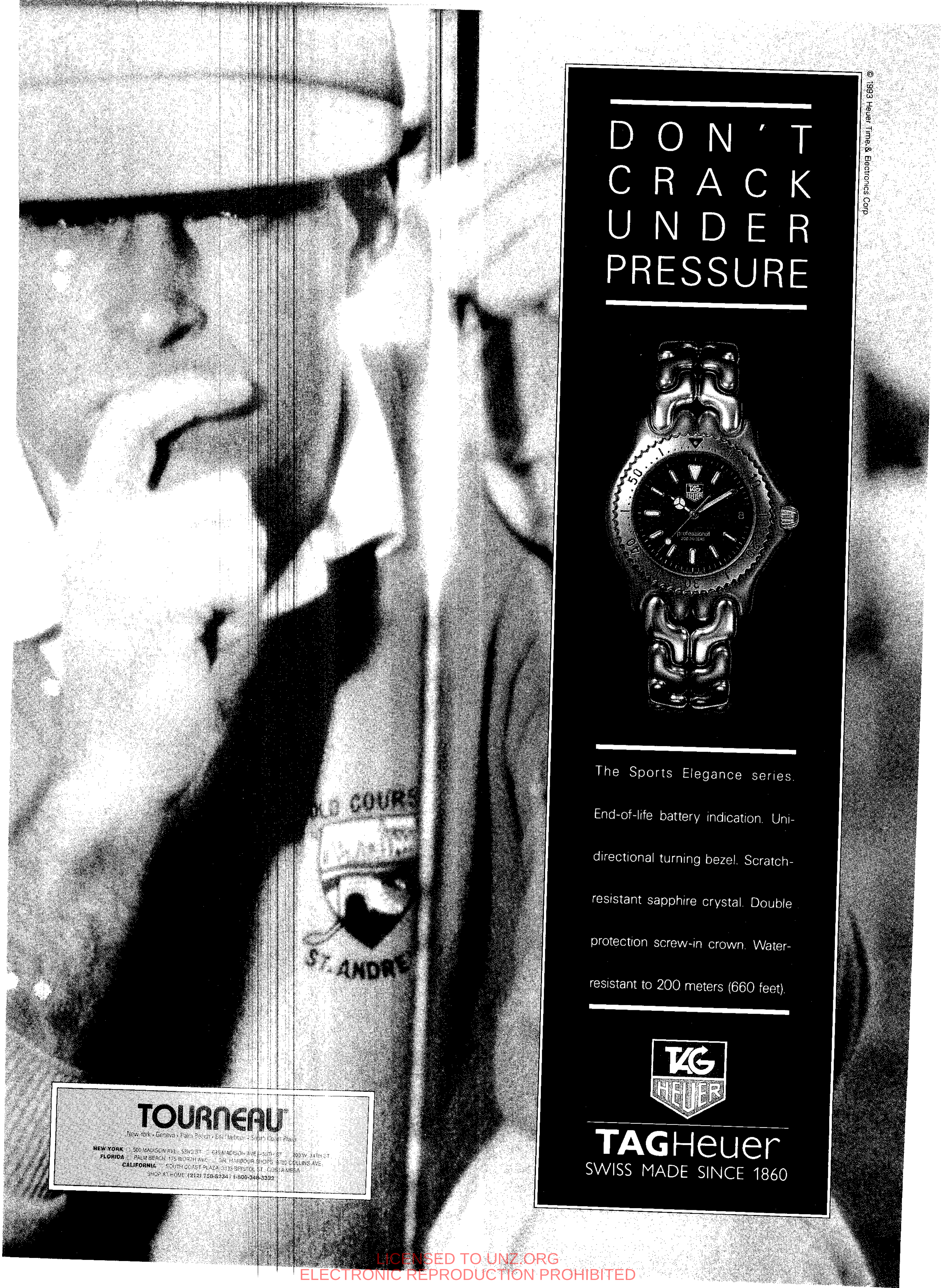
NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducts Beethoven's Symphonies No. 2 and No. 8, Aaron Jay Kernis's "Musica Celestis" (a première), and Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467, with Lilian Kallir). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 13 at 8 and Nov. 14 at 3.)

THE HANOVER BAND OF LONDON—Roy Goodman leads the period-instrument orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 86, Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 10, and Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 4 (featuring Anthony Halstead) and Symphony No. 38 (the "Prague"). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 14 at 2.)

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts music by Schoenberg (his Chamber Symphony, Op. 9) and by several of his American pupils: John Cage, Lou Harrison (his Suite for Violin and String Orchest[illegible] featuring Chee-Yun), Leon Kirchner, an[illegible] Adolph Weiss. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 14 at 3.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Richard Bradshaw conducts Britten's arrangement of Purcell's "Chacony in G Minor," Bernstein's Serenade (featuring violinist Brian Lewis), and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 15 at 8.)

TOKYO COLLEGE OF MUSIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Junichi Hirokami conducts Hirohisa Akigishi's Concerto for Shamisen (featuring Hirokazu Sugiura), Dvořák's Cello Concerto (with Janos Starker), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 15 at 8.)



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MUSIC—Cont'd

Philadelphia Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducts Wagner's Prelude to Act I of "Lohengrin," Weill's Concerto for Violin and Winds (with violinist Chantal Juillet), and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 16 at 8.)

RECITALS

David Korevaar—Pianist, performing Liszt's piano versions of three Faustian works—the Mephisto Waltzes No. 1 and No. 2 and the "Gretchen" movement of the "Faust Symphony"—plus the performer's own transcriptions of Liszt's symphonic poems "Orpheus" and "Festklänge." (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Four Nations Ensemble—Cellist Phoebe Carrai assists the period-instrument group in a tribute to the cellist and composer Luigi Boccherini. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 10 at 8.)

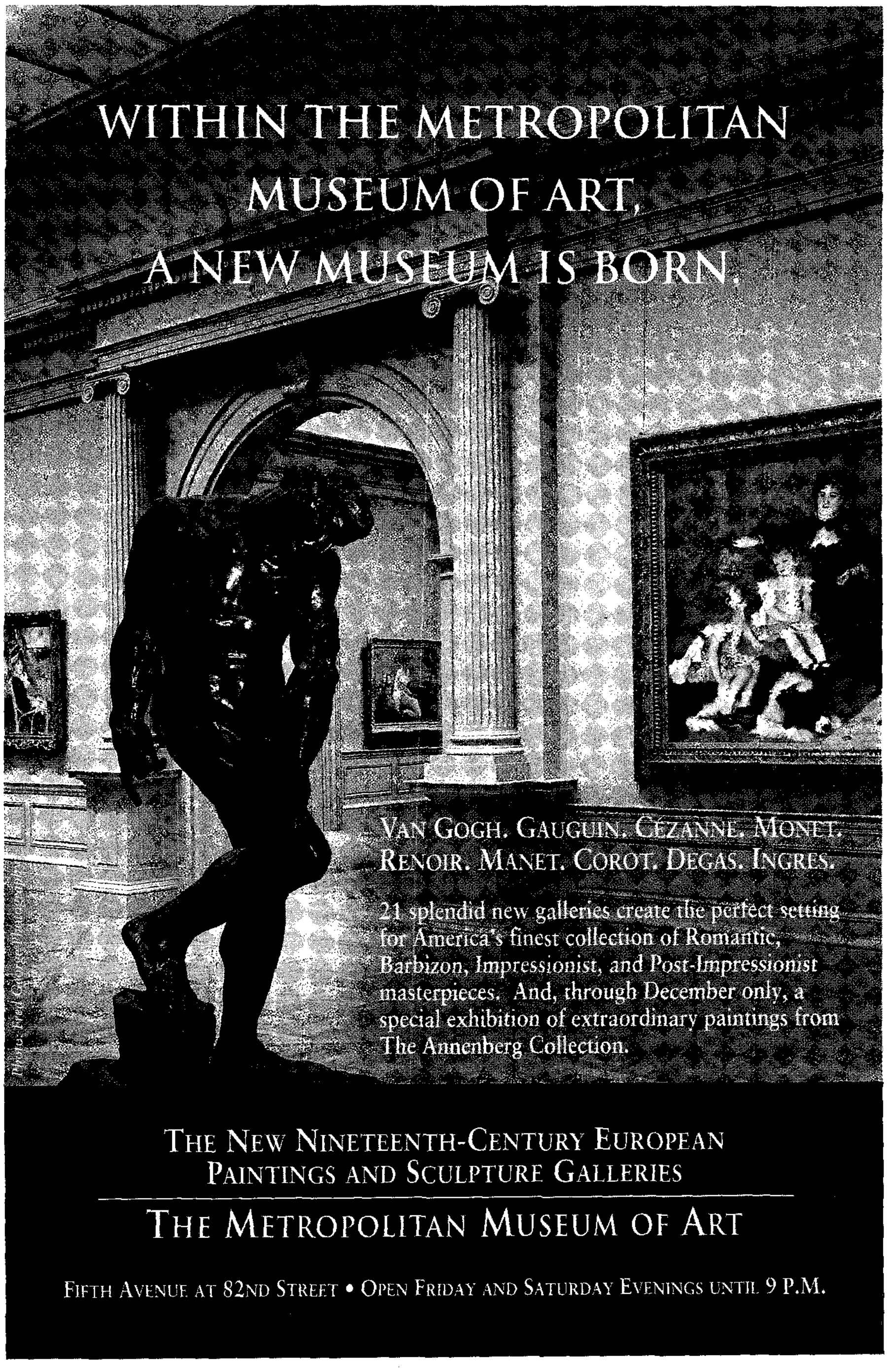
McNeil Robinson—Organist, in a program of Bach, Reger, Joseph Jongen, and Marcel Dupré, plus improvisations. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Performing solo and chamber works by Mario Davidovsky. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Lynn Chang and pianist Edward Auer perform Schubert's G-Minor Sonatina; cellist Ronald Thomas and Mr. Auer play Rachmaninoff's G-Minor Sonata; and all join for Schubert's Piano Trio in B-Flat. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 11 at 7:30 and Nov. 14 at 4.)

Ensemble InterContemporain/IRCAM—In the public part of a Carnegie Hall workshop, Pierre Boulez conducts the United States premières of his own ". . . explosante/fixe . . ." (in a revised version) and Philippe Manoury's "La Partition du Ciel et de l'Enfer." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Musicians from Marlboro—An ensemble of wind players offers a quartet by Rossini, a quintet by Villa-Lobos, Mozart's C-Minor Serenade (K. 388), and Gounod's "Petite Symphonie." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 11 at 8.)



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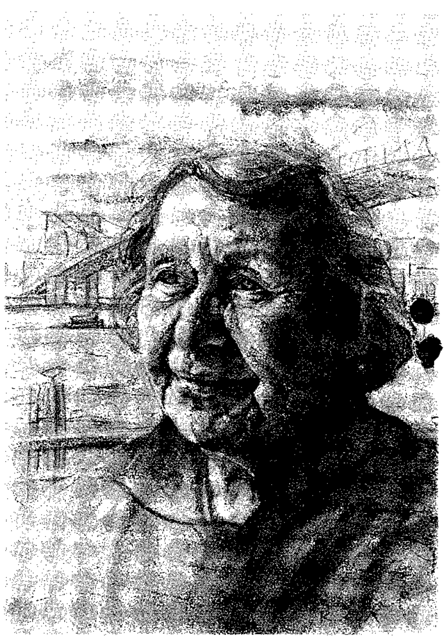


OLGA BLOOM *spent a career scraping and bowing as a pit-orchestra violist, never imagining she would one day have a concert hall of her own. But in 1976 she pooled her resources and bought a retired coffee barge, installed a stage and a splendid Steinway, and within a year moored it beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. A harebrained idea, some said, but she's kept Bargemusic afloat for sixteen years, producing more than a hundred concerts annually, offering mainstream chamber music (Schubert and Rachmaninoff this week) with the best backd[illegible] in town—an unobstructed view of the Manhattan skyline across the East River.*

Paula Robison and Friends—The flutist is joined by colleagues in chamber music and concertos by Alessandro Scarlatti, Vivaldi, C. P. E. Bach, Soler, and Telemann. (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 12-13 at 7.)

Anner Bylsma—The cellist performs Bach's unaccompanied Suites No. 1, No. 3, and No. 6, on a late-seventeenth-century instrument. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 12 at 8.)

Martina Arroyo—The soprano sings works by Strauss, Duparc, and Turina, among others; with pianist Henri Venanzi. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 12 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Wuorinen conducts the première of his "A Winter's Tale" (after Dylan Thomas's poem, here featuring soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson). Rounding out the program a[illegible] Mozart's Piano Quartet in E-Flat and Brahms' String Sextet No. 1. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 12 at 8 and Nov. 14 at 5.)

Shura Cherkassky—The pianist performs Rameau's "Gavotte Variée in A Minor," sonatas by Haydn (in E Minor) and Hindemith (his Third), and works by Chopin, Liszt, and Lennox Berkeley. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Julius Baker and Friends—The flutist is joined by pianist Gilbert Kalish and several wind-playing colleagues to perform chamber works by Rossini, Beethoven, Nielsen, Saint-Saëns, and Poulenc. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Nov. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

KELYNN ADLER

Alban Gerhardt—In his New York début recital, the winner of the 1993 Leonard Rose Cello Competition plays sonatas by Beethoven (his Third), Brahms (his Second), Debussy, and Kódaly; with pianist Markus Becker. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Gambarama—French Baroque music for two violas da gamba and lute. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Nov. 14 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Anderson String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn (the "Joke"), Shostakovich (his Eighth), and Mendelssohn (in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1). Presented by the Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. Nov. 14 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ensemble Rebel—An early-music quartet, augmented for the occasion, performing seventeenth-century music from Germany, including such fanciful programmatic items as Johann Schmelzer's "The Fencing School." Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-0675. Nov. 14 at 4.)

Donald Joyce—The organist plays works representing his two specialties: early Iberian music and twentieth-century scores. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Nov. 14 at 4.)

An Die Musik—At Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 14 at 4: A chamber ensemble, offering Beethoven's C-Major Piano Quartet (WoO 36), in addition to numerous oboe-oriented works, including French songs with oboe obbligato and the American première of Richard Rodney Bennett's "Arethusa" (for oboe and strings). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 7: An hour-long grab bag, somewhat overlapping with the above program.

Out of the Closet—Music meets fashion (sort of) in a collaboration between Laetitia Sonami (who draws sounds from an electronic glove) and Marie Goyette (on electronic belt and shoes). Since composers have historically overlooked this particular ensemble, autochthonous works are likely to dominate the program. (Lotus Fine Arts Center, 109 W. 27th St. 627-1076. Nov. 14 at 5.)

Lower Strings—Cellist Zvi Plesser and viola da gambist Michael Willens offer a chance to compare the similarly pitched cousins of the string family; with pianist Daniel Gortier. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Nov. 14 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Sonic Boom Festival—This year's monthlong celebration of the new continues with a recital by Patricia Spencer, flutist of the Da Capo Chamber Players (which is presenting the evening). On the program are solo and chamber works by Charles Hoag, Vivian Fine, Peter Golub (a première), William Pura, Nicolas Roussakis, and Pierre Boulez. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 14 at 8.)

David Starobin—The classical guitarist plays works by Giulio Regondi, on a copy of an 1829 instrument favored by the nineteenth-century guitarist-composer. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 14 at 8:30.)

Stephen Hammer—Performing Baroque solo and trio sonatas on period-style oboes and recorders; including works by Vivaldi, Zelenka, and two Bachs (J.S. and C.P.E.). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 16 at 8.)

Alex Slobodyanik—In his New York recital début, the pianist performs sonatas by Haydn (No. 48, in C Major), Chopin (in B Minor), and Prokofiev (his Seventh), among other works. (He's not to be confused with Alexander Slobodyanik; that's his father, also a pianist of note.) Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 16 at 8.)

Consortium Players—An assemblage of contemporary-music specialists performs Pablo Ortiz's "Vida Furtiva," Carter's String Quartet No. 2, Babbitt's "Composition for Four Instruments," and the chamber version of Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 16 at 8.)

SPORTS

Rambling—Twenty-five thousand people out for a leisurely trot? Nope, it's just the twenty-fourth annual New York City Marathon, which, as usual, cuts a gruelling twenty-six-mile, three-hundred-and-eighty-five-yard path through all five boroughs (Staten Island having not yet formally seceded). Spectators interested in getting close to the action—forget about the finish line unless you're Dolph Lundgren—might consider Second Ave. and 59th St., between noon and two, as the first runners traverse the south outer roadway of the Queensboro Bridge (lower level), which, to their pleasant surprise, will be carpeted to protect their feet. (Nov. 14 at 10:45. For information, call 860-2280.)

Virginia Slims Championship—Participation in the Slims, which features the only best-of-five-set final in women's professional tennis, is limited to sixteen top singles players and eight doubles teams. Scheduled to compete are Martina Navratilova, Steffi Graf, Gabriela Sabatini, and Arantxa Sanchez Vicario. Nov. 15-21. (Madison Square Garden, 465-6500.)

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Away until Nov. 21, when they'll face the Cincinnati Bengals.

Giants—Vs. the Washington Redskins, Nov. 14 at 1.

Knicks—Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Nov. 13 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Indiana Pacers, Nov. 11 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Nov. 13 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Sacramento Kings, Nov. 14 at 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Rockets, Nov. 16 at 7:30.

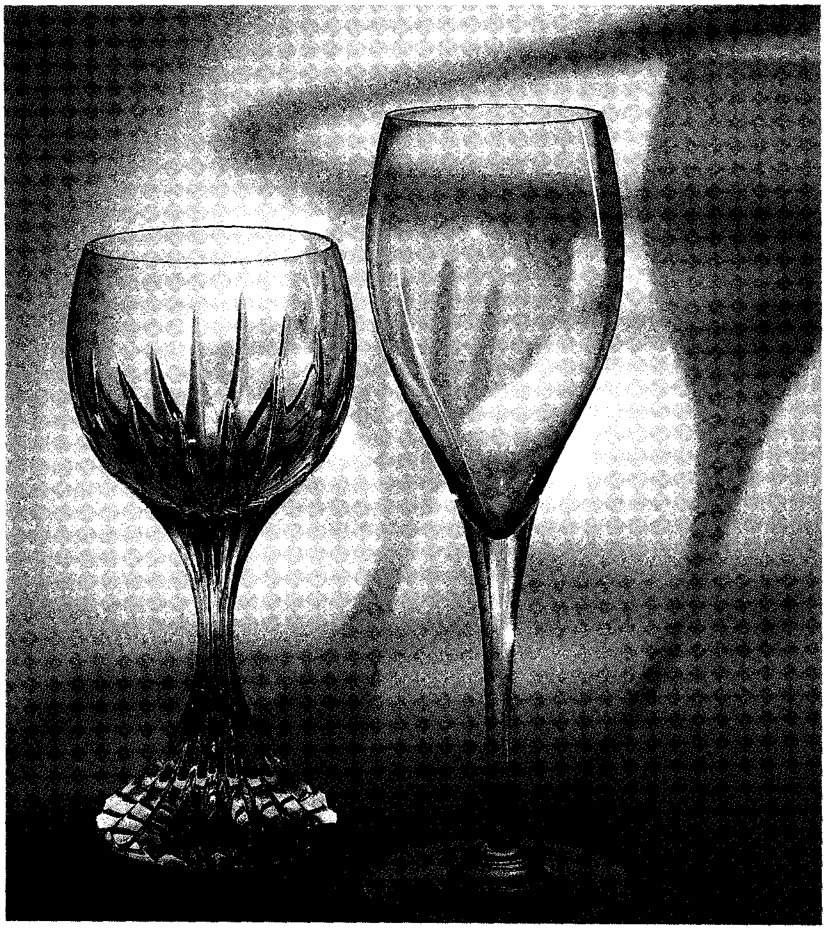
Rangers—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Jose Sharks, Nov. 14. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Nov. 13 at 7:10.

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 10 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Jose Sharks, Nov. 13 at 1:35.

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

Photography: Rick Young Creative Consultant: Jean-Yves Legrand



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FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Raptor Rap—Naturalist Len Soucy talks about and shows slides of metro-area hawks, eagles, owls, and falcons. He will also bring along some live birds from the Raptor Trust, an organization that rehabilitates injured birds. Sponsored by the New York City Audubon Society. (Murphy Amphitheatre, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Nov. 11 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Grimm Tale—A musical version of "Hansel and Gretel," presented by Theatreworks/USA. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Nov. 13-14 and Nov. 21 at 12:30.)

Not Your Average Barbie—A workshop at the Children's Museum of Manhattan focusses on the history of Native American dolls; participants will make and take home a cornhusk doll. Recommended ages: six and older. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Nov. 13 at 1 and 3.)

"Young People's Concert"—The season opener in an annual series by the New York Philharmonic features the music of Alberto Ginastera. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Nov. 13 at 2.) . . . **Note:** The Children's Promenade, a pre-concert happening that is open to ticket holders, starts at 1. Through specially designed displays and activities, kids can learn more about the orchestra and meet some of the players.

Read All About It—The Children's Book and Activity Fair features readings, signings, thousands of books for sale, and personal appearances by Curious George and Clifford the Big Red Dog, among others. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Nov. 12-14, from 11 to 6. No tickets necessary.)

Baile!—Eddie Torres and his troupe perform salsa, merengue, and other Latin dances, accompanied by an eight-member band. Recommended ages: six and older; dancing in the aisles won't be frowned upon. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Nov. 14 at 2.)

Pied Piper—The musician Andrew Bolotowsky demonstrates all kinds of flutes, including the pennywhistle, piccolo, recorder, and shakuhachi. (Muhlenberg Branch of the New York Public Library, 209 W. 23rd St. Nov. 16 at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Envelope, Please—The fifteen nominees for the three 1993 National Book Awards, in fiction, poetry, and nonfiction, will read for five minutes apiece from their own nominated books. Here's your chance to place your bets a day before the winners are announced. (Equitable Center Auditorium, 787 Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. For tickets, call 645-5848. Nov. 16 at 8.)

White Nights—Nov. 12 at 7: Edmund White will give a talk titled "Art and Politics: The Dialectics of Political Correctness." (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 9: White will read from his new book, "Genet: A Biography." (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.)

Hotel Tell All—Doris Chase's video "The Chelsea," sixty minutes of history, anecdotes, and gossip about the Chelsea Hotel and its many artistic residents, which have included William Burroughs, Jane Fonda, Jackson Pollock, Edith Piaf, and Sid Vicious, will première on Nov. 11 at 3, with a second showing at 6. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Bright Lights—Jay McInerney, Marlo Thomas, Ntozake Shange, and Kathryn Grody, among others, will read from their own work in a benefit for the New York City School Volunteer Program, on Nov. 15 at 8. The reading will be preceded by a silent auction, at 6:30. (Roundabout Theatre, Broadway at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 213-3370.)

Armistice—Nov. 11 is Veterans Day. At 10: There will be a parade down Fifth Ave., from 39th St. to 24th St. . . . ¶ From 3 to 5: A merchant seaman, a longshoreman, and two shipbuilders will tell stories about the port of New York during the Second World War. (Seamen's Church Institute, 241 Water St. No tickets necessary.)

Wharton's New York—The New York Art Theatre Institute will present an adaptation of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York" in the double parlor of the Old Merchant's House, which is a preserved 1832 row house suited to the time period of the play. With music by Henry Threadgill. (29 E. 4th St. 226-6211. Nov. 11-13 at 8 and Nov. 14 at 3.)

Living Poets Society—Kamau Brathwaite, Gwendolyn Brooks, Joy Harjo, Bernice Johnson Reagon, Sekou Sundiata, and others will participate in the "Festival of the Living Word: Voices of the African Diaspora and Indigenous America." Readings and panel discussions, including one called "From Aesop to Hip-Hop," will be held at three separate venues on Nov. 12-13. For more information, call the Poetry Society of America at 254-9628.

Tune Talk—Nov. 12 at 6: Pierre Boulez will talk with journalist Matthew Gurewitsch about the art of conducting. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.) . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: Soprano Dawn Upshaw will talk about her work. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. For information about tickets, call 875-5440.)

Readings—Nov. 10 at 8: Poet Kenward Elmslie and musician Steven Taylor will perform numbers from their collaborative effort, "Postcards on Parade," a pastiche of vaudeville, heavy-metal, country-and-Western, and Perry Como-style music. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: The five winners of the National Poetry Series, including T[illegible] Ehret and Mark Levine, will read from their new books. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: Charles Busch will read from his new novel, "Whores of Lost Atlantis." (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: Breyten Breytenbach and Ben Okri will read from their own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 8: Matthew Stadler will read from his newly published novel "The Dissolution of Nicholas Dee." With Tom Spanbauer and others. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Nov. 10 at 6: Eva Hoffman will talk about her new book, "Exit Into History: A Journey Through the New Eastern Europe." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: Fielding Dawson will talk about art and literature in American prisons. (Granary Books, 568 Broadway. Admission by contribution.) ¶ Nov. 15 at 8:15: Anna Deavere Smith will talk about and perform highlights from her one-woman show "Fires in the Mirror," about race relations in Crown Heights. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Walks & Tours—Nov. 13 at 11: Eye on Art Tours will open studio doors in SoHo and Tribeca for interested visitors. For more information, call 877-5117. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon and 2:30: Big Onion Walking Tours will sail to Governors Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 1: Insider's New York is offering a bus tour of Bronx Center, including Yankee Stadium and the Bronx Post Office. For reservations, call 397-3809.

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THE MOVIES

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			10	11	12	13
14	15	16				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 40.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Household Saints" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ruby in Paradise" (†).

Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "Farewell My Concubine" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Piano" (directed by Jane Campion).

Theatre 5: Through Nov. 11: "Into the West" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Piano."

Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through Nov. 11: "No More Mr. Nice Guy" (Detlev Buck; in German); and "The Tango Player" (1990, Roland Gräf; in German).

Nov. 12-14: "Radio Stories" (1955, José Luis Sáenz de Heredia; in Spanish); and "El Ultimo Cuplé" (1957, Juan de Orduña; in Spanish), with Sara Montiel.

Nov. 15: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 16: "Radio Stories"; and "A Sign of Light" (1943, Rafael Gil; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "The Harvest" (David Marconi). From Nov. 12: "Ernest Rides Again."

Theatre 2: "Fearless" (†).

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Theatre 3: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "Malice" (†). From Nov. 12: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).

Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Theatre 6: "Rudy" (†).

Theatre 7: "Flesh and Bone" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"Sex & Zen" (Michael Mak; in Cantonese).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gettysburg" (†).

Theatre 4: "Combination Platter" (†).

Theatre 5: "Twenty Bucks" (Keva Rosenfeld).

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 11: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).

Theatre 7: "Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).

Theatre 2: "Flesh and Bone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Theatre 4: "Cool Runnings" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 6: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"A Home of Our Own" (Tony Bill), with Kathy Bates.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Malice" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).

Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 4: "Fatal Instinct" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).

Theatre 2: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Nov. 11: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Farewell My Concubine" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 11: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins). From Nov. 12: "The Philadelphia Experiment 2" (Stephen Cornwell).

Opening November 10, Al Pacino in "Carlito's Way."

TIM BOWER

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Flight of the Innocent" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery".

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 11: "The Age of Innocence" (†). From Nov. 12: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Short Cuts" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).

Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "M. Butterfly" (David Cronenberg). From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Theatre 2: "A Home of Our Own" (Tony Bill).

Theatre 3: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).

Theatre 4: "Mr. Jones" (†).

Theatre 5: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 6: "Fatal Instinct" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Rudy" (†).

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Nov. 11: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

From Nov. 12: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).

Theatre 2: "Malice" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Combination Platter" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Fearless" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Nov. 11: "Fatal Instinct" (†).

From Nov. 12: "Ernest Rides Again."

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins). From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Theatre 2: "Malice" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).

Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).

Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).

Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Theatre 6: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 7: "Rudy" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "The War Room" (†).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "La Strada" (1954, directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater). From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Theatre 2: "Fatal Instinct" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "A Home of Our Own" (Tony Bill).

Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Wild West" (David Attwood).

Theatre 2: "Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 11: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau). From Nov. 12: "The Philadelphia Experiment 2" (Stephen Cornwell).

Theatre 4: "Silent Touch" (Krzysztof Zanussi).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 11: "Demolition Man" (†). From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), Emilio Estevez and Cuba Goodings, Jr. From Nov. 12: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).

Theatre 5: "Malice" (†).

Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater).

Theatre 7: "Fatal Instinct" (†).

Theatre 8: "Fearless" (†).

Theatre 9: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski), with J. Travolta, K. Alley.

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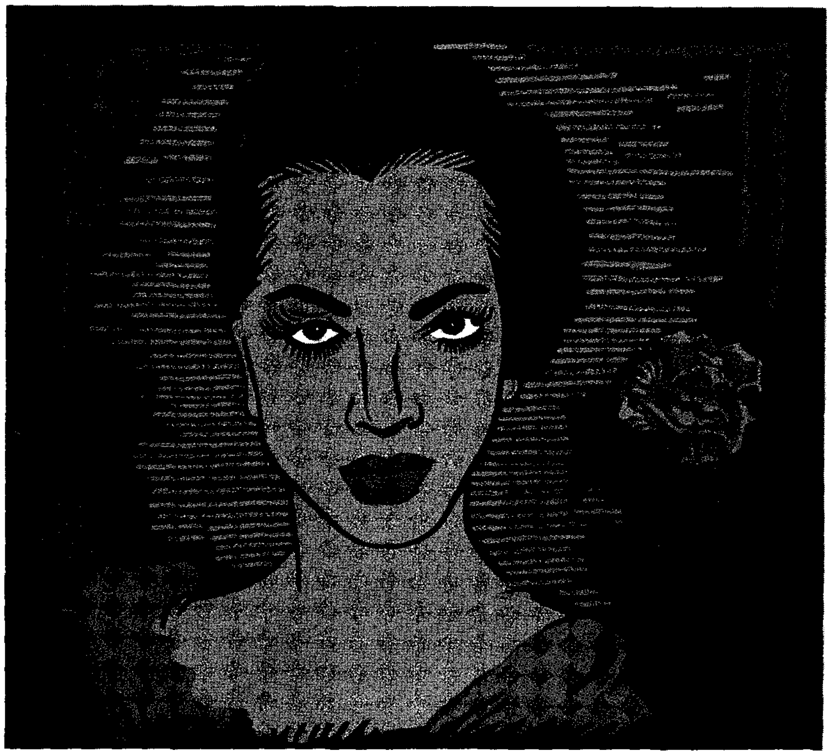

November 12-14, at the Public Theatre, Sara Montiel in "El Ultimo Cuplé."

JOE CLOWER

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
Theatre 2: "Flight of the Innocent" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Combination Platter" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 11: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater). From Nov. 12: "The Philadelphia Experiment 2" (Stephen Cornwell).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Malice" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Cool Runnings" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "*Like Water for Chocolate*" (*Alfonso* Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Wild West" (David Attwood).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
The 10th Israel Film Festival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fearless" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A Home of Our Own" (Tony Bill).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "Ruby in Paradise" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 5: "La Chasse aux Papillons" (Otar Iosseliani; in French).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 11: "Into the West" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Piano."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 11: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
From Nov. 12: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 3: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).
Theatre 4: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 11: "A Bronx Tale" (†). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 11: "Demolition Man" (†). From Nov. 12: "My Life" (Bruce Rubin).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (†)
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (†).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Harvest" (directed by David Marconi).
Theatre 3: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben). From Nov. 12: "Ernest Rides Again."
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
Theatre 6: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker). From Nov. 12: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3."
Theatre 3: "Cool Runnings" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Flesh and Bone" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 11: "The White Sheik" (1951, directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Nov. 12-13: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957, Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Nov. 14: "Paisan" (†); and "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Nov. 15-16: "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Nov. 10: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941, Alexander Korda); and "21 Days Together" (1937, Basil Dean).
Nov. 11-13: "Henry V" (1989; †); and "Peter's Friends" (1992, Kenneth Branagh).
Nov. 14-16: "Henry V" (1944; †); and "Waterloo Bridge" (1940, Mervyn LeRoy).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 10: "Interiors" (1978, Woody Alle[illegible]; and "Love and Death" (†).
Nov. 11: "The Conversation" (1974, Fran[illegible] Ford Coppola); and "Scarecrow" (1973, Je[illegible] Schatzberg).
Nov. 12-13: "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger); and "Night and the City" (1950, Jules Dassin).
Nov. 14: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French); and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French).
Nov. 15: "Los Olvidados" (1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961, Buñuel; in Spanish).
Nov. 16: "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich); and "Nickelodeon" (1976, Bogdanovich).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Coeur de Lilas" (1931, directed by Anatole Litvak; in French); and "La Dame d'Onze Heures" (1947, Jean Devaivre; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Mehboob's Anthology" (1992). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30 and Nov. 13 at 5: "Assunta Spina" (1915, Gustavo Serena; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 3 and Nov. 14 at 5: "Dirty Harry" (1971, Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6 and Nov. 15 at 2:30: "A Husband for Anna" (1953, Giuseppe de Santis; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6: "Magnum Force" (1973, Ted Post), with Eastwood. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2 and Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Assunta Spina" (1947, Mario Mattoli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "*Escape from Alcatraz*" (*1979, Siegel*), *with* Ea[illegible]wood. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5: "The Gauntle[illegible] (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2 and Nov. 16 at 6: "Naples Kiss of Fire" (1937, Augusto Genina; in French and Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Sudden Impact" (1983, Eastwood), with Eastwood. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5: "Naples Kiss of Fire" (1925, Serge Nadejdine; a French silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "Lucia Luci" (1922, Ubaldo Maria del Colle; an Italian silent film) and "If I Would Love You" (1922, Emanuele Rotondo; an Italian silent film).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Nov. 10 at 2 and Nov. 11 at 8: "The Northerners" (1992, Alex van Warmerdam). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2 and 6: "Vigor" (1990, Frouke Fokkema). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 4: "Above the Mountains" (1992, Digna Sinke). . . . ¶ Nov. 13-14 at 2: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952, Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen). . . . ¶ A program of films by the Japanese director Seijun Suzuki. Nov. 12 at 2 and 6:30 and Nov. 13 at 4 and 8:30: "Tokyo Drifter" (1966). . . . Nov. 12 at 4 and 8:30 and Nov. 13 at 6: "Love Letter" (1959) and "Youth of the Beast" (1963). . . . Nov. 14 at 4 and 7:4[illegible] Nov. 15 at 2, and Nov. 16 at 6: "Elegy [illegible] Violence" (1966). . . . Nov. 14 at 6, Nov. 15 at 4, and Nov. 16 at 7:45: "One Generation of Tattoos" (1965). . . . Nov. 16 at 2: "The Bastard" (1963). . . . Nov. 16 at 4: "Gate of Flesh" (1964).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years: Nov. 13 at 2: Eleven short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 4:30: "A Child's Garden and the Serious Sea" (1991, Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: Ten short films by ten different directors showing their divergent visions of New York city. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 4:30: Seven short comedy and avant-garde films.

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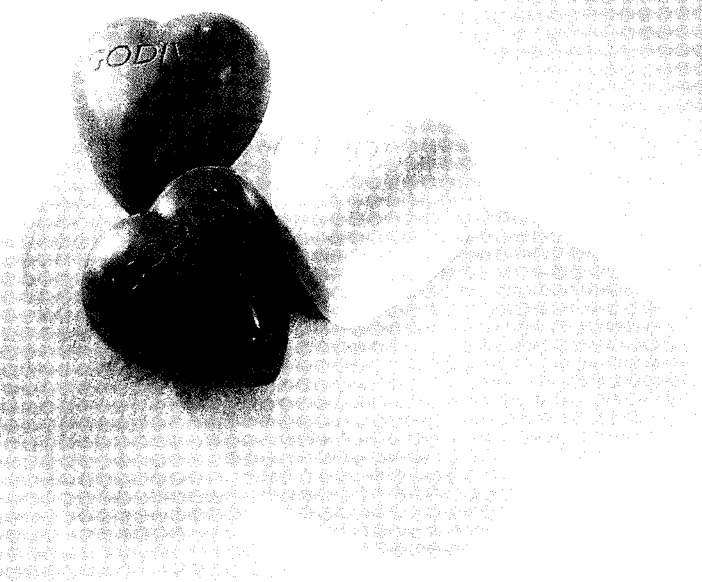

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Carlito's Way—Brian De Palma's new film, based on two novels by New York State Supreme Court Justice Edwin Torres. Al Pacino plays a Puerto Rican gangster from Harlem who is released from prison on a technicality and tries to go straight. With Sean Penn and Penelope Ann Miller. Opening November 10.

My Life—A drama, written and directed by Bruce Joel Rubin (author of the screenplay for "Ghost"), about the emotional odyssey of a Beverly Hills executive (Michael Keaton) who learns that he is dying of cancer. His wife (Nicole Kidman) is pregnant, and he begins making an autobiographical video for his unborn child. Opening November 12.

The Philadelphia Experiment 2—Brad Johnson travels back in time to make sure that Nazi Germany loses the Second World War. Directed by Stephen Cornwell. Opening November 12.

The Piano—A mute woman (Holly Hunter) leaves Scotland, with her daughter and a piano, to be a mail-order bride in nineteenth-century colonial New Zealand. The groom (Sam Neill) wants her but not the piano, and his neighbor (Harvey Keitel) wants both the piano and her. Written and directed by Jane Campion. Hunter was named Best Actress and the movie was co-winner of the Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Opening November 12.

Radio Stories—The American première of Spanish director José Luis Sáenz de Heredia's 1955 comedy about a radio quiz show. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. Opening November 12.

The Three Musketeers—The latest version of the Alexandre Dumas classic. With Charlie Sheen as Aramis, Kiefer Sutherland as Athos, Chris O'Donnell as D'Artagnan, Oliver Platt as Porthos, Tim Curry as Cardinal Richelieu, and Rebecca De Mornay as Milady de Winter. Directed by Stephen Herek. Opening November 12.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love. With her silly blond curls, Pfeiffer looks more plaintive than the dark exotic of Wharton's imagination.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 11.)

A Bronx Tale—Robert De Niro's début as a director. The plot turns on the tussle for a boy's soul: De Niro plays Lorenzo, whose son Calogero is spending too much time with a local hood named Sonny (Chazz Palminteri) and his band of merry men—Tony Toupee, Eddie Mush, and so forth. The tale, set in 1960, was originally written by Palminteri as a five-minute monologue, then grew into a full stage performance before becoming a screenplay; by now it feels tired, and you can't help feeling that the material has already been worked to death onscreen. But Lillo Brancato gives a silky, striking performance as the teen-age Calogero.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Beekman, and 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 11.)

Combination Platter—"Mixed appetizers" is more like it: in lieu of a proper meal, the audience grazes on assorted tidbits of racial and ethnic tension and comedy in a Chinese restaurant in Queens. The central story, about a naïve waiter from Hong Kong (Jeff Lau) who hopes to marry an American to get his green card, has neither punch nor a satisfying punch line. The producer-director-writer, Tony Chan, wants the hero's halting manner to be sympathetic and humorous in a low-key way. But by the time the waiter admits "I go to the movies to sleep," viewers know too well what he means. Edwin Baker collaborated with Chan on the script. In English, Mandarin, and Cantonese.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Cool Runnings—The filmmakers take the adventure of the 1988 Jamaican Olympic bobsled team and turn it into a kiddie movie—almost a toddler movie. Except for a few piquant sports details, they fictionalize everything and play it for easy laughs and melodrama; they even sink to portraying East German bobsledders as racist villains. Leon, Doug E. Doug, Rawle D. Lewis, and Malik Yoba are the teammates; John Candy is their disreputable American coach. Jon Turteltaub directed.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Demolition Man—Woody Allen's "Sleeper" remade as a moronic action spectacle. Supercop Sylvester Stallone and supercrook Wesley Snipes wake up from a cryogenic sleep and do battle in a pacified, PC-fied future, where cussing is banned and lovemaking is a hands-off experience. The script (by Daniel Waters, Robert Reneau, and Peter M. Lenkov) simultaneously mocks and exploits the movie's pre-sold elements, including Stallone's morose brand of machismo. Marco Brambilla directed.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 11.)

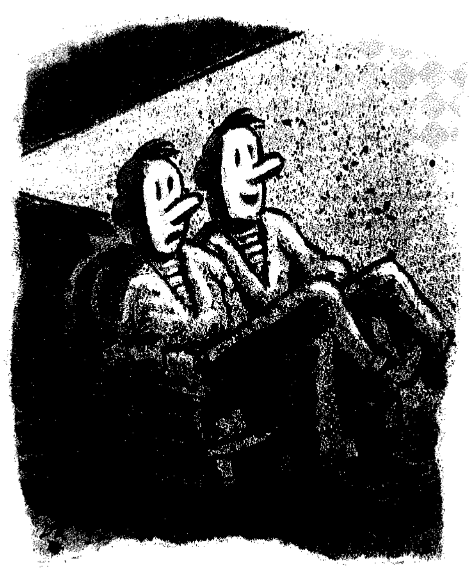
Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school—the sort of drama that uses the unsettled emotional lives of a handful of characters to portray the human cost of war and of constant political upheaval. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Fatal Instinct—Armand Assante is a cop who is also a lawyer, and Kate Nelligan, Sean Young, and Sherilyn Fenn are the women in his life. All manage to keep a straight face in this scattershot spoof; unfortunately, so do the moviegoers. The director, Carl Reiner, and the writer, David O'Malley, make the error of sending up film noir classics such as "Double Indemnity" along with contemporary erotic shockers like "Basic Instinct" and "Fatal Attraction" and dysfunctional-family suspense films like the Scorsese-De Niro "Cape Fear." The old and new styles of thriller-making don't mesh, even in lampoon form. When James Remar's imitation De Niro displays tattooed quotes from Pee-wee Herman and

Bart Simpson, it reminds Bart fans that "The Simpsons" did a shrewder "Cape Fear" takeoff.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ East 85th Street, and Regency; through Nov. 11.)

Fearless—The central event in Peter Weir's movie is the crash of a commercial airliner. Weir knows a metaphor for the fragility of modern man's existence when he sees one, and he seizes on this calamity as if it were something that he had been searching for all his life: an ideal vehicle for the sort of apocalyptic imagery and metaphysical speculation that dominated his early films, like "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975) and "The Last Wave" (1977). In terms of imagery and rhythm, this is a stunning piece of filmmaking; it's also a shamelessly florid exercise in therapeutic uplift. Essentially, Weir hijacks a fairly straightforward story about a couple of crash survivors (played by Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez) and takes it to the Twilight Zone.—T.R. (10/25/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

Flesh and Bone—The first film written and directed by Steve Kloves, "The Fabulous Baker Boys," was the most mature début in years, and a tough act to follow. His second is a dark and desperate piece of work; the Baker Boys were fated to stay middling and unknown, but the doom hanging over his new characters is altogether more severe. Dennis Quaid plays Arlis Sweeney, who as a young boy was an unwilling accomplice to the crimes of his father (James Caan). He minds his own business until he falls for Kay (Meg Ryan) and finds himself dragged back to the wickedness of the past. Although the plot comes to rely on a particularly outlandish series of coincidences, it's a credit to Kloves's skill that you can almost put this out of your mind and enjoy his long, suspended scenes, brimming with lust or the need to lash out. But he is properly an ironist, not a dealer in Hawthorne-like fables, and you miss the moments of levity that lifted the earlier movie, just as you long for Dennis Quaid's face, swollen with distress, to relax into one of his old wide grins. The movie is almost stolen by a gorgeous performance from Gwyneth Paltrow (who had one good scene in "Malice"), as a sly young drifter. Paltrow seems to know more about cool than all the other players put together.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)



DOUG ALLEN

Flight of the Innocent—Carlo Carlei's film—his first—tells the story of Vito (Manuel Colao), a ten-year-old Calabrian boy on the run from the thugs who massacred his family. The movie plays like a comic-book version of "The Night of the Hunter." The director bombards the audience with flashy visual effects and seems to be aiming for a poetic, dreamlike tone; but he's no poet, and the sort of dream this picture most closely resembles is the one in which you run and run and never get anywhere at all. On the strength of this movie, Carlei has been signed to a Hollywood contract: anyone whose sensibility so effortlessly combines cheesiness and self-importance has to be considered a natural for big-studio filmmaking. Also with Jacques Perrin and Francesca Neri. In Italian.—T.R. (59th Street East Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Gettysburg—Michael Shaara's thoughtful, surprisingly supple novel ("The Killer Angels") becomes something completely different: a Civil War buff's dream. The writer-director, Ronald F. Maxwell, strains to be rousing. His four-hour-and-eight-minute spectacle—featuring five thousand reënactors doing Pickett's Charge on the actual site—is overscored and often overacted. It needlessly reminds audiences of the battle's momentousness. Still, this clunky movie does have stirring passages (especially the defense of Little Round Top) and a few valiant performances, such as Sam Elliott's fiery Brigadier General Buford and Jeff Daniels' eloquent, comedy-tinged Colonel Chamberlain.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Household Saints—Vincent D'Onofrio confirms his acting mettle, this time as a flirtatious butcher who wins the hand of a plain, innocent girl (Tracey Ullman) in a pinochle game, and stuns everybody by going ahead and marrying her. D'Onofrio doesn't overdo the man's confidence and warmth or his conventional, pampered streak. He's the best reason to see Nancy Savoca's catastrophically shaky comedy-drama about Italian-American-Catholic urban folkways from the forties to the sixties, which culminates in D'Onofrio's daughter's willing herself into sainthood. By then the audience has ceased trying to figure out whether to guffaw, sob, or genuflect. With Lili Taylor as D'Onofrio's daughter and Judith Malina as his mother.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center.)

Into the West—The adventures of two Irish boys, Ossie (Ciaran Fitzgerald) and Tito (Ruaidhri Conroy), and a white horse, which transports them from a depressing Dublin housing project all the way to the island's wild western shore. The screenplay, by Jim Sheridan, is based on motifs from Celtic mythology: Ossie's name refers to the legendary poet-warrior Ossian; the horse's name is Tir na nOg, which means Land of Eternal Youth (the Celtic version of Paradise); and in the old tales the waves of the Atlantic, where this movie reaches its climax, were sometimes called "white horses." Sheridan and the director, Mike Newell, keep the story moving along nimbly and achieve a winning blend of comedy and lyricism. The filmmakers don't have to insist on the magical properties of their story, because the horse—which evokes memories of the wondrous creature in Albert Lamorisse's great 1953 children's film, "White Mane"—supplies all the magic the movie needs.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; through Nov. 11.)

The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is actually a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

about beg for tears.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

MALICE—Andy Safian (Bill Pullman) married his favorite student, Tracy (Nicole Kidman), and they now live peacefully in a quiet college town—so quiet that you can hear rape and murder just waiting round the corner. After the ghastly deeds are done, Andy becomes a suspect, but, worse than that, he opens his doors to a big bad lodger—Jed Hill (Alec Baldwin), surgeon and stud. The director, Harold Becker, working from a script by Aaron Sorkin and Scott Frank, piles on the twists, and his photographer, Gordon Willis, wraps the action in immaculately tailored shadows, but they can't disguise its essential silliness. Thankfully, Alec Baldwin refuses to give up, and in the second half he grabs the movie and turns it into high hokum.—A.L. (10/18/93) (New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Festival, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, and Murray Hill Cinemas; through Nov. 11.)

MR. JONES—The last time Richard Gere teamed up with the British director Mike Figgis, it went like a dream, albeit a scary one: they made the gripping "Internal Affairs," with Gere looking like a fetish object in his cop uniform. Now the magic is gone; he plays Mr. Jones—the man from nowhere, with his mind out of whack. He does crazy things—balancing on a roof beam, pushing aside a symphony conductor in the middle of a concert and trying to lead the orchestra himself—and is handed over for treatment to a psychiatrist (Lena Olin). You can feel a love affair coming, but it takes a long time, and then passes by; the rest of the movie is one long brood.—A.L. (First & 62nd Cinemas.)

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY—With Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson, James Fox, and Christopher Reeve; directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

RUBY IN PARADISE—Ruby Lee Gissing (Ashley Judd) flees to Florida in search of a new life and finds it in Panama City Beach. There she sells T-shirts and trinkets, and yields to the advances of the loathsome Ricky (Bentley Mitchum) and the well-read Mike (Todd Field). Judd is a fine blend of pushy and graceful, but Victor Nuñez's script and direction leave her beached. If you like off-season resorts, leaden voice-overs ("Where does caring come from?"), and movies that never seem to end, this one's for you.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; through Nov. 11.)

RUDY—Knute Rockne Stadium is the football field of dreams in this relentlessly inspirational sports story, based on a real person. Sean Astin plays Rudy Ruettiger, a dyslexic working-class Catholic boy who becomes one of Notre Dame's Fighting Irish on heart and guts alone. Unless viewers share Rudy's Notre Dame mania, they'll find the uplift grinding—like the myth of Sisyphus with a happy ending. David Anspaugh directed Angelo Pizzo's script. With Ned Beatty, Charles S. Dutton, Lili Taylor, and Robert Prosky.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, and Orpheum VII.)

SHORT CUTS—Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women, and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Nov. 11.)

TIM BURTON'S THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS—This full-length animated movie was shot in stop motion, with all the febrile, twittery fascination that the medium exerts; it has a magic-toyshop feeling, with unexpected objects stuttering into life. Directed by Henry Selick, it was devised and co-produced by Tim Burton, who leaves a trail of his familiar obsessions: graveyard humor, whirling snow, a velvety darkness. But the atmosphere is too rich for the pallid plot: Jack Skellington, the bony master of ceremonies in Halloweentown, discovers the spirit of Christmas and tries to import it into his ghoulish world. The clash of styles—demonic vs. cute—pays off only toward the end; for all the witty, festering details, the film is strangely static. The score is by Danny Elfman.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

THE WAR ROOM—The somewhat deranged charm of James Carville, the chief strategist of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, dominates D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's exhilarating documentary. Although the film may not supply many new insights into the process of choosing a President, it gives us plenty of fresh data about the nature of political commitment and it does justice, too, to the sheer reckless pleasure of electoral gamesmanship. And Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies, someone whose work is such a complete expression of his personality that you can't help laughing: the unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true.—T.R. (11/8/93) (Film Forum.)

THE WEDDING BANQUET—Except for the title celebration itself—a ritualized mob scene that gets weirder and funnier as it goes on—this cross-cultural, cross-sexual comedy-drama, set in New York City, is just a wan getting-to-know-you fable for alternative family. Ang Lee's film centers on the marital subterfuge of a successful gay Taiwanese immigrant (Winston Chao): despite having a long-time companion (Mitchell Lichtenstein), he weds a struggling artist (May Chin) from mainland China to satisfy his traditional parents, who come from Taiwan for an extended visit as soon as they learn he's engaged. Chao and Lichtenstein are likable, but Chin, as the confused, desirous bride, and Sihung Lung and Ah-Leh Gua, as the dignified, well-meaning father and mother, are the ones who deserve cheers.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

THE GAUNTLET (1977)—Clint Eastwood, as a slow-witted cop, and Sondra Locke, as the fast-witted hooker he's bringing back from Las Vegas to testify in a trial in Phoenix, are always in movement. They use a police car, a motorcycle, a train, a bus. A mere whisper of a plot serves as a pretext for shoot-'em-ups with thousands of rounds of ammunition going into whatever buildings or vehicles the cop and the hooker are in or on. At times the whole world seem to be firing at them; buildings and cars are turned to lace. You look at the screen even though there's nothing to occupy your mind—the way you sometimes sit in front of the TV, numbly, because you can't rouse yourself for the effort it takes to go to bed. Eastwood directed.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 13.)

HENRY V (1944)—Shakespeare's "Henry V" is the story of the playboy Plantagenet who grew up to become a great leader and, at twenty-seven, defeated the armies of France at Agincourt. There, at the last major stand of medieval chivalry, the English archers, outnumbered five to one, cut down the fatally encumbered knights of France. Laurence Olivier once said that it was the sort of juvenile role that you can't play when you're a juvenile—"When you are young, you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it. It isn't until you're older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism." He came to it at the right time. His production—it was his first time out as a film director—is a triumph of color, music, spectacle, and soaring heroic poetry, and, as an actor, he brings lungs, exultation, and a guileful wit to the role. The film has true charm. With Renee Asherson as Princess Katherine, Leslie Banks as Chorus, George Robey as Falstaff, and Ernest Thesiger as the Duke of Berri.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 14-16.)

Henry V (1989)—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic *noir* doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec Cowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 11-13.)

Love and Death (1975)—Taking on Tolstoy, Dostoyevski, and Ingmar Bergman must have made Woody Allen think he had a license to jabber. In this travesty of (among other things) "War and Peace," Allen does riffs on philosophy while playing the coward that all St. Petersburg is talking about during the Napoleonic wars. The slight, bespectacled Boris is obsessed with mortality and sex, and thus with his cousin Sonia (Diane Keaton). In the film's most promising interchange Sonia blithely declares, "I guess you could say I'm half saint, half whore"—and Boris replies, "Here's hoping I get the half that eats." How Sonia succumbs to Boris's deniable charms should be the heart of the movie, but Allen shoves it offstage. The funny moments that bubble up pop immediately in the word-clogged air.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his breakthrough with "Open City" the year before. Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative, the content less so. Some of the stories have a tidy O. Henry finish, and there's a lot of sentimentality, though the film gives the impression of being loose and open. The script by Federico Fellini and Rossellini was based on stories they and others had written. (The Florence episode is by Vasco Pratolini, who isn't credited.) In English, French, Italian, and German.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 14.)

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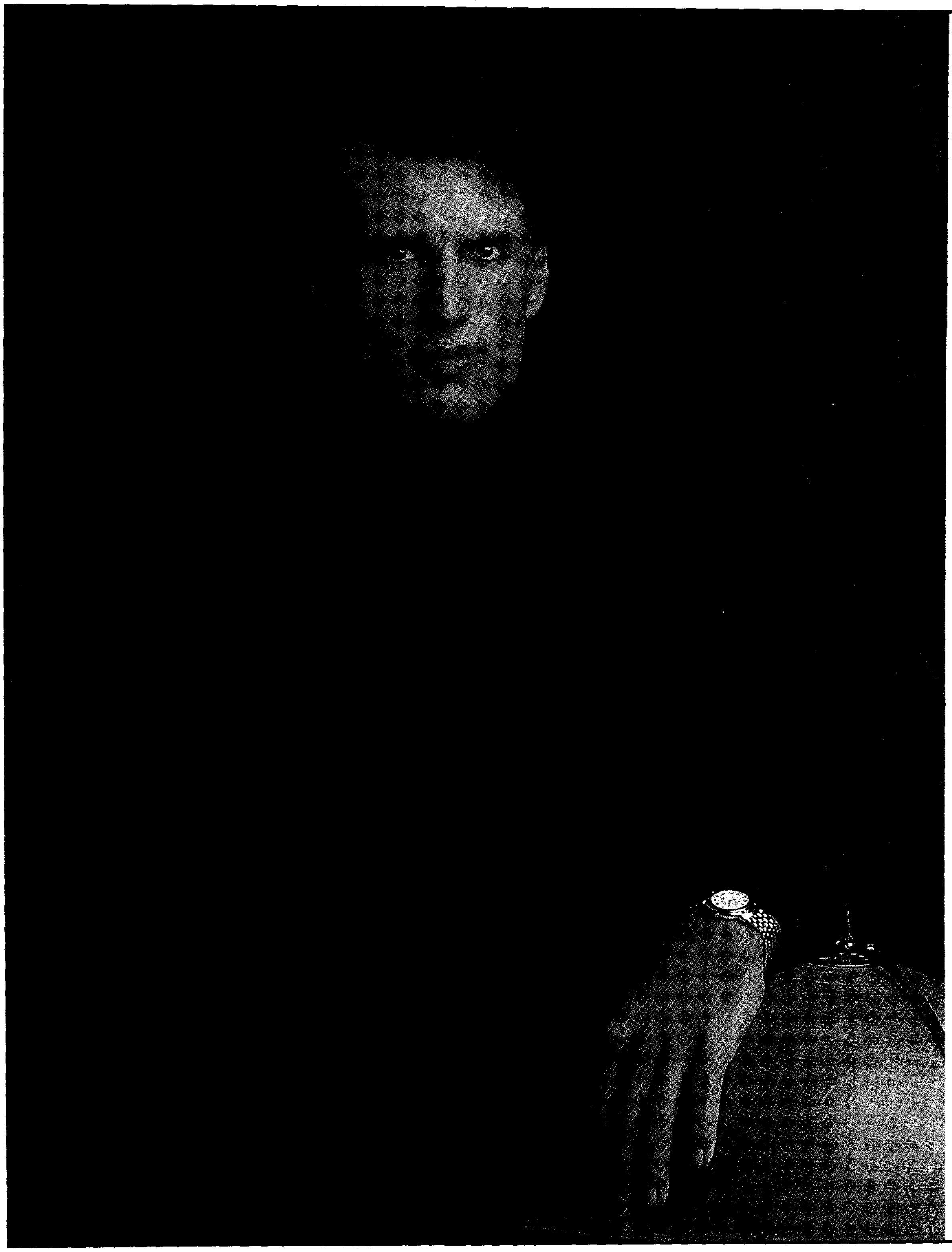

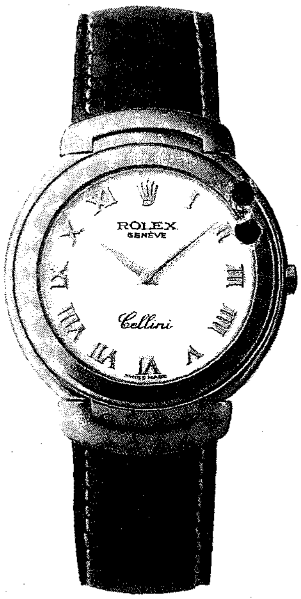

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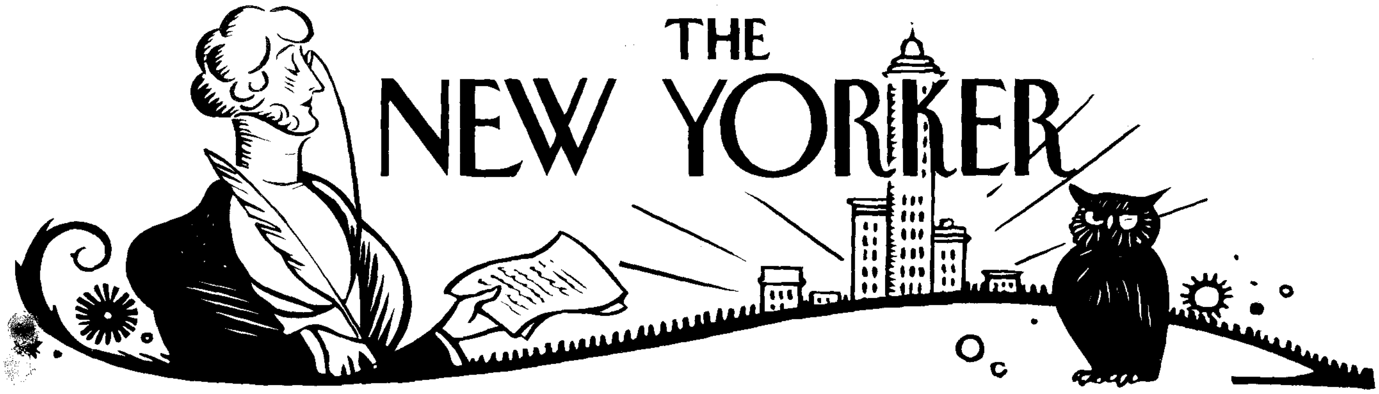


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

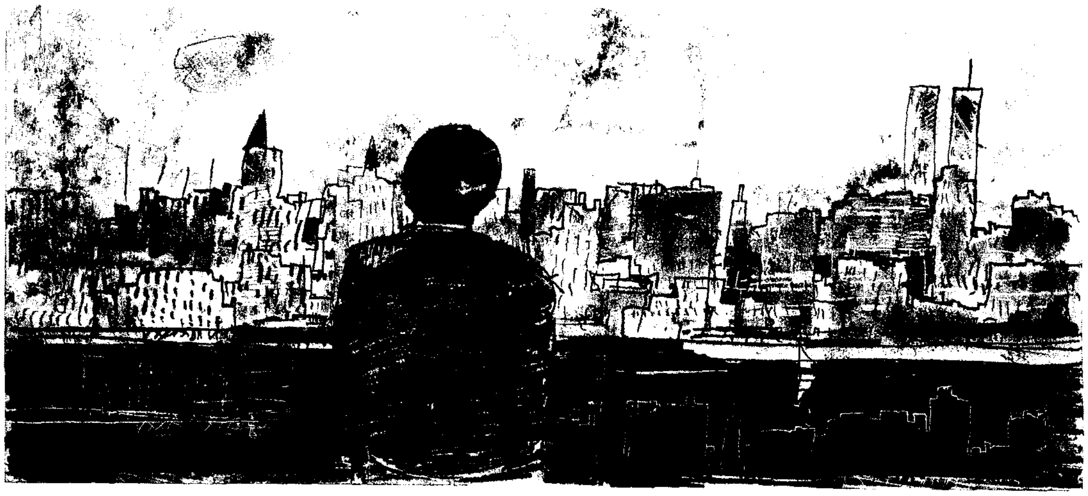
WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

At lunchtime on Election Day, while the city was voting, we got a briefing that might have been appreciated by the mayor-elect, Rudolph Giuliani, from someone whose job it is to figure out whether New York can turn itself around economically, and, if so, how. He's Robert D. Yaro, the executive director of the Regional Plan Association, which is a small, independent think tank that was set up in the nineteen-twenties to help the New York area become the economic capital of the world. The R.P.A., which its workers sometimes used to refer to as the Regional Plumbing Association, helped plan much of what brought New York into the twentieth century, including railroads, highways, bridges, tunnels, subways, parks, and abundant supplies of clean water. Yaro, a forty-three-year-old planner, who these days goes over to Tokyo a lot to check on the competition, steered us to the first *shabu-shabu* restaurant in midtown. (*Shabu-shabu* is the Japanese low-fat answer to fondue—you dunk tofu, cabbage, and carpaccio-thin slivers of raw beef in steaming water.)

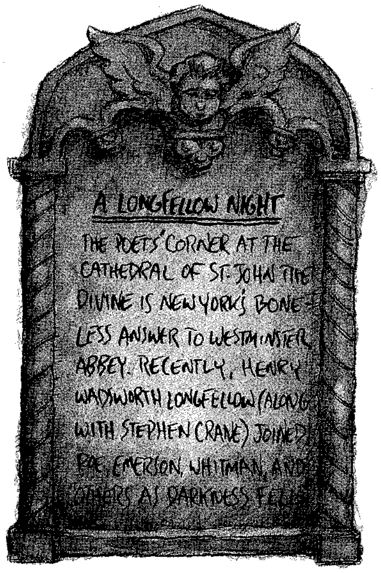
Over iced green tea, Yaro said, "New York is a city that for more than three hundred and fifty years summoned people from around the world by its boldness, its energy, and the opportunities here to make money and invent new ideas." Yaro, who is slightly stocky and has brown eyes and a drooping, semi-bandito black mustache, ate quickly, smiled rapidly, and talked eagerly—almost faster than a reporter could write. We kept ordering fresh glasses of tea so he wouldn't run dry. "But twenty years ago came the great aberration, the great departure from New York's shining history," he continued. "Suddenly, and for the first time, we stopped investing in the place and in ourselves; we neglected our schools, our neighborhoods, our parks and streets, our museums and theatres—everything we take pride in, everything that's *New York*. If we'd consciously planned a decline, we couldn't have done a better job. There was tremendous anger here back in 1975 when, as it said in the famous *News* headline, President Ford told New York to drop dead, but basically we've been following his advice ever since."

In the last four years, a million jobs have vanished from New York City and the region around it—a tenth of all the jobs that were here in 1989—and the latest projections say that it will take us eleven years, or until 2004, just to climb back to where we used to be. This relentless recession is the great, bleak reality that must now occupy most of Giuliani's time over the next four years. The recession has also meant less tax revenues and increased demand for social services, and this double whammy has brought about a huge city budget deficit. As a result, New York must undertake drastic budget cuts—probably two billion dollars in fiscal 1995, which begins next July, and three billion the year after—if the gap is to be closed. (State law forbids the city to run up an annual deficit of more than a hundred million dollars.) Yet the economy never once emerged as a deadly serious campaign issue this fall. Instead, Giuliani and David Dinkins talked passionately of each other's racism, and about who had a sense of humor, and about whether the squeegee guys who smear people's windshields at red lights should be taken off the streets—about everything *but* the recession.

Meanwhile, Yaro went on to say, cities all over the world, despite crushing recessions of their own, haven't exactly



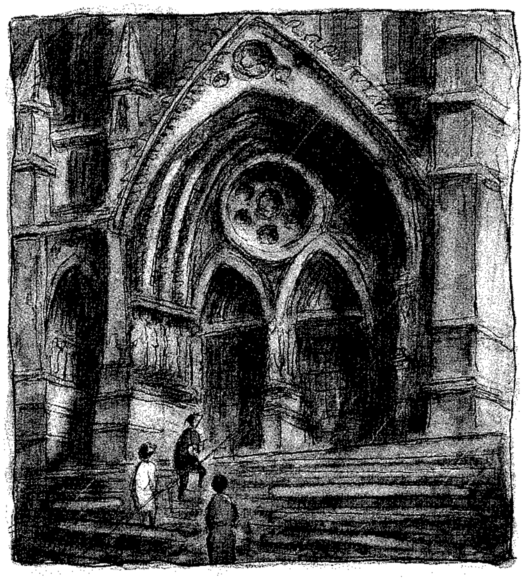
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER



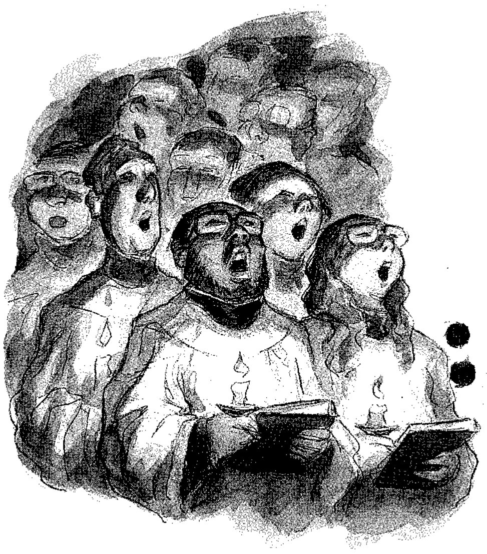
A LONGFELLOW NIGHT

THE POETS' CORNER AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE IS NEW YORK'S BONELESS ANSWER TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. RECENTLY, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (ALONG WITH STEPHEN CRANE) JOINED POE, EMERSON, WHITMAN, AND OTHERS AS DARKNESS FELL

BY PETER DE SÈVE



THE CALM, MAJESTIC PRESENCE OF THE NIGHT BROUGHT OUT MANY LONGFELLOW AFICIONADOS.



BRING BACK THE FERVID ZEAL THE CHOIR DID, WITH HYMNS OF AND TO THE POET.

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been waiting for the gallows. "London is reclaiming tens of thousands of acres of wasteland and abandoned factories along the Thames and turning them into clean, green spaces for new houses and businesses," he pointed out. "Paris has spent billions restoring its magnificent public parks and monuments, and creating high-speed local trains that zigzag through the whole region. Hong Kong, which in four years will lose control of its own destiny, reverting to Chinese authority, is nevertheless creating a new airport and seaport connected to a brand-new city for a hundred and fifty thousand people. It will have new rail lines and motorways and tunnels, constructed at a pace that would put Robert Moses to shame, yet Hong Kong insists on setting aside forty per cent of its land as lush, gorgeous, never-to-be-built-on green space."

Sensing, perhaps, that he was coming off a bit more gloomy than he wanted to, Yaro reminded us that it's hard to kill off a world city like New York—that it's still the economic capital of the Western Hemisphere. It may take us eleven years to regenerate a million jobs, but if we use that time well, Yaro believes, we can do a lot more than just get back to the starting line. "We have a tremendous new old-time asset," Yaro said. "In the nineteen-eighties, a million people from around the world, willing to work and make a fresh start, moved here, not to Philadelphia or St. Louis, and another million more will come this decade. In classic New York fashion, their industriousness and initiative enhance the economy of the whole region."

He paused for a moment, and said, "It's not generally known that we have some money, too, money we're now just squandering on fury and bitterness. The border wars, I call them. New York and its neighbors, New Jersey and Connecticut, have spent billions in the last few years bribing businesses away from each other, with huge cash incentives, or bribing businesses to stay where they are, with huge tax deferrals. That's money that could be used to create new jobs, and train people for them, and make the city and the region what it was when I was growing up—clean, safe, affordable, unmatchable, the kind of place you'd be so happy to live in and work in. You only raid something when you're desperate and think supplies are dwindling—and you keep carving up an ever-smaller pie. But New York's basic business is, and always has been, baking new pies."

Yaro took a long gulp of tea. Then he said, "I see one more reason for hope—New Yorkers always find new purpose when their backs are to the wall. To me, the most crucial election today isn't who's going to be mayor of New York or governor of New Jersey. It's the Staten Island vote on seceding from the city." (This passed with a lopsided majority, as Yaro had expected it to.) "Staten Islanders don't hate New York, but they hate feeling left out, hate feeling that the city has no use for them. Now Queens is making similar noises about taking off on its own. Our next mayor has a tremendous opportunity to refocus the way government works, and give boroughs and local districts far more say over their streets and parks and garbage pickups and a thousand other things. And he could begin with a grand, Churchill-like speech—that he was elected to be not the last mayor of Greater New York but the first mayor of the City of Rebirth."

EMMA THOMPSON: A CLOSE READING

EMMA THOMPSON, the beautiful and brainy British Oscar winner, was in town last week to, as she put it, "tart" for her new film, the Merchant-Ivory production of "The Remains of the Day." But the movie most on her mind was a yet to be produced version of Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," with a brand-new screenplay by none other than Emma Thompson, the beautiful and brainy British writer. Needless to say, she looked great, even just hanging around her hotel suite. As Jane A. might have said, her skin was very smooth and her complexion uncommonly brilliant; her forehead was striking in its height and expressiveness; and in her eyes, which were of the palest blue, there was a life, a spirit, an intelligence which could hardly be seen without delight; her attire, a

COME, READ TO ME SOME POEM, THE POET WROTE; SEVERAL POETS AND CRITICS OBLIGED.

THOSE IN THE AUDIENCE LISTENED TO WHAT WE HAD ONCE THOUGHT AND SAID,

EMILY DICKINSON
STEPHEN CRANE

AND AMONG THE FLOOR STONES FELT AGAIN THE FIRST SLIGHT SWERVING OF THE HEART THAT IS THE STUFF OF POETRY.

pants suit of brilliant red, implied both a frank and vivacious taste and an exceedingly good income—many, many hundreds of pounds a year.

"Sense and Sensibility," you remember, is the one about the two sisters Elinor and Marianne—the former earnest and plodding, and the latter reckless and romantic. Which did Miss Thompson hope to play? "Elinor," she said, with what sounded like resignation. "I'm too old for Marianne. Actually, I'm too old for both of them, and I've had to make them much older—about twenty-three or twenty-four, when, of course, they're really only seventeen or eighteen in the novel. That's where the world has changed. Adolescence is a very modern invention." She went on to say that she hadn't changed much else in her adaptation for the screen. "I don't think you can present what Austen has chosen not to," she explained. "In one version, I had scenes with Gypsies and the poor—they're mentioned, you know, in 'Emma' and 'Mansfield Park.' But I took them out. I even took out the *duel*, though it is sort of extraordinary. People forget that there actually is a duel in 'Sense and Sensibility'—between Willoughby and Colonel Brandon. It takes place in just a sentence or so, and neither of them gets hurt. But if you present all that, it's just so visually striking that it throws the rest off kilter. So I've tried to concentrate on the real issues—money and marriage. If you haven't any money, you can't get married, and if you don't get married you'll never have any money. Horrible, really." As she spoke, she occasionally flipped back her hair, which, no longer repressed by history—pinned into Margaret Schlegel's sensible bun, that is, or into the severe, swept-back hairdo worn by Miss Thompson's character in "Remains"—now fell almost to her shoulders, and showed a tendency to creep across that majestic forehead.

Tresses in place, she went on to say that she hoped the film wouldn't look too pretty, and added, "That's what's wrong with the television versions of Jane Austen. They're just— Well, I find them so offensive. They're so *cozy*—there's no sense at all that they're satire. Austen is actually much closer to Cruikshank than to Sargent or Whistler or Sickert. It's so ironic that all everybody goes on about is the 'two inches of ivory.' She wrote that once in a letter, and now they all go on about it as if it were a trademark. Jane Austen is not a minimalist; she's a cartoonist. But talk about sacred cows. When the movie comes out, I expect death threats. I imagine these picket lines, with people in mobcaps chanting, 'They never elided! They never *kissed!*' "

Why Jane Austen in the first place? Dumb question. "She's virtually my top-favorite author," Miss Thompson said. "I started reading her when I was about ten or eleven, and she just gets better and better." The idea for the screenplay came from Lindsay Doran, who produced "Dead Again," and Miss Thompson took up the project with eagerness, figuring, she said, that "even if I fail miserably it will be worth it to have a go."

That Miss Thompson is a voracious reader will not, of course, be a surprise to most of her fans; what may surprise them is that when it comes to fiction, at least, she says she has to be "dragged, kicking and screaming," into the twentieth century. Her other top-favorite authors are the Brontës—she's especially partial to "Villette" and "Wuthering Heights"—and George Eliot. Eliot makes the list even though, according to Miss Thompson, she "had a problem with allowing her female characters to be heroic—she created them and then emasculated them, if that's the word." She went on to explain, "And what's so odd is that Eliot herself was so brave and emancipated. But morally she was very stringent and judgmental. By far her best character is Gwendolen, in 'Daniel Deronda.' On the other hand, Dorothea, in 'Middlemarch,' is so damn *good.* I remember reading that book when I was about twenty-one and thinking, Oh, *Christ!* I'll never be like her. I've never felt that way with Austen."

She talked a while longer, mentioning some books she had found useful in preparing for her role in "The Remains of the Day"—William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," and Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management," invaluable both for its hints on housekeeping and for its pictures of towering custards. Then she stood up and excused herself—it was time for her to have her picture taken with her "Remains" co-star, Anthony Hopkins—and smiled. A star's smile.

Or, as George E. might have said, one of those smiles to which a secret of form or grace has added a dynamic of expression so subtle and so various that the effect is of almost coercive charm, sufficient to condense the breath of the onlooker and send him out of the room dazzled not only with the radiant clothing of the smiler's epidermis but with the ardent mind beneath, so much finer still.

TO AVOID SCHISTOSOMIASIS

"CHOLERA'S doing very well," Dr. Warren D. Johnson, Jr., the ruddy-faced director of the International Health Care Service, at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, was saying one morning recently, sounding grim. "A new strain has been reported from Bangladesh. It's spreading there at a rapid rate and is sufficiently different from prior strains so that local populations have little or no immunity. It will wreak havoc."

We were visiting with Dr. Johnson at the I.H.C.S. offices, on Sixty-ninth Street near the East River, and, it being time to plan vacations to exotic destinations, we were now squirming a little, but he quickly put us at ease. "There's a very small risk to the informed traveller," he said. "The new strain doesn't make any difference as long as you watch what you eat and drink."

This is true, as a rule, of most of the afflictions that Americans encounter abroad. With that in mind, in 1979, Dr. Johnson and several other members of Cornell's faculty of tropical medicine and infectious diseases began making life a bit more unpleasant for the intestinal parasites and creeping eruptions of the world by founding the first American health-care clinic designed specifically to counsel the international traveller. These days, more than four thousand people a year preface their distant forays by filling the I.H.C.S.'s waiting room, among them Paul Simon, off to Brazil for "Rhythm of the Saints" inspiration; Spike Lee and the cast of "Malcolm X" on their way to the Middle East; and sundry "Good Morning America" correspondents, *National Geographic* photographers, anthropologists, missionaries, and adventurous tourists bound for remote sections of Asia, Africa, and South America.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, in Atlanta, has just announced that the United States is winning its battle against measles; we asked Dr. Johnson what else researchers like him—and, by extension, their patients—were worried about these days. The answer was "Plenty." Diphtheria prospers in Russia and in many developing countries, and malaria is resurgent worldwide, as are several other mosquito-inflicted parasitic disorders, including yellow fever, dengue, and filariasis. And long-term travellers to rural South America risk the heart ailments associated with Chagas' disease, transmitted by assassin bugs.

A specialty of Dr. Johnson's is leishmaniasis, a nasty malady that is passed along by sand flies lurking in the brush in places like Saudi Arabia, where a couple of years ago they feasted on Desert Storm troops. He said he finds himself most fascinated, however, by schistosomiasis, a disease caused by a parasite that can find its way into the liver and intestinal tract. The parasite, called a schistosome, spends part of its life cycle being carried by freshwater snails found in China, sub-Saharan Africa, Egypt, and Brazil. The best way to avoid schistosomiasis is to stay out of streams and ponds in places with a high incidence of it—a precaution that some American college students visiting Kenya recently failed to follow. One of them was permanently paralyzed. "Tragic," Dr. Johnson said, looking down at his tie, which had a map of Brazil on it, and running his fingers across it. "On a hot day, they dug a depression and were soaking and splashing in the perfect environment for snails."

Although Dr. Johnson himself once contracted a painful case of giardiasis after drinking impure water during a research trip to Brazil, he told us that he actually admires the devious ways of parasitic microorganisms like schistosomes. "The parasites work their way out of the snail into the water at a time when light and temperature are maximum, at high noon—that is, when you're most likely to be in the water, cooling off," he explained, seeming to be cheering up a bit. "If the parasites emerged at midnight, they wouldn't have a lot of success. No one's in the water then." After a thoughtful pause, he added, "It never ceases to amaze me how parasites adapt."

RIGHT, BUT WHAT WOULD CATHARINE MacKINNON SAY?

DURING the eighties, a certain kind of guy decorated his college-dorm room with a certain popular poster: "Choices" was written in large red script across the bottom, and above that were three photographs—one of a bottle of fine French champagne, one of a sleek red Ferrari, and one of the naked backside of a reclining woman. Even then, some visitors would have bristled at the sight of the woman laid out in such a brutishly proprietary way, but, rather than take their disapproval to a dean's office, they would probably have just snickered to themselves "Classy" or "You *wish*" and gone on their way. Now, though, after the vociferous debates concerning sexual harassment at schools like Brown and Bard, and, most recently, the major attention given to Antioch College's new hard-line sexual-consent policy, under which students are absolutely required to ask each other, out loud, "May I?" before as much as touching somebody's shoulder, you might have assumed that at least one aspect of campus life—that most sacred form of self-expression, dorm art—had surely started changing to reflect this more cautious, less excessive mood. But Parisha Pakroo, who is something of an expert on the subject (she's just finished a two-month-long stint selling posters on nearly a dozen college campuses throughout the South and the Midwest), sees no signs, nothing new—zip—that would suggest such a change. Parisha was in town the other day to return the Ryder truck she and another woman had been driving as employees of Prolific Art Galleries, a poster outlet based in Yonkers, and she dropped by to share with us her observations and thoughts about her trip.

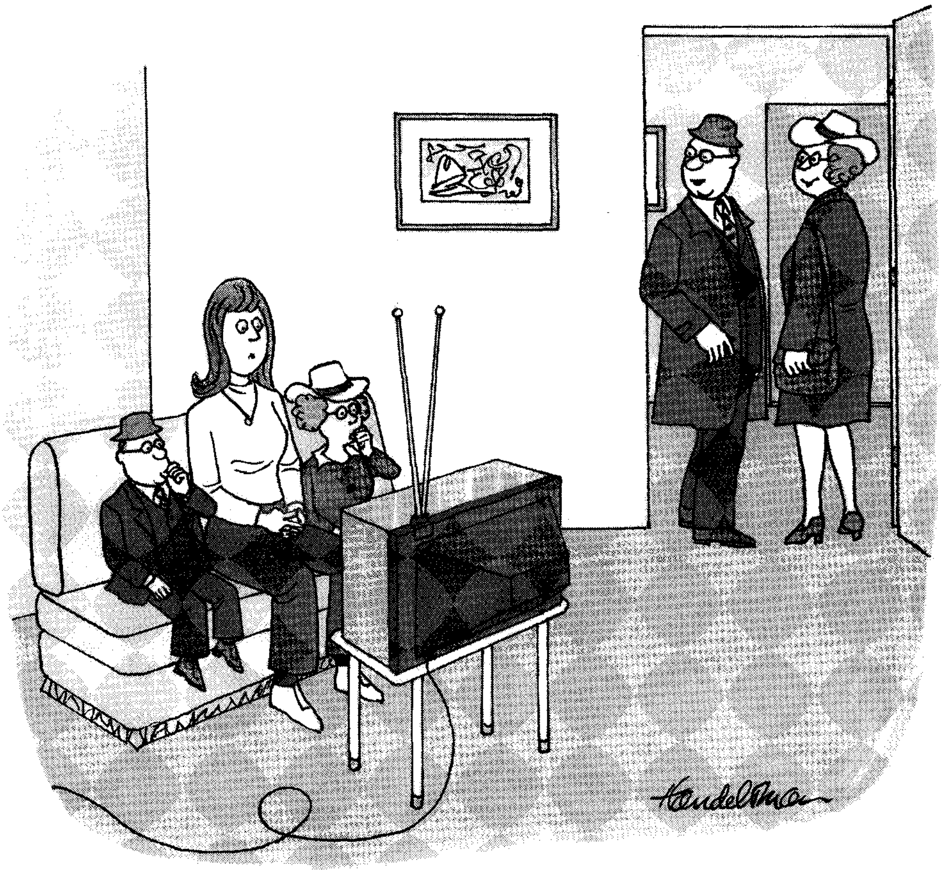
"Yeah, I know 'Choices,' and we didn't have it," she told us. "But probably one of the most popular posters with men right now is one that says 'Determination' below a picture of a woman wearing a wet white tank-top kind of thing while she lifts a barbell." She imitated the "Determination" pose by pushing her breasts together with her upper arms to make a big cleavage.

Parisha, who is twenty-four years old,

moved with her parents from Iran to Milwaukee when she was in grade school, earned a degree in fine arts last spring from the University of Wisconsin, and is working for Prolific to clear her college debts. She has long, tight tendrils of dark hair; a small silver stud on one side of her nose; and a wide, lively grin. She's loose and easygoing, and, while she's aware of the politics behind the Antioch movement, she's definitely somebody who wouldn't mind if the right person went ahead and kissed her without first asking permission. She went on to tell us about "the ones of Cindy Crawford and Kim Basinger." Here she let her face fall slack and her mouth go slightly open, and first touched the sides of her breasts, to do Cindy, and then leaned forward and stuck her rear end way out, to do Kim. "I could always tell when guys were buying one of those, because they'd bring it to me all rolled up and mumble, 'Ah, it's five dollars,' and so, of course, I had to unroll it in front of everybody"—she did an exaggerated pantomime of her own action, like spreading out a picnic blanket—"and I'd go, 'Oh, yes, five dollars,' and then I'd roll it back up. There was all the beer stuff, too, like 'What I Really Learned in College,' which has all these beers from different countries. And then there was a lot of the usual stuff with beer and women together. But engineering and computer guys—men of science—were mostly into the Escher prints and Dalís."

Well, wait, what about the women?

"Oh, this is weird. Our biggest seller of all was this one of a muscular guy who's got blond hair and a square jaw—no smile—and he's wearing jeans and no shirt and cradling a baby in his arms." Parisha turned sidewise and dropped her chin to imitate the poster boy's stance. "At U. Va."—the University of Virginia—"*swarms* of sorority girls bought it. And a friend of mine who has her incredible lesbian radar going all the time swears that a lot of college girls buying these are closet lesbians. Think about *that*."



"We don't mind the clones watching 'Roseanne,' but I don't think they should stay up for Charlie Rose."

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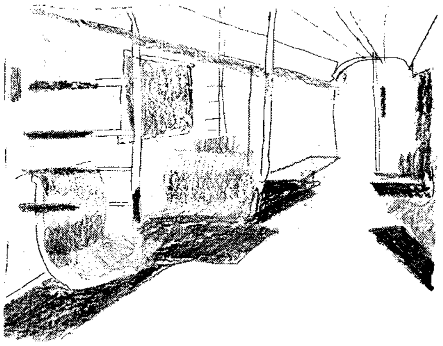
WHERE THE SUBWAY IS HEADED

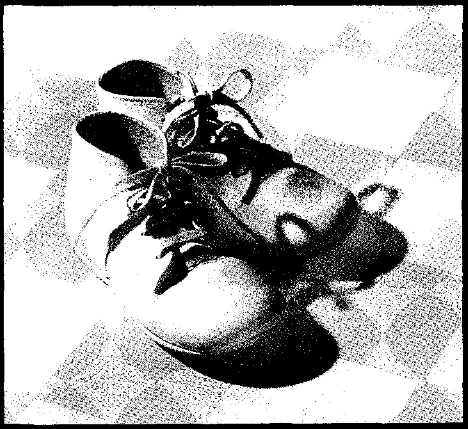
WE'VE just spent a day as a pre-passenger, if that's what it's called, whirring and whooshing below the city on New York's first two twenty-first-century subway trains. Both prototype trains—the New Technology trains, the Transit Authority likes to call them—are now making near-daily shakedown runs around town in "simulated service," to use another T.A. term. (It means that they stop at every station, but nobody except invited guests can get on or off.) Two hundred or so of these splendid New Tech subway cars are to reach the city by the year 2000.

The trains are virtually noiseless. They accelerate and brake almost as zippily as a Porsche. You feel as if you were floating on marshmallow, instead of shimmying and shaking along—air-bag suspension has replaced the old gigantic springs. What's so extraordinary here, however, is not simply that high-tech developments occurring around us on the earth's surface are seeping into the subway. These cars are also out to give you at least as good a time as the guy sitting in his car up on the asphalt. The doors are so wide that people can get on and off without shoving. Warm light cascades down the walls, and electronic maps produce a green light under the names of the remaining station stops.

On the first of the two trains we rode, built by Bombardier, a Canadian company, the seats, as conceived by Melissa Feldman, a young New York graphic designer, were green and serene and seemed to snuggle you; on the other train, by Kawasaki, the seats had sinuous lines and were in sunny, nursery-school reds, blues, and yellows—the work of the Italian designer Massimo Vignelli, who joined us underground for a spin. "Bingo!" he boomed. "Finally, a happy subway train." ♦



Our Wedding



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WNYC/AM820

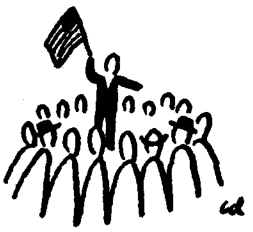
Radio For The Perpetually Curious

AROUND CITY HALL

TWO-PER-CENT SOLUTIONS

Rudy Giuliani's victory may be historic, but it's not exactly a mandate, and now he faces a city left polarized by the campaign.

BY ANDY LOGAN



FOLLOWERS of politics are used to hearing an election described as historic—a word that elevates it above the matter-of-fact level favored by Charles Murphy, the Second Avenue saloonkeeper who was the leader of Tammany Hall during the first quarter of this century. When he was asked why Tammany had lost some major office, he said, "We didn't get enough votes." Some political events are, of course, more worthy of having the description "historic" laid on them than others. In the early morning on November 3rd, when the last returns in this city's mayoral race and in the race for governor across the Hudson in New Jersey were finally in, the winners, as is customary, had got more votes—but barely. In the early edition of the *Times*, the top bank of the banner headline was "WHITMAN UPSETS FLORIO BY A THIN MARGIN"—a margin, in fact, of two per cent. In the paper's last edition, the top bank was "GIULIANI OUSTS DINKINS BY A THIN MARGIN"—a margin of about two and a half per cent. The *Times*—and *Newsday*—had endorsed the city's Democratic incumbent mayor, David Dinkins. The big headline on the front page of the *Daily News*, which, along with the *Post*, had endorsed Dinkins' Republican challenger, Rudolph Giuliani, was a more feverish "IT'S RUDY!"

Only twelve months earlier, the Democrats had taken back the White House from the Republicans after a twelve-year exile. The papers had been full of accounts of energetic, youthful—though occasionally, perhaps, headstrong—Democrats replacing stodgy old Republicans. In the last weeks of the campaigns, both New Jersey and this city had had visits from the President (twice), Hillary Clinton, and both Gores, boosting the Democrats' cause. At least a dozen Democratic United States senators and high-level members of the House of Representatives had travelled here to stress how profitable it would be for the city to continue to have a mayor who was a member of the same party as the President. A steady stream of Cabinet members also came to town, bearing promises of federal largesse. The message was evidently not received. Instead, the voters here and in New Jersey chose the history they preferred to make, electing a Republican, Christine Todd Whitman, as New Jersey's first woman governor and, in this city, where the Democratic advantage in registration is five to one, rejecting the Democratic incumbent in favor of the first mayor to be elected on the Republican line since 1965, when John Lindsay carried the day, and only the third since 1903. "Voters are extremely discriminating" was the comment on the day after the election from Clinton, who had called the Mayor that morning to commiserate with him—and with himself.

Dinkins, in his concession speech on Election Night, reminded the large crowd of supporters at his headquarters, some of whom were openly weeping, that four years earlier he had been elected the city's first black mayor, and added, "My friends, we have made history in the city of New York and nothing can ever take that away from us." The night's events had hit another historic note: they had made him the first black mayor of a major American city to fail to be reëlected. He had also become only the second New York mayor since the First World War to be defeated after being elected for a single four-year term. The first was Abraham Beame, whose term ended in 1977, when the city was being overwhelmed by the fiscal crisis that almost forced it into bankruptcy. Although Beame was the city's first Jewish mayor, the troubles the financial world gave his administration, and his defeat, were not treated by his fellow-Jews as part of an anti-Semitic conspiracy. On Election Night, Jesse Jackson said that if Dinkins was not reëlected it would prove that the Democratic whites in this city were unworthy of him. Earlier in the evening, Percy Sutton, a former Manhattan borough president who has been Dinkins' Harlem mentor, said on WLIB, which has a large black audience, that if Giuliani won "I think we'll be very uncomfortable in this town." After the voters' verdict was in, the Mayor graciously called on his supporters to promise to help Giuliani, but the message was almost drowned out by bitter cries of "No! No! No!" and "Recount! Recount!"

SEVERAL times during the mayoral campaign, the band that appeared at Giuliani's campaign stops played the theme from "Rocky," the movie about an Italian-American boxer who, battling against great odds, becomes a contender for the heavyweight championship. In 1982, when Mario Cuomo, another Italian-American, ran against Ed Koch, then New York's hugely popular mayor, for the Democratic nomination for governor of New York, the "Rocky" music was a favorite at *his* rallies. Cuomo always reminded the crowds, "This is 'Rocky *II*.'" The musical themes for the two movies were in fact identical. In the first "Rocky," however, the hero fails; in "Rocky II" he finally wins. In that year's primary, Cuomo—although he had never, running on his own, been elected to any political office, and early polls (as he often mentioned this year, in trashing the reliability of polls) had put him as much as thirty-five points behind—defeated Koch and later won the general election. He was the first Italian-American to be elected to that office, which he has held ever since. This year, Giuliani's supporters saw the reminder that it was "Rocky II" as especially appropriate—and especially urgent.

Commentators on the mayoral race often seemed to be visibly struggling, in the end unsuccessfully, against the temptation to resort to the observation of still another Italian-American, Yogi Berra—who is probably more widely quoted nowadays than Winston Churchill—about its being déjà vu all over again, since this was the second time Giuliani had gone head-to-head against Dinkins. Four years ago, in numbers repeated so often that even many people who aren't political junkies have learned them by heart, Dinkins won by a margin of two per cent, or forty-seven thousand votes out of a million eight hundred thousand cast. It was the closest election since 1905, when William Randolph Hearst lost by fewer than four thousand votes out of six hundred thousand cast. Since Hearst had a fortune of several hundred million dollars, it surely occurred to him the next morning that a prudent distribution of a few hundred in handouts here and there—campaign-oversight agencies were in short supply in those days—could have changed his life story. In this year's race, each of the two major-party contenders spent eight million dollars.

With the very large exception of who won, many of the 1993 numbers did indeed look like déjà vu. There had been predictions, often supported by the polls, that Hispanics, who made the difference for Dinkins in 1989, were so disaffected that they would go heavily for Giuliani, but their Dinkins support was down only about five per cent. Jews had been described as so upset over Dinkins' handling of Crown Heights that they would abandon him in vast numbers. They supported Giuliani, a forty-nine-year-old former United States Attorney who had never been elected to public office, but only by five points more than they had four years ago. The black vote was ninety-five per cent for Dinkins, but the total number of black voters appeared to be down. The white vote for Giuliani was seventy-seven per cent, up six points from 1989. The total victory margin was just over forty-four thousand, compared with forty-seven thousand four years ago, with as many as forty-eight thousand absentee ballots still to be counted. Altogether, it was a case of a few more votes for Giuliani here and there, and Dinkins not getting enough votes in a few places, and for the second time in four years the city will have a new mayor, beginning January 1st.

During the campaign, Dinkins and Giuliani, especially in their commercials, offered the voters such grim versions of each other's character that even the world of late-night comedians took notice. The night before the election, David Letterman announced that he had been following the New York race carefully, and it

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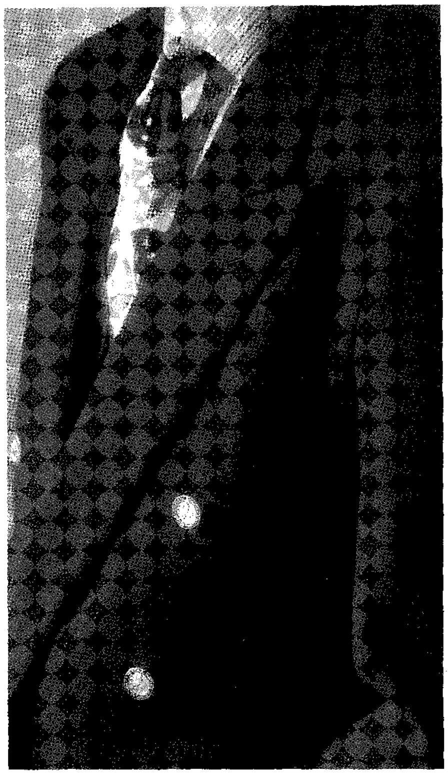

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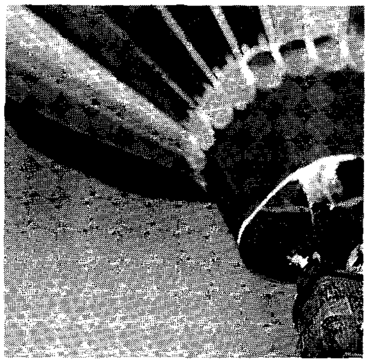

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really was a shame "that *both* candidates can't lose." A cartoon in the *Village Voice*, which endorsed Dinkins, portrayed the mayoral race as being between "The Ruthless" and "The Toothless," while Bay Rigby, the *Post* cartoonist, showed a celebratory champagne glass labelled "Rudy," below a face with menacing eyes and huge teeth. The caption was from "Mack the Knife": "Oh, the shark has pretty teeth dear, and he shows them pearly white . . ." Near the end of the long Dinkins-Giuliani rerun, in which each man apparently saw his own candidacy as so inevitable that he never bothered to announce it formally, Koch, grown happily rich in the private sector, commented that he was shocked—*shocked*—that in this great, creative city of seven and a half million people the voters' choice for mayor had come down to this pair. And, as was also inevitable, there were reminders that, whereas New Yorkers had been offered only this dismal choice, last year the state of Arkansas, which George Bush, another one-termer, described as "the lowest of the low," had come up with a man who could be elected President.

NOT only the ninety-five per cent of blacks who voted for Dinkins but also the eighty-eight per cent of Italians who, according to exit polls, supported Giuliani evidently had an easier time making up their minds than many New Yorkers. Right up until they got to the polls, voters had been receiving advisories every few hours from political experts explaining what would motivate them to pull whichever lever they pulled. Their principal concerns, they were variously assured, would be fear of crime, anger over what was said to be the deteriorating quality of life in the city, race (the President of the United States did not improve his popularity in many quarters when, under the impression that he was being helpful to the Mayor during a late-September visit, he declared that the only reason Dinkins wouldn't be reëlected was "too many of us are still too unwilling to vote for people who are different than we are"), the candidates' temperaments (that is, which man got mad faster), and which one was "tougher." "I invented the word 'tough.' I've used it in seven or eight campaigns," David Garth, the veteran political consultant who presided over the Giuliani campaign, said recently, sounding as if he hoped never to use—or hear—the word again. Often far down on the advisories' lists of voters' concerns was the question of which candidate was more competent to run the city.

High up on the lists for a time was the matter of debates, and a limp rubber chicken that George Marlin, the candidate of the Conservative and Right to Life Parties, produced as a substitute for Giuliani during a televised debate in which he and Dinkins—but not Giuliani—participated. Giuliani's position was that a debate made sense only if it was between the two men who had a chance to be mayor, and Marlin was then winning two per cent of the vote in the polls. (On Election Day, he took nine-tenths of one per cent.) Dinkins, playing the race card—something that Giuliani accused him of doing rather often, even as the Mayor was deploring racism—said that, as a member of a group that had often been excluded, he could not exclude Marlin. Since Marlin's favorite attack target was the Republican candidate, from whom he would take the most votes, the Mayor would have naturally been a member of a two-against-one majority in any three-way debate. Despite his clamor for more discussion of the issues, Dinkins was so taken with Marlin's Giuliani-as-rubber-chicken concept that when a crew member removed the chicken during a commercial break he demanded that it be brought back. For a later debate, in which only Giuliani participated, Marlin turned up with life-size cardboard cutouts of the Republican and Democratic candidates, labelled "Flip" and "Flop." There are New Yorkers who can remember little about the 1986 gubernatorial election (aside from the fact that Cuomo won) except the near-life-size cardboard figure of Cuomo carried about by his Republican opponent, Andrew O'Rourke, who was the Westchester County Executive. That prop, too, was inspired by the debate issue. After Cuomo declined to debate him, the Republican travelled around with the dummy, which—conveniently foldable, so that it would fit into the trunk of his car—was available for mock debates at a moment's notice. O'Rourke even bought television time for a debate with the dummy. "We expect the dummy will win," Cuomo commented when he heard about it. This year, the rubber chicken won.

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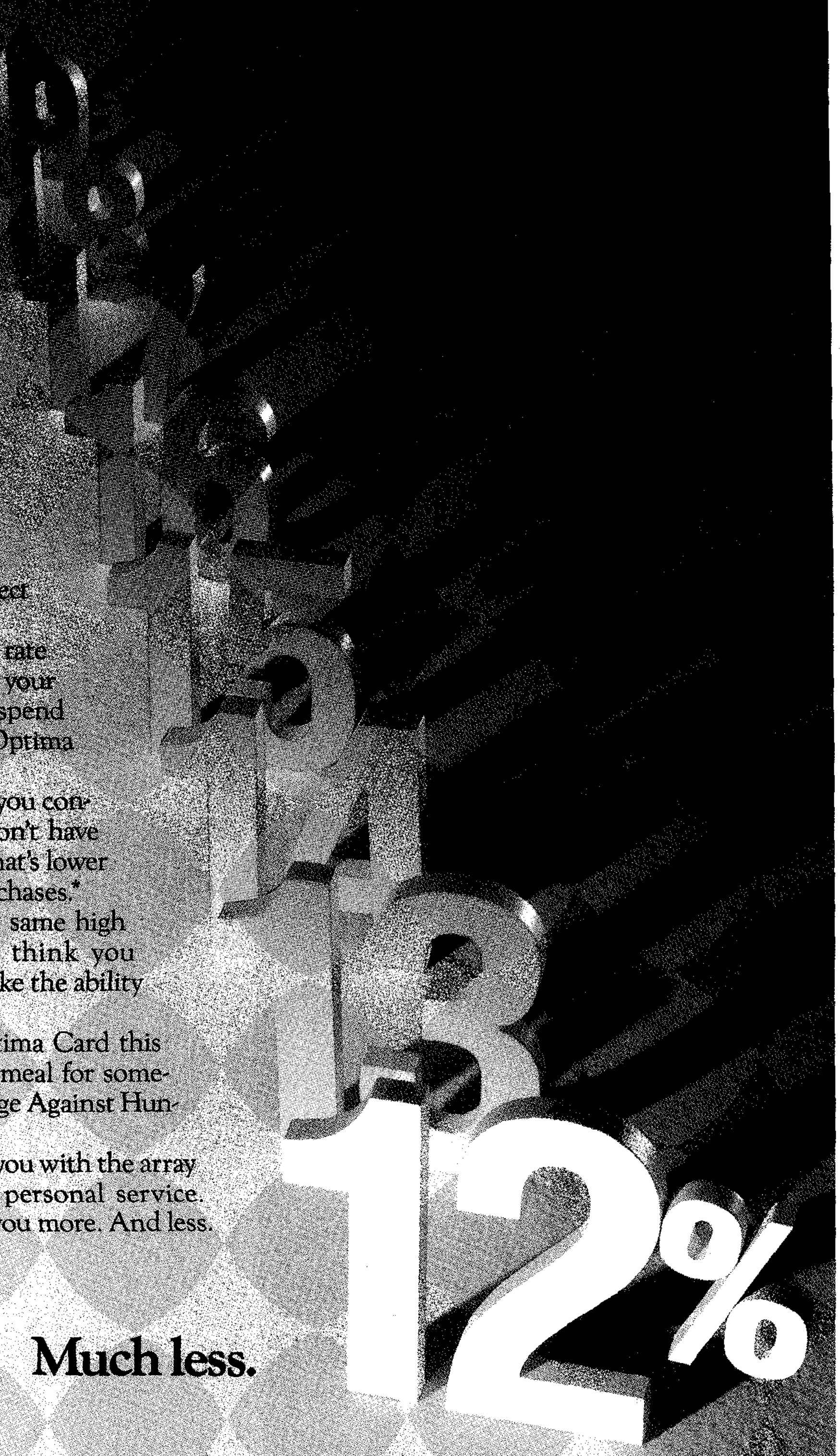

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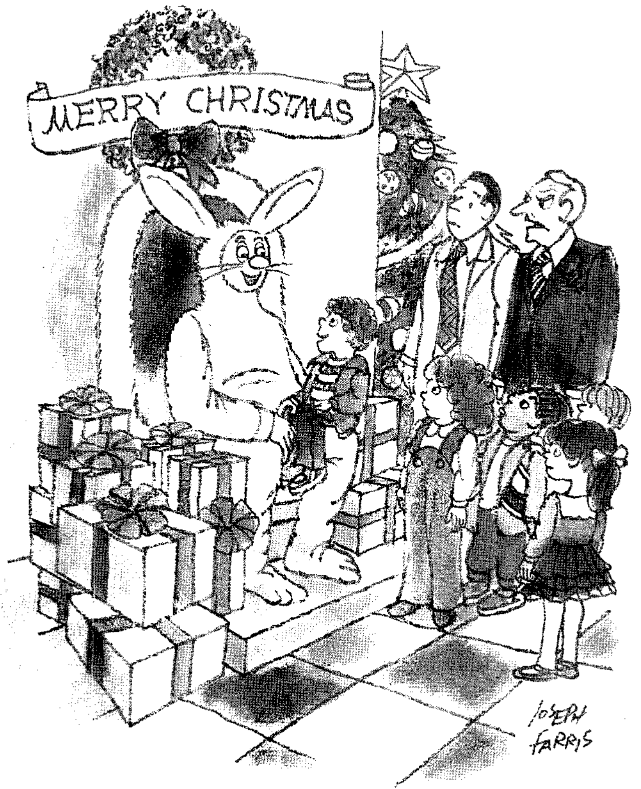

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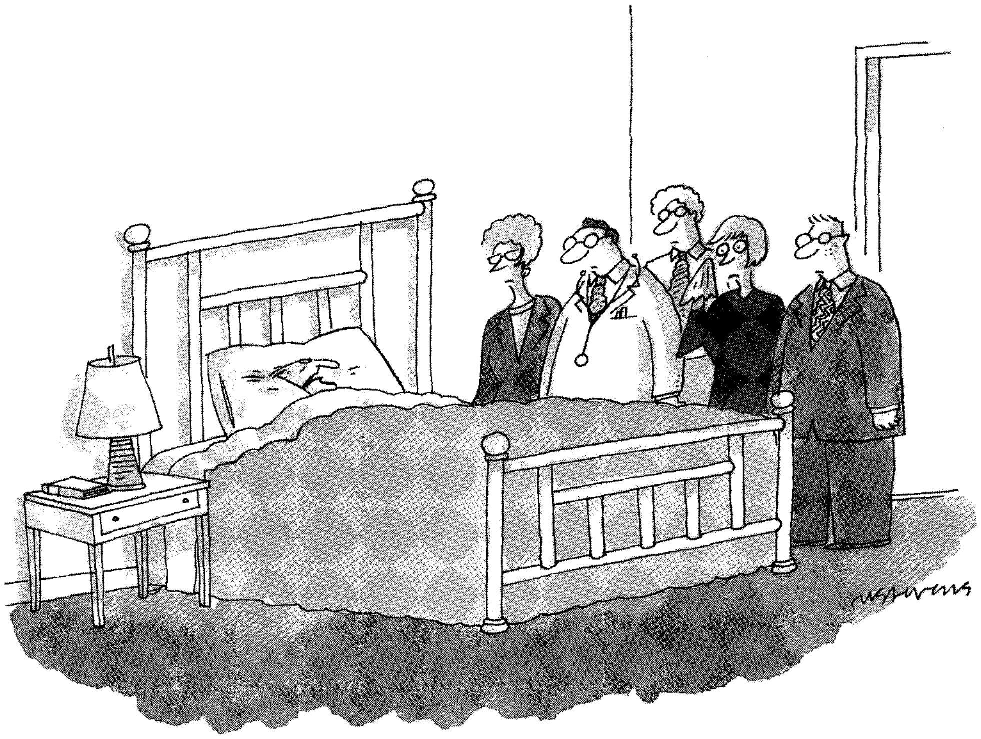
ticularly blacks proud of finally having an African-American in charge at City Hall, and Hasidic or conservative Jews still bitter about Crown Heights—had especially heavy-handed advisers in making their election choices. Harlem's *Amsterdam News,* in its last issue before the election, showed on its front page a large printed picture of the Mayor below a banner headline urging his reëlection, and also had two large photographs of him on its back page; the paper contained ten other pictures of Dinkins and thirteen articles boosting his cause. The *Jewish Press* ("The Largest Independent Anglo-Jewish Weekly Newspaper"), which, like the *Amsterdam News,* was supposedly responsible for covering non-election developments as well, ran not only its endorsement of Giuliani and a long article by the candidate on crime but also twenty-two Giuliani-boosting (or Dinkins-bashing) articles, editorials, blurbs, and letters on its inside pages. Among the most troubled New Yorkers were those who worried that how they voted would affect the future of the city. To the columnist George Will, this concern was a terrible waste of time. "The outcome will not matter much," he wrote in the Washington *Post,* "because it is certain to lengthen the ruinous reign of the municipal liberalism that has reduced this decrepit and dyspeptic city to the role of a warning"—a warning to cities everywhere. In the view of the dyspeptic (and non-resident) columnist, Giuliani promised to be every bit as bad as Dinkins. He suggested a vote for the Conservative candidate, destined to be known as "Nine-tenths-of-one-per-cent Marlin." Noting that Marlin had been called a spoiler, Will asked, "What's to spoil?"



"And, for God's sake, don't let anyone finish my novel!"

• •

Any voters' guide based on the roles played in the campaign by previous New York mayors would not have been very helpful except as a demonstration of how hard it could be for novices to make sense of the political scene. By winning the 1989 Democratic primary, Dinkins caused the departure of his predecessor, Ed Koch, from City Hall after three terms. Last month, Koch finally endorsed Giuliani. It was no surprise that Beame, a product of the Brooklyn Democratic clubhouses, endorsed Dinkins, whose political base was the Harlem Democratic clubhouses. John Lindsay, New York's last Republican mayor, also endorsed Dinkins; halfway through his second term at City Hall, Lindsay had become a Democrat.

Lindsay's predecessor was Robert Wagner, a three-term Democratic mayor, first elected in 1953. His father, also Robert Wagner, was a Tammany Hall stalwart and, for more than two decades, a United States senator, who first made his political mark, back in 1898, by attacking Theodore Roosevelt, then a local politician. The third Robert Wagner, a former Democratic City Councilman and a deputy mayor under Koch, announced last month that although he was "a very proud Democrat," there was a time when you had to think of the city, and he was endorsing the Republican Giuliani. To add to the partisan confusion, while New Yorkers elected a Republican mayor, they chose Democrats—Alan Hevesi and Mark Green—for comptroller and for a new office, public advocate. The comptroller can check on how the mayor spends the city's money, and the advocate, though he has essentially only an ombudsman role, under the new city charter has one vice-presidential privilege: he would succeed to the mayoralty if it should fall vacant. As the election turned out, Green, a Dinkins ally who is believed to be interested in running for mayor four years from now, could succeed the new Republican mayor, who so far has no known plans to hire a food taster.

GIULIANI is not, of course, the first Italian-American to be elected mayor of New York. That was Fiorello LaGuardia. It may have been helpful to Giuliani's cause that on the night before the election the local public-television station showed the chapter of "The Great Depression" series which dealt with New York in those terrible times and described the difference it had made when LaGuardia, a Republican and an Italian-American, moved in vigorously and saved the day. On Election Night, apparently by coincidence, another channel showed "Rocky II."

John Lindsay, early in his first term, discovered a portrait of his fellow-Republican, the Little Flower, in a remote City Hall corridor and had it moved to an honored place in his office. It remained there through the administrations of later Democratic (and non-Italian-American) mayors, until January, 1990, when Dinkins

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moved in. LaGuardia was then shifted out into the corridor. The portrait given an honored place in the Dinkins years has been a large photograph of Paul Robeson; in mid-1990, a portrait of Nelson Mandela went up on the office's north wall. Surely the portrait of LaGuardia stands a good chance of being returned to its place of honor when Giuliani moves in. For several decades, beginning a century ago, it seemed that nearly everyone in local government was of Irish heritage. The career of one member of the Board of Aldermen, the precursor of the City Council, came close to being ruined when a hostile alderman arranged to have a bill introduced in the first member's name which would make Queen Victoria's birthday a city holiday. A Jewish political era came later. Now the Italianate age has arrived. New York City will have an Italian-American mayor, along with an Italian-American governor in Albany. One of the state's two senators is Alfonse D'Amato, and Peter Vallone, the Speaker of the City Council, who is the second-most-powerful figure in city government, is also of Italian descent. (The trend appears to be national. On November 2nd, Boston elected Thomas Menino as its first Italian-American mayor, and its first non-Irish mayor in sixty-four years.) With Dinkins' election four years ago, many African-Americans had thought that their era was on the verge of arriving in this city.

A major source of political help for black politicians has always been the black churches. However, the Reverend Calvin Butts, the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, pointed out last month that Dinkins, during his time as mayor, had never come on a Sunday to the Abyssinian, which has more than four thousand members and is Harlem's largest church. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who in 1944 became the city's first black to be elected to the House of Representatives, was Abyssinian's pastor from 1937 until the year before his death, in 1972, and his father had been its pastor for nearly thirty years before him. Dinkins had visited the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Dinkins is an Episcopalian), Butts noted, and had also visited synagogues. Butts, who has been critical of Dinkins over the years, is known to harbor political ambitions of his own, in the Abyssinian's tradition. Possibly, Dinkins had stayed away because of a sense that church members have long memories. In 1970, he had been part of what Powell supporters saw as a Harlem cabal, which defeated the twelve-term congressman (by a hundred and fifty votes). Elected in his stead was Charles Rangel, and Rangel is now the dean of the city's congressional delegation. Butts suggested last month that the Mayor would find his way to the Abyssinian as the election grew closer, and that is what happened.

On Sunday, October 24th, Dinkins came to preach the day's sermon, which consisted mainly of an attack on Giuliani's fitness for office. He was in an ebullient mood: that morning, the *Times* had endorsed him (as it had in 1989). To anyone who read the endorsement carefully, its message fell substantially short of a resounding salute. It included such lines as "We fully understand why some former Dinkins supporters have drifted to Mr. Giuliani and why others are wavering" and "He is more devoted to the costumes of office—his tuxedos and dashing tennis togs—than to the tasks of governing," and said that voting for Dinkins would require "a leap of faith—faith that he can govern more effectively." Still, it was an official imprimatur, and thereafter the Mayor mentioned it at every opportunity; though the *Times'* circulation in the city is less than four hundred thousand, its endorsement, a campaign aide declared, would "make the difference." At the Abyssinian, the Mayor was surrounded by African-American friends and members of his administration. From the pulpit, he saluted even C. Vernon Mason ("How are you doing, buddy? Good to see you"), Tawana Brawley's lawyer, with whom he had often clashed in the past. Mason once did him the favor of denouncing him for wearing "too many yarmulkes," and the Mayor had lately found that line highly useful in meetings with Jewish voters concerned about what they saw as partiality toward his fellow-blacks. That Sunday, Butts himself delivered a resounding message to the members of the congregation, suggesting that in their own political interest they should be unwilling to vote for people who looked different from them—recalling the President's definition of racism where whites were concerned. Butts, after all his attacks on the Mayor, said, "It's time for family to come together." And then, referring to cities that had had black mayors and had replaced them with white mayors, he added, "We lost Los Angeles. We lost Philadelphia. We lost Chicago. But I got news for you. We're not going to lose New York."

A WIDELY circulated poll conducted in August for New York 1, the all-local-news cable channel, included a question asking participants whether they agreed with the rumors that if Dinkins was defeated African-Americans would riot in New York's streets. Nineteen per cent said that they did agree. Some of those who heard about the question—in and out of the Giuliani camp—considered this a pollster's non-neutral warning that voting against Dinkins had perils for the city. Fortunately, there was no rioting in the streets on November 3rd, nor was Giuliani in serious trouble when, in a deliberate outreach effort, he visited Harlem, among other places, on the morning after the election. It is true that the Harlem stop he made was at the Salem United Methodist Church, whose minister, the Reverend John Brandon, had endorsed him. However, Calvin Butts came over from the Abyssinian to join in. "I don't think Giuliani's a beast," Butts said. "I think he's fair and practical and has a concern for the city and wants to do well." Earlier that morning, Giuliani and his wife, Donna, had gone down to City Hall and paid a courtesy call on the sixty-six-year-old Mayor, whose disappointment will be somewhat mitigated by an annual pension estimated to be more than a hundred thousand dollars and by a possible appointment to an ambassadorship by his friend the President. There was a chorus of boos, mostly from blacks who had supported Dinkins, on Giuliani's arrival at the seat of the government over which he will soon preside, but there was also applause. The banner message across the front page of the *Times* the next day, over a picture of the two men, now smiling, who only hours before had been at each other's throat, was "DINKINS AND GIULIANI JOIN IN A CALL FOR HEALING AND UNITY." (The headline on the front of *Newsday* was "NOW THE HARD PART.") Both men spoke at a large City Hall press conference. The Mayor said, "I will help Rudy, we will help Rudy, and in so doing we will help our city." Giuliani's short speech began, "American democracy is a beautiful thing to watch." ◆

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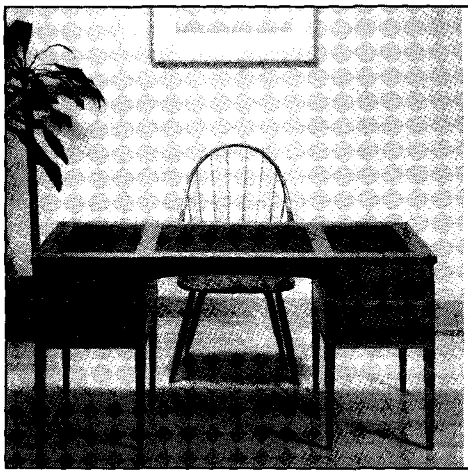

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Kool DJ Red Alert doesn't talk much and plays only what he likes, and—after ten years on the air—he's a hip-hop legend.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

IF you spend much time hanging around Kool DJ Red Alert and his friends Baby Chris, Prince Messiah, Li'l Cezar, Skelytor, Black Jesus, Kool Herc, Sneaky Dee, Ali, Prince Kalunda, Crazy Sam, Tastemaster, and the Poo Poo Man, you may begin wondering why you have such an ordinary name. As it happens, before Red Alert became Red Alert, a disk jockey who has legions of listeners and more influence on black pop music than probably anyone else on radio, he had a regular name—but exactly what it was he would rather not say. "Name and age, I don't really want to get into it," he explained recently. "It's a mystique thing."

Kool DJ Red Alert is a master of the mystique thing. For instance, on his radio show he doesn't talk very much. He explains this by saying that he's been in a shy period for the last few decades. Most of the talking on his show, which airs Friday and Saturday evenings on 98.7 KISS-FM, gets done by other d.j.s and by friends of Red's who drop by, and their conversation usually revolves around what a terrific guy Kool DJ Red Alert happens to be. Anyone who listens regularly to the show probably hears more from, say, Prince Messiah and the Poo Poo Man than from Red Alert. It has also become a tradition among reggae, rap, and rhythm-and-blues singers whose music Red plays on his show to mention Red Alert in their songs, and to record short encomiastic promos about Red and the show. Unsigned artists often troll for record contracts by making Red Alert promos and hoping he uses them a lot. Red plays the promos between songs, and some become so popular that listeners call and request them; there is even a hot trade in bootleg tapes of Red Alert shows, promos and all.

Sometimes, when you're listening to the show and hearing a bunch of people talking and singing about Red Alert and the hours go by without you actually hearing Red Alert himself, you can begin to wonder whether the true mystique of Kool DJ Red Alert is that he doesn't exist at all, except, perhaps, as a figment of hip-hop imagination. This is not the case. Red Alert exists, and what he does is make the music: he combines sections of different records, playing a bass line from one and a vocal from another, or he manually alters the beat and shape of a single song by steering and stalling the turntable as the record plays. His shows are improvisational performances, like cooking with fa-

RED ALERT
DM

Records that Red favors become hits, sometimes even trends.

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

miliar ingredients but without recipes or measuring spoons. Listening to Red Alert's show, you will hear pieces of recognizable songs, but you will rarely hear them exactly as you remember them, and you will never hear them the same way anywhere else.

Mixing music this way started in New York parks and clubs in the seventies. Red Alert and his cousin Jazzy Jay became protégés of Afrika Bambaataa, one of rap's founding fathers, and they learned to mix by watching disk jockeys at parties in the Bronx and at clubs downtown. Red started mixing at parties in the late seventies. He recorded many of his and other d.j.s' shows, and now owns what may be the only archive of early hip-hop performances around. In 1983, he got his show on KISS—one of the first mix shows on a commercial radio station. There are now seven other disk jockeys with rap-mix shows on New York-area commercial and college stations, but nobody has an audience as large as his: hundreds of thousands of people in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut listen on an average night. They are of all races, range in age from twelve to forty, and are about equally divided between men and women. In fact, Red Alert's show has the highest ratings of *any* radio show in the region during its time period. Nobody else on radio has his influence on black music, either. Red Alert is a tastemaker as well as a mixmaster, and records he favors become hits, sometimes even trends. In 1984, he took a liking to an obscure record called "Roxanne, Roxanne," by a Brooklyn rap group called U.T.F.O., which detailed the frustrations of several young men pursuing a stuck-up woman. Thanks to his enthusiasm, the song went on to sell half a million copies, and inspired more than thirty response records, including "Roxanne's Revenge," "The Real Roxanne," and one called "Roxanne's a Man."

Red Alert has been mixing music at KISS-FM for ten years—an extraordinarily long time to prevail in the breakneck world of hip-hop and rap. When Red began his show, three or four rap records were released each week; now fifty or more are released weekly, and hip-hop has moved from the margin to the mainstream of pop music. "Pop music is all about change and newness," says Havelock Nelson, the rap columnist for *Billboard*. "That's especially true in hip-hop, because it's all about flux and being on the edge. To have been in the scene since before there even were hip-hop records, when it was just live performance, and still to have so much impact, is amazing. Red's an anomaly." Matty C, the news editor at *The Source*, a hip-hop magazine, says, "In hip-hop, a generation is about four years long. Red has spanned so many generations that he's become a legend. New rap groups nowadays were often introduced to music by listening to Red Alert." The rap entrepreneur Russell Simmons said recently, "The first record I ever released on my label I heard for the first time on Red Alert's show. He was the first d.j. to make a name for himself in hip-hop, and is the last to be influenced by what someone else tells him. He does what he feels and he makes records happen—that's how he's made it so long."

The way Red Alert mixes music and the very idea of who he is has a powerful effect on people. Recently, Tastemaster was telling me about the first time he heard Red Alert play his scrambled version of Public Enemy's "Rebel Without a Pause." That was before he had ever met Red. He said, "I will never forget it. It was 1988. I was on the Belt Parkway, driving along, minding my own business, with Red Alert on the radio, and I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It was 'Rebel Without a Pause' but in a totally different way. It was just . . . different. I just had to know who this Red Alert was. I was so blown away I had to pull over and just sit for a while, thinking about it, in my car."

At six o'clock on the night of his tenth anniversary at KISS, Kool DJ Red Alert was hauling crates of records into the control booth to get ready for the show. The station is on the second floor of a beige office building near Times Square. When you get off the elevator, you are directed to the station by an arrow and the station logo, which is a voluptuous crimson lipstick print. Earlier in the week, Red had come to the station and listened to ten years' worth of promos, winnowed out the best of them, and then selected a few hundred records to have on hand Saturday night. All he had decided so far was that he would begin the show with "Anniversary," by Tony Toni Toné. "That's the obvious thing," he said. "From there on I'll just be riding on the flow."

With Red Alert, the flow might include Ultramagnetic MC's, or Rob Base

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and DJ E-Z Rock, or Kleeer, or Digital Underground, or Stetsasonic, or KRS-One, or De La Soul, or Queen Latifah—rap and hip-hop regulars—or it might include an old James Brown song, or a piece of a new-wave dance song by the Tom Tom Club, or a croony pop hit, or some rock and roll. Each weekend, he mixes up something new, except for the last weekend of the year, when he plays what he describes as classics—rap records from as far back as 1979—because he says families like to sit around during the holidays and listen to oldies. Generally speaking, though, he has unusually eclectic taste. He likes any kind of song with a nice, smooth groove. He prefers funky, Afrocentric rap; he likes the hard "gangsta" style, too, but won't play anything with offensive lyrics. Sometimes his audience's taste takes a while to catch up to his—for instance, he was pushing reggae long before it was absorbed into pop music. And sometimes his taste is more mainstream than his audience's—a few years ago, he fell in love with a Hall & Oates song and just mixed it in without saying what it was, because he knew that his listeners would be horrified to think a rap mixer was playing a song by a white pop duo. "If it's a flavorable record, why not play it?" he says. "And if it's Jazzy Jeff or someone else who's huge but I don't feel it, it's not in pocket for me." He is famously resistant to the entreaties of record companies. He once explained his position to me, using an elaborate metaphor of prostitutes and johns, and then he interrupted himself and said, "I started learning how to tend to the industry in 1985, 1986, or so. It's something I'd like to do someday, be a coach to other people in the hip-hop world and teach them how to tend to the industry and develop themselves. What I realized was that record-company people would look at me and think, *He must be a thug, he's just a knucklehead from the street.* But God bless my grandmother for teaching me a thing called courtesy. In the industry, I got known for that. People would think, He's dressed like a hood, but he most certainly is a nice person, and then they'd listen to what I have to say." Usually, he courteously lets people know that he plans to make up his own mind about what he plays. "I hate him," Russell Simmons says. "No record company can get him to do anything if he doesn't feel it. He's just dedicated to the music." Vinny Brown, the director of programming at KISS, recently said, "To be honest, he frustrates a lot of record companies, because he just won't do anybody any favors. But he's here for his judgment. He has a great ear. The rest of our programs reflect what's popular—Red finds what's out there and then springs it into the mainstream."

IN the broadcast booth, Red pulled off his heavy sweatshirt and put his watch in his pocket. Now he was wearing a turquoise T-shirt that said "PHUNKY FLAVA" on the back, a short braided-gold chain, bluejeans, and clean white Nikes. Red Alert has strong-looking arms, an umpire's chest, and fingers that end in flat, splaying tips, like little sugar shovels. He is somewhere in his late thirties. He lives uptown with his mother, his thirteen-year-old son, and his twenty-three-year-old nephew, Mike G, who belongs to a popular hip-hop group called The Jungle Brothers. He is a natural redhead. He has something of a mustache, most of a Vandyke, and dark-lidded, coffee-colored eyes. His features are slightly pointy, giving him the aspect of an elf. Speaking in a normal tone, he has the mild, high, blurry voice of someone who has just been awakened but was planning to get up soon anyway. On the radio, making one of his rare comments, he sometimes talks in his regular voice; other times, for a more dynamic effect, he will yell at the top of his lungs, in a sort of tenor bellow, particularly when the rare comment he has decided to make is something like "For all you suckers, this is the flyest promo on the radio, and we're about to do it to you, so GET BUSY!" Sometimes he has his son sit in at the show; you will occasionally hear Li'l Red chatting or announcing the station's call letters between songs.

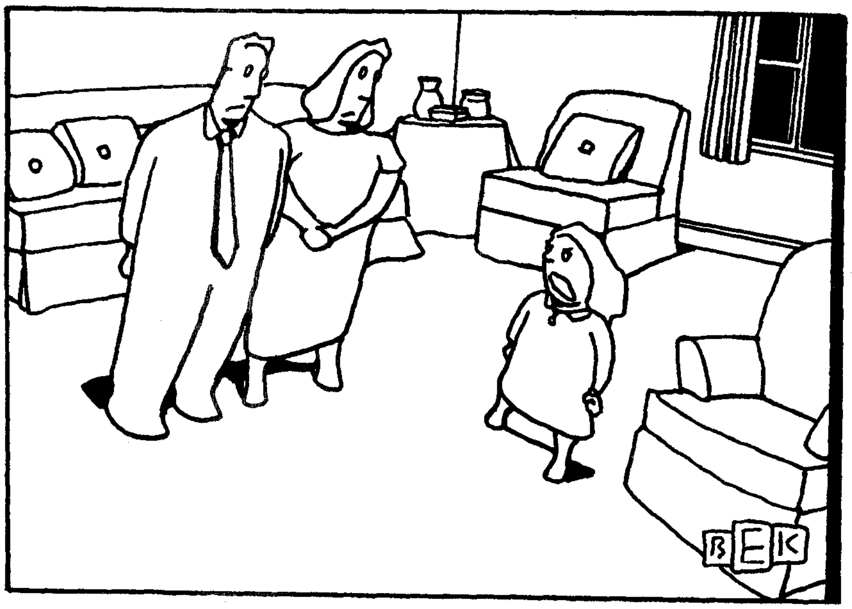
Sitting in the broadcast booth when Red Alert came in was Wendy Williams, the disk jockey whose show precedes his on Saturday nights, and Skelytor, her assistant. "Reverend Red," Wendy said cheerfully. "Happy anniversary, Reverend." She stubbed out a cigarette and said, to no one in particular, "Remember, Pat in Chinatown is cut off the request line. He calls too much."

Red started unpacking his records and setting up his turntables in a big padded container that disk jockeys call a coffin. Between them, he put a mixing board, which is the piece of equipment that allows him to mix records together.

"Hey, Red," Wendy said. "Come over here and do me a solid." Red stepped over to the microphone, and when Wendy turned it on he shouted, "Hey, to all you safeguards, lifeguards, crossing guards, and N.B.A. guards, this is DJ Red Alert!"

"You're the best, Red," Wendy said.

It was now around six-thirty. On an average night at the show, several of Red's friends hang around; because this was his tenth anniversary, he was expecting a crowd. First in was Li'l Cezar, a stocky, bespectacled guy who works as Red's right-hand man. Right behind Cezar came DJ Enuff, who would be keeping a list of the songs Red played throughout the evening. Enuff congratulated Red on his anniversary and then said to Li'l Cezar, "Love, peace, and hair grease." Cezar patted Enuff on the head, examined



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In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

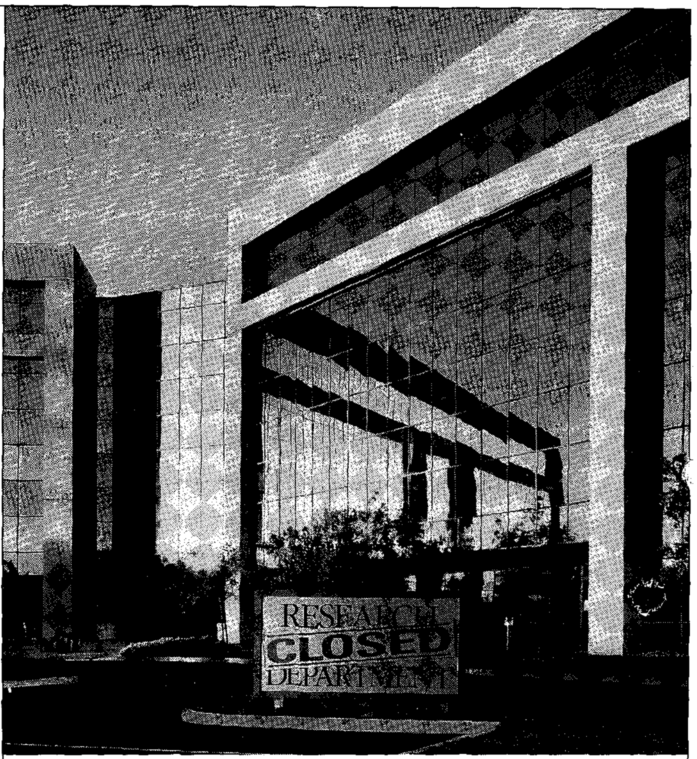
What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.



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lity system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

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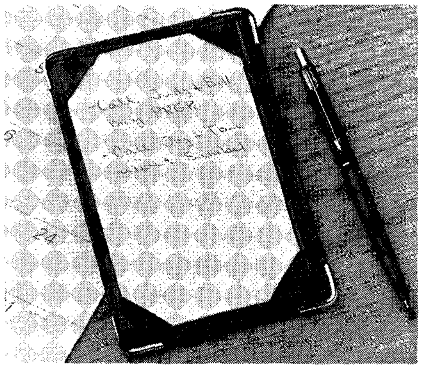

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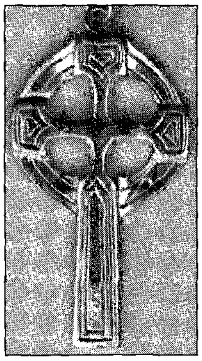

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his hand, and said, "Yo, no hair grease. What's up?"

Enuff said, "Man, I ran out." The two of them talked for a minute, and then Enuff settled in at a desk and said, "This here is a real family-type atmosphere, at the show. That's why Red's lasted so long when everyone else is dead and gone." Then Enuff added, "Red Alert's the propmaster." A propmaster is the guy in charge of all the good stuff, and of making sure you get it.

Red Alert, who was now making a stack of cassettes he wanted to use, grinned at Enuff and said, "Hey, Grandma loves you, baby." This is Red Alert's highest compliment, combining a statement of praise with a reference to his late grandmother, who brought him up and to whom he remains greatly devoted.

"Does Grandma really love me?" Enuff responded, rhetorically. "Because I do love Grandma."

Prince Messiah came in next. He works for the radio station; his job is to talk on Red's show when Red is feeling untalkative, and to help with the engineering, which can be complicated when a disk jockey is mixing live. Messiah appeared to be in a cranky mood. Red pointed at him and said, "He's an entity from another planet, on another wavelength. But Grandma loves him anyway."

Next in was Gregg Ellis, a friend of Red's who works for the Board of Education; one of his extracurricular projects has been setting up speaking engagements for Red throughout the area. "He speaks about drugs, violence, respecting yourself, staying in school, and the kids love him, *love* him," Gregg was saying. "The only trouble is that in the beginning, when it was announced that DJ Red Alert would be at P.S. Such-and-Such, the kids from the other schools would cut class to come see him. Hundreds. It was wild. So now Red comes as a special surprise guest."

Next in was Crazy Sam, an enormous, bubbly man wearing dreadlocks and motorcycle boots, who was filming the event for his show on Video Music Box. At various moments, Sam would erupt with announcements, such as "I'm a manic-depressive but in reverse" and "Coming up I'm doing a hoody shot, so unless you're wearing a hoody, get out of my life" and, at regular intervals, "Propmaster!" The room started to feel tight. Next in were Baby Chris, Black Jesus, Sneaky Dee, and the Poo Poo Man, who are among Red's best friends; along with a guy named Ali, who was out of town tonight, they form an all-purpose DJ Red Alert posse known as the Violators. The Violators work with Red Alert, but they are also employed by the city (the Poo Poo Man and Black Jesus) and by law firms (Ali and Sneaky Dee) in various capacities. Their affection for Red is boundless. Baby Chris, when he came into the booth, began shouting, "I love this man! Propmaster! I love this man! Because of this man, I have a job! Because of this man, I have a fat car! Because of this man, I have a fat house in New Jersey! Because of this man, I can pay my beeper bill!"

Next in was Tastemaster, a part-time model, a part-time actor, and a telecommunications consultant, who after his epiphany on the Belt Parkway began working with Red and now gets local restaurants to trade dinners in exchange for a mention on the show. This particular night, he had four big trays of soul food from a restaurant in Newark. Then Miner, an old friend and former disk jockey himself, who brought a decorated cake for the occasion. Then Kool Herc, who is considered the originator of rap mixing; he was wearing a caramel-colored leather suit, a wine-colored leather coat, and Gloria Steinem-style tinted glasses, and said he now worked in construction, and no longer had the soft hands required to be a mix-master. Then Poppy, a friend of Prince Messiah's, who wanted to show Red a line of clothing he was promoting. Then Jeff Redd, a singer who holds Red Alert responsible for his having had a big hit with his song "You Called and Told Me"; he was carrying a gift for Red in a box wrapped in silver and tied with a yellow bow. Then Jay Starr, a friend from New Jersey. Then some graduate students from Boston University, who were working on a documentary about the lack of black radio in Boston. Then Al and Tedd, who form the vast majority of a musical group called the Al N Tedd Experience; they have a record out right now called "Boom! This in Your Vehicle," which Red happens to like. Al and Tedd were wearing huge pants, baseball caps, sunglasses, and "Al N Tedd Experience" logo jackets. Once they'd managed to squeeze into the booth, they took turns throwing their arms around Red, who was straddling one of his record crates and listening to something on his headphones. Al said to Red, "Happy anniversary, brother."

Tedd said, "Happy anniversary from my heart."

Al said, "Red, if it wasn't for you, there would be no us." Then he turned to Tedd and said, "You know what? He's an *excellent* guy."

Tedd said, "He's the propmaster."

Al said, "I once saw Red walking up the block and I went up to him and just said, 'Red, I love you, man.' "

Tedd said, "I'm just loving the vibe in here, man. The forces are all positivity. I just want to hang with the man, and vibe with him for a while." Next, Prince Kalunda, who does the Sunday-night reggae show at the station, came in, accompanied by a stunning, bored-looking woman in a fawn-colored trenchcoat. She took a look at the crammed room, whispered something to Kalunda, and shortly disappeared. Prince Kalunda then called out to Red, "Hey, I'm going to hang with you for the anniversary!"

Red smiled. "Grandma loves you, baby."

At some point, without my noticing, the show actually began: I could hear Tony Toni Toné on the playback speakers in another room. A few of the people had drifted around the station, and now Red was positioned, wearing his headphones, in front of the coffin. When he is mixing, he has an absorbed, intent expression on his face, like someone who feels a sneeze coming on. His hands were resting lightly on the two turntables, and he jiggled the records back and forth with his long middle fingers. He played a piece of "Love Rears Its Ugly Head," by Living Colour, and then a promo tape Mary J. Blige made for him, and then "I Wanna Sex You Up," by Color Me Badd, and then a promo tape made by En Vogue, and then part of an En Vogue song folded into an S.O.S. Band song, blended into a Cat Stevens song, mixed into the middle of something by Prince and a piece of "The Humpty Dance," by Digital Underground, followed by a Parliament song. There might have been a dash of the Jackson 5 in there, too—I can't say for sure. Whatever it was, it sounded great. Everyone in the booth was dancing. "That's that butter, bro!" DJ Enuff called out during one of the transitions. "Yo, Red, that's that *butter!*"

Red glanced up from the coffin for a second and beamed. He pushed his headphones behind his ears and said to Enuff, "Like the way it's going down?"

"Yes, I do."

Red gave a little mock bow and said, "Grandma thanks you." ♦

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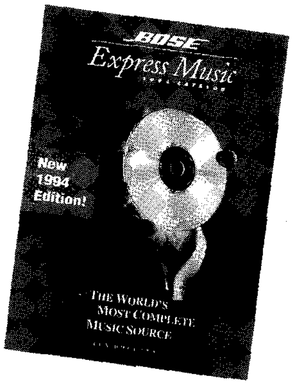

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVIDENCE OF EVIL

The Nazis tried to destroy their death camps so that there would be no evidence of their atrocities. Fifty years later, Auschwitz and the terrible relics it holds are disintegrating, and historians and survivors are now faced with unprecedented questions about how to preserve the memory of the Holocaust.

BY TIMOTHY W. RYBACK

In November of 1989, the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, in Washington, D.C., received from the State Museum of Auschwitz-Birkenau a shipment of artifacts for inclusion in the new museum's exhibitions tracing the history of the Holocaust. In addition to planks from an Auschwitz barracks, rubble from a crematorium, a pole from an electrified barbed-wire fence, and twenty empty cans of Zyklon B—the cyanide gas used in the extermination process—the shipment contained a large number of personal items, among them hairbrushes, mirrors, razors, toothbrushes, eating utensils, scissors, hat brushes, clothes hangers, shoe daubers, clogs, and suitcases. One box contained approximately twenty pounds of human hair.

"When we first received the hair, we regarded it as just another artifact for the museum," Jacek Nowakowski, who was in charge of acquiring objects for the exhibition, says, "but then, when the Content Committee met to discuss the best way to display it, it became clear that the members viewed human hair differently from the other objects."

The Content Committee, which consisted of twenty scholars, Holocaust survivors, religious leaders, and museum officials, and which was responsible for deciding on the substance of the museum's exhibitions, devoted two emotional and highly charged meetings to the issue of displaying the hair, which was a jumble of braids, curls, and long strands shorn from women's heads. According to Nowakowski, these discussions were among the most sensitive deliberations of the entire project, which had been under way for more than ten years. "Hair is a highly personal matter," Nowakowski says. "It is not only part of the human body; it is also a part of the human personality—part of one's identity. How you wear your hair tells a lot about you as a person. Hair is so simple—but it is so fundamental."

Many committee members felt strongly that the hair, which had been discovered in large bales when the Red Army liberated the concentration camp, in January of 1945, should be displayed in the museum. "The basic argument was that we were trying to make a convincing case against any possible Holocaust deniers," Jeshajahu Weinberg, the director of the museum and the chairman of the Content Committee, explains. "It was not even so much for the present generation as it was for future generations. The hair was one piece of clear evidence." Other members vehemently opposed the idea of such a display. "The women survivors, in particular, objected to the presence of the hair in the exhibition," Weinberg says. " 'For all I know, my mother's hair might be in there,' one of them said. 'I don't want my mother's hair on display.' " Weinberg, who initially had had no objection to exhibiting the hair, was moved by the appeal, as was the rest of the committee. Eventually, the museum decided to install a wall-length photographic mural of the nearly two tons of human hair on exhibit at the Auschwitz Museum.

While the question of whether or not to display the hair of Holocaust victims has been settled at the Holocaust Museum, conservators and administrators at the Auschwitz Museum, in Oświęcim, Poland, are grappling with a more practical problem: how to preserve those four thousand pounds of human hair on display in their museum.

This issue has recently risen to prominence with the initiation of a multimillion-dollar effort to preserve the ruins of the Auschwitz concentration-camp complex. As conservators from around the world confer on how best to save the remaining barracks, the barbed-wire fencing, the watchtowers, the ruins of the gas chambers, and the heaps of hair, they have had to take a hard look at what it means to preserve a "relic."

Ever since Auschwitz was liberated, these remnants of human beings have stood as one of the most chilling symbols of the Holocaust. The Nazis did not just murder millions of men, women, and children but literally "harvested" their remains to drive Germany's industrial machine. In the early nineteen-forties, a brisk trade emerged between German death camps, such as Auschwitz, Majdanek, and Treblinka, and German felt and textile manufacturers who used the versatile fibre in the production of thread, rope, cloth, carpets, mattress stuffing, lining stiffeners for uniforms, socks for submarine crews, and felt insulators for the boots of railroad workers. According to a memoir written by Dr. Miklos Nyiszli, an inmate who worked as an assistant to the notorious Auschwitz doctor Josef Mengele, human hair "was often used in delayed action bombs, where its particular qualities made it highly useful for detonating purposes." Women's hair was preferred to men's or children's, because it tended to be thicker and longer. The hair was shorn from the heads of corpses immediately after their removal from the gas chambers (the hair of prisoners selected for labor was shaved off when they entered the camp) and was then "cured" in lofts over the crematorium's ovens and gathered into twenty-kilogram bales. The bales were marketed to German companies at twenty pfennig per kilogram. I have been told that some of the products manufactured in those plants may still be in use in German homes today.

In May, 1945, just days after the German capitulation, Polish officials dispatched ten pounds of human hair found at Auschwitz to the Institute of Forensic Medicine in Cracow. Following a series of chemical tests, Jan Robel, the head of the institute, confirmed, in his final report, "the presence of traces of cyanide, particularly the poisonous compound bearing the name Zyklon." Such findings served as evidence in trials against Nazi war criminals, including Rudolf Höss, the former commandant at Auschwitz, who was sentenced to death on April 2, 1947, and was hanged fourteen days later beside the former crematorium of the *Stammlager*, the main Auschwitz camp.

Since then, the human hair has continued to bear witness: on the second floor of Block IV, a former Auschwitz barrack, it lies in heaps inside a row of large display cases. In the dim light, individual braids, tight knots, and occasional elegant waves can be distinguished in the dull, tangled mass. A faint scent of naphthalene—the chemical used in mothballs—permeates the still air. As visitors file into the room and stand before the windows, some shake their heads, some look away, some are moved to mutterings of disbelief. Most stand for a moment or two in silence, then turn and leave the room.

Witold Smrek, the Auschwitz Museum's chief conservator, and other museum officials are currently deliberating on the fate of this display. "Some people are telling us that the exhibition is offensive, that it is in poor taste to have human hair on display like this," Smrek told me recently in his office, which is in a former barrack that houses the offices and workshops of the museum's conservation department. At present, Smrek said, his main concern is not whether or not to display the hair but how to preserve it. After a half century in a room without temperature or humidity control, and having been subjected to various treatments, including occasional washing, the hair has become faded and brittle. And, Smrek said, "Over the years, we noticed that insects, especially moths, were infesting the hair. In order to prevent this, we began to treat it with naphthalene." The treatment was carried out during the occasional "dusting" of the hair, a process in which the hair was spread on large vibrating screens, and dust particles and other airborne debris were shaken out of it. After the hair was dusted, pans of liquid naphthalene were placed beneath the screens. The vapor impregnated the hair and provided protection against future infestation. Each time the hair was treated, however, it seemed to become more brittle.

Crumbling brick chimneys are all that remains of most of the wooden barracks at Birkenau, which once housed hundreds of thousands of prisoners.

ALICIA CZECHOWSKI

"We haven't touched the hair since the nineteen-seventies," Smrek said. "It has grown too fragile. Some of it has already turned to dust." Currently, Smrek is awaiting recommendations on how best to check the deterioration process. "I have written to museums all over the world seeking advice, but no one has given us an answer yet," he said. "Some museums have succeeded in preserving small amounts of hair, but I don't think anyone knows how to preserve hair in such quantities. No one has ever had this problem before."

Adam Zak, the rector of the Jesuit College in Cracow, feels that there is no reason to preserve the hair in Block IV, and proposes that it be removed from the display cases and buried. "Hair is part of a victim's body and, as such, it should be accorded the dignity due to it," he claims. "People say that you need the hair as evidence of the Nazi atrocities, but, with the film footage and the shoes and the brushes, there is enough other evidence to prove that the Holocaust took place."

Ernest Michel disagrees adamantly. Michel, a Jewish survivor of Auschwitz, who, along with another survivor, Kalman Sultanik, has been lobbying for years for the preservation of Auschwitz, insists that the human hair on display in Block IV remain exactly where it is.

"There is nothing that speaks louder against the Nazi crimes than this hair," Michel told me recently. "To destroy it would be to remove the strongest evidence of what happened to us. On the transport that I came on, all the women and children were taken from the train and immediately gassed. The hair, along with the combs and suitcases and shoes, is all that remains of them. No matter how painful it may be to look at, it is all part of the story that I believe has to be told."

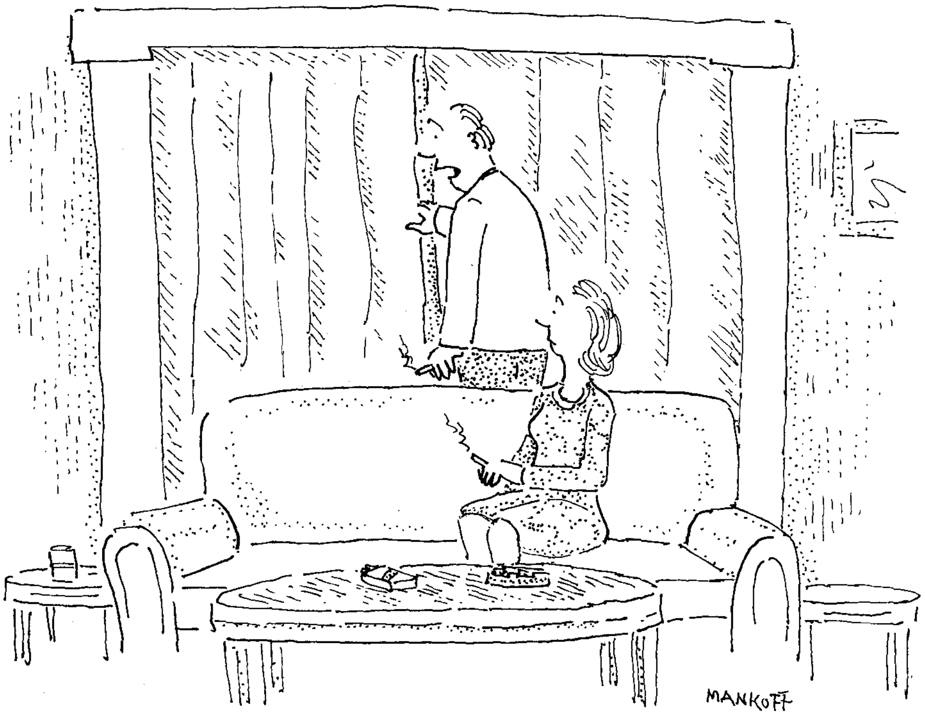
Smrek told me that the museum would not make a decision on the hair any time soon. He added that the hair was only one of his concerns. "I am responsible for the preservation and maintenance of the entire museum site," he said, pointing to two yellowing maps behind his desk. One was of Auschwitz I, the *Stammlager*, which consisted of twenty-eight brick barracks; the other was of Auschwitz II, also known as Birkenau. Birkenau, a vast complex a mile and a half to the west of Auschwitz I which occupied an area thirty times its size, was the "death camp"—the site of four crematoriums where the bodies of more than a million men, women, and children were incinerated.

"Everything needs constant maintenance and restoration," Smrek said. "The brick buildings, the wooden barracks, the barbed-wire-fence posts, the shoes, the suitcases, the prison uniforms, the metal artifacts. We have twenty cubic metres of spoons, forks, and other metal articles. We are trying to preserve everything we can, but we can do only so much. The problem is that nothing lasts forever."

TODAY, a half century after the Second World War, as time and nature conspire against the remaining physical evidence of the Holocaust, other equally corrosive forces are at work on that most crucial of all Holocaust legacies—human memory. In Europe and North America, a growing number of revisionist "historians" claim that many assumptions about the Holocaust are based on faulty or insufficient evidence—that, in the words of one revisionist, "a hank of hair and a jar full of ashes" are not sufficient proof that the Germans exterminated an estimated twelve million people.

Although Holocaust revisionism has lurked on the fringe of public consciousness since the nineteen-fifties (in Germany, revisionists refer to the Holocaust as the *Auschwitz-Lüge*, or Auschwitz lie), over the past decade the revisionists have popularized their cause in a series of spectacular courtroom cases in Germany, France, Canada, and the United States. In France, the Conseil d'État, the country's highest administrative court, has repeatedly ruled against the revisionists, in some cases banning their writings and imposing stiff fines. "Such writings are not only a perverse expression of anti-Semitism but also an aggression against the dead, the survivors, and society at large," Roger Errera, a member of the Conseil d'État, has written in defense of his court's decisions. "Their aim is the destruction of the dead's only 'grave,' that is, our memory, and the erosion of all awareness of the crime itself. Such an aggression is not to be tolerated." The eminent French literary historian Pierre Vidal-Naquet has denounced the revisionists as "*assassins de la mémoire.*"

Despite their setbacks in courtrooms, however, the revisionists have made dramatic inroads into the public consciousness in recent years. Last spring, a Roper poll published in the Boston *Globe* indicated that one out of three Americans believes it possible that the Holocaust never took place. The revisionist pressure has become so great that two years ago Auschwitz Museum officials, in order, they said, "to counter claims in the West that the Holocaust did not take place," retested samples of hair and portions of the gas-chamber walls for Zyklon B. The wall fragments still revealed the presence of the poisonous gas, but the hair, after years of washing and treatment, had been leached of all cyanide residues.



"It's the kids! Quick! Stash the cigs!"

The revisionists' plaint is deceptively simple. They ask for one incontrovertible piece of evidence—the proverbial "smoking gun"—that can prove that the Nazis devised and executed a policy of genocide in Europe. Revisionists, it must be stated, do not deny the presence of crematoriums in the camps, or the fact that millions of people may have died in the camps from exhaustion, hunger, or disease, or the fact that Zyklon B was used in gas chambers, to delouse clothing, but they adamantly reject the notion that human lives were deliberately, systematically destroyed. And they challenge at every turn the veracity of eyewitness testimony, whether from Holocaust survivors, including inmates who manned the gas chambers and ovens, or from S.S. guards and camp officials. Revisionists claim that this testimony, including the dramatic memoirs of Rudolf Höss, is often biased or distorted or has been elicited under duress. According to Mark Weber, who is the editor of the *Journal for Historical Review*, a prominent revisionist publication issued six times a year by the California-based Institute for Historical Review, the overturning of the conviction of John Demjanjuk in an Israeli courtroom this past summer further advances the revisionist claim. "Here you have five individuals who swore under oath in court, sometimes shouting, that this man was Ivan the Terrible," Weber said to me shortly after the trial. "This turned out not to be true. One should be skeptical about the testimony of Holocaust survivors."

This is exactly the point that revisionists have been making for over a decade. In December, 1978, Robert Faurisson, a professor of French literature at the University of Lyons, published an article in *Le Monde* called "The Problem of the Gas Chambers, or The Auschwitz Rumor," in which he challenged the claim that hydrocyanic gas had been used to kill people in the Auschwitz crematoriums. Faurisson not only claimed that the proximity of the "alleged" gas chambers to the crematory ovens would have prevented the use of Zyklon B gas, which is highly inflammable, but also maintained that these facilities by their very design could never have functioned as factories of mass destruction.

Further, in studying the original blueprints for the structures Faurisson could find no evidence that the crematoriums had been intended as extermination facilities. In his view, there was no hard evidence that the Holocaust had occurred, and he refused to accept that the worst crime in the history of mankind could have been perpetrated and not have left such evidence. "One proof" is what Faurisson demanded. "One single proof."

"Batteries . . . batteries . . ."

Given the scale of the extermination process at Auschwitz, the material evidence—official documents, photographs, internal memos, and directives—is surprisingly scarce. One reason is the extensive use of euphemism in official documents. Another lies in the evolution of the Auschwitz camps and the extermination facilities.

In June, 1940, nine months after the occupation of Poland, the Germans established the *Konzentrationslager* Auschwitz in the brick buildings of a Polish military camp that dated back to the First World War. A former munitions depot on the edge of the camp was converted into a crematorium to incinerate the corpses of inmates who had been executed or had perished from disease, exhaustion, or abuse. Poison gas is reported to have first been used in Auschwitz that September, when six hundred Soviet prisoners of war and two hundred and fifty sick prisoners were locked in basement rooms of Block XI and exposed to Zyklon B. Later that month, nine hundred Soviet soldiers were crammed into the morgue of the Auschwitz crematorium and gassed.

Rudolf Höss, who observed both operations, recalled the later one in his memoirs, written in prison after the war: "The Russians were ordered to undress in an anteroom: they then quietly entered the mortuary, for they had been told they were to be deloused. The whole transport exactly filled the mortuary to capacity. The doors were then sealed and the gas shaken down through the holes in the roof. I do not know how long this killing took. For a little while a humming sound could be heard. When the powder was thrown in there were cries of 'Gas!,' then a great bellowing, and the trapped prisoners hurled themselves against both the doors. But the doors held. They were opened several hours later, so that the place might be aired. It was then that I saw, for the first time, gassed bodies in the mass."

On January 20, 1942, the Nazi leadership convened a secret meeting at a villa in Wannsee, on the outskirts of Berlin, to discuss plans for the mass extermination of Europe's Jews and other minority groups. Auschwitz, because of its relative isolation and its proximity to major rail links, became the end point for the Nazis' "final solution." When it became evident that the *Stammlager* could never accommodate the vast numbers of prisoners, a second camp, Auschwitz II, was erected in the village of Brzezinka, or, in German, Birkenau. Within the year, Birkenau came to dwarf the *Stammlager* in virtually every respect—in the squalor of its living conditions, in the capacity of its gas chambers, and, with its wire fences encompassing some four hundred and thirty acres of meadows, swamps, and woods, in its physical dimensions.

To service this massive complex, the Germans constructed a railway line that fed directly into the center of the camp. They also erected the four crematoriums, which had a total of forty-six ovens; the combined capacity of these ovens allowed for the incineration of thousands of bodies a day.

In November of 1944, as the Germans prepared to abandon Auschwitz, they began dismantling and dynamiting three of the crematoriums at Birkenau. The fourth had been destroyed in October, during a short-lived inmate revolt. By the time the Soviet Army reached Auschwitz, nothing remained of the extermination facilities except heaps of broken bricks, slabs of concrete, pieces of twisted metal, and, of course, the endless piles of shoes, suitcases, flatware, and bales of human hair.

With the crematoriums and the gas chambers in ruins, and with the directives for the extermination process obscured in bureaucratic euphemisms, survivors' testimony remained the only apparent proof of the crimes committed by the Nazis. In the blueprints, construction documents, and work orders that trace the construction and subsequent use of these buildings, which are now housed in Auschwitz Museum archives, there is not a single explicit reference to the use of gas chambers or Zyklon B for homicidal purposes. This dearth of evidence is what led one prominent revisionist, Arthur Butz, a professor of engineering at Northwestern University, to denounce the Holocaust as "the hoax of the twentieth century."

Because most serious Holocaust scholars have avoided engaging people like Butz and Faurisson in debate—and, in fact, generally refuse to dignify them with the term "revisionist historians," preferring "Holocaust deniers"—the revisionist demand for "one single proof" for years went unanswered. Then, in 1989, came a reply in the form of a five-hundred-and-sixty-four-page book called "Auschwitz: Technique and Operation of the Gas Chambers." In this tome filled with technical drawings, work orders, and photographs, Jean-Claude Pressac, a French amateur historian who had taken up the Faurisson challenge, delivered, point by point, thirty-nine pieces of evidence that collectively have provided irrefutable proof of the existence of the extermination facilities at Auschwitz.

In the late nineteen-seventies, Pressac, having recently left the French military to pursue a career in pharmacy, decided to write a work of fiction depicting the world that would have resulted from a German victory in the Second World War. In collecting background information for his novel, Pressac travelled to Auschwitz to inform himself in detail about Nazi extermination techniques and was surprised at the lack of physical and documentary evidence. After his initial visit, in 1979, Pressac, who admits to having had revisionist leanings, spent the next eight years studying and analyzing the minute technical details of the Auschwitz crematoriums. His findings—rendered with cool detachment—have laid to rest the vaguest suggestion of the credibility of revisionist claims. In reviewing blueprints, work orders, and inventories, including plans for electrical wiring and plumbing, Pressac exposed glaring inconsistencies between form and function. In the case of the gas chamber in Crematorium II, in Birkenau, Pressac revealed that there were more than twenty showerheads entered in the inventory list for the room, but the construction plans did not indicate the presence of any water pipes, nor was there any indication of showerheads on the blueprints. Pressac also discovered references in work orders to "*gasdichte Türen*,"

FOUND PARABLE

In the men's room at the office today
some wag has labelled the two stalls
the *Erotic* and the *Political.*
The second seems suitable for the results
of my business, not for what thinking
ordinarily accompanies it.
So I've locked myself into the first because,
though farther from the light bulb overhead,
it remains the more conventional
and thereby illuminating choice.
The wit on its walls is more desperate.
As if I had written them
there myself, but only because by now
I have seen them day after day,
I know each boast, each plea,
the runty widower's resentments,
the phone number for good head.
Today's fresh drawing:
a woman's torso, neck to outflung knees,
with breasts like targets and at her crotch
red felt-tip "hair" to guard
a treasure half wound, half wisecrack.
The first critic of desire is always
the self-possessed sensualist.
With all that wall as his margin,
he had sniffed in smug ballpoint
OBVIOUSLY DONE BY SOMEONE
WHO HAS NEVER SEEN THE REAL THING.
Under that, in a later hand,
the local pinstripe aesthete
had dismissed the daydreamer's crudity
and its critic's edgy literalism.
His block letters had squared,
not sloping, shoulders: NO,
BY SOMEONE WHO JUST CAN'T DRAW.
Were the two opinions
converging on the same moral point?
That a good drawing *is* the real thing?
Or that the real thing
can be truly seen only through another's
eyes? But now that I trace it through
other jokes and members,
the bottom line leads to a higher inch
of free space on the partition—
a perch above the loose
remarks, like the pimp's doorway
or the Zen master's cliff-face ledge.
THERE ARE NO REAL THINGS
writes the philosopher. But he, too,
has been misled by everything
the *mind* makes of a body.
When the torso is fleshed out
and turns over in the artist's bed,
when the sensualist sobs over her,
when the critic buttons his pants,
when the philosopher's scorn sinks back
from a gratified ecstasy,
then it will be clear to each
in his own way. There is nothing
we cannot possibly not know.

—J. D. McCLATCHY

or gas-tight doors; to a "*Vergasungskeller,*" or gassing chamber; to gas-detection devices; and to four chutes for introducing Zyklon B into the chamber.

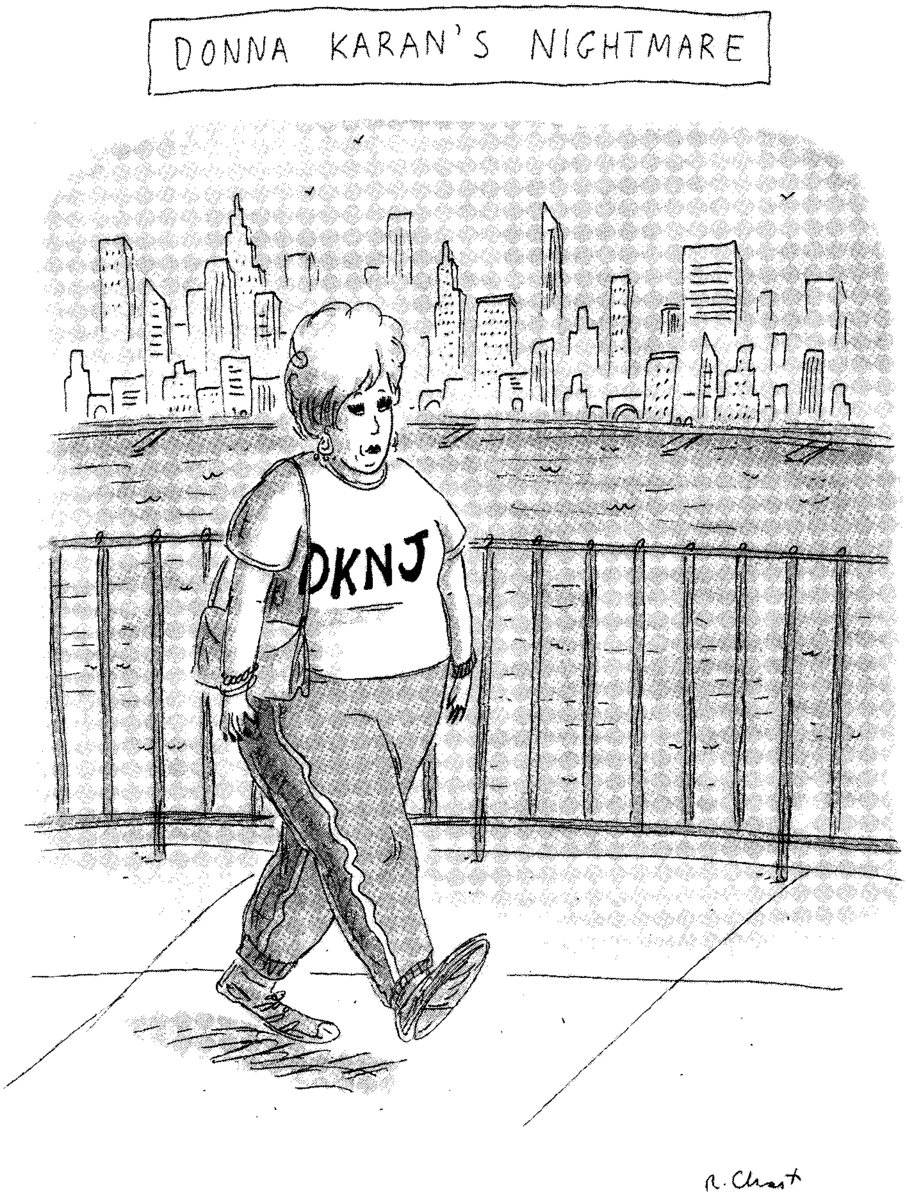
Just last month, Pressac bolstered his findings with a second book, "The Auschwitz Crematoria: The Machinery of Mass Slaughter," which provides additional documentary evidence from recently opened K.G.B. archives in Moscow. (An English translation will be included in an anthology about Auschwitz to be published next spring by the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum with the University of Indiana Press.) "In my first book, I worked with twenty documents from the archives of the Auschwitz Museum," Pressac told me recently by telephone. "The Moscow archives provided me with another sixty documents. This has allowed me to create a complete chronology of the extermination process at Auschwitz and a complete history of the instruments of destruction—when they were built, what their capacity was, when they broke down or malfunctioned." Through his research, Pressac has provided incontrovertible evidence, based on objective technical detail, that the Germans developed and implemented an industrial-style process for the killing of human beings. "The Holocaust is no longer written in sand," Pressac said. "Now it is written in concrete."

IN June, 1987, Ronald S. Lauder, a New York businessman, who had been the American Ambassador to Austria for several years during Ronald Reagan's Presidency, paid a visit to Auschwitz. "I went there and was shocked not only by the condition of the place but by the fact that there was no place to pray," he told me recently when I went to see him in his offices, in the G.M. Building in midtown Manhattan. Lauder, who is a son of Estée Lauder, runs the Ronald S. Lauder Foundation, a philanthropic organization fuelled by the family fortune. "You could see the entire place deteriorating before your very eyes—the shoes, the suitcases, the wooden barracks," he said. "I realized that in another few years the place would be gone forever. Something had to be done."

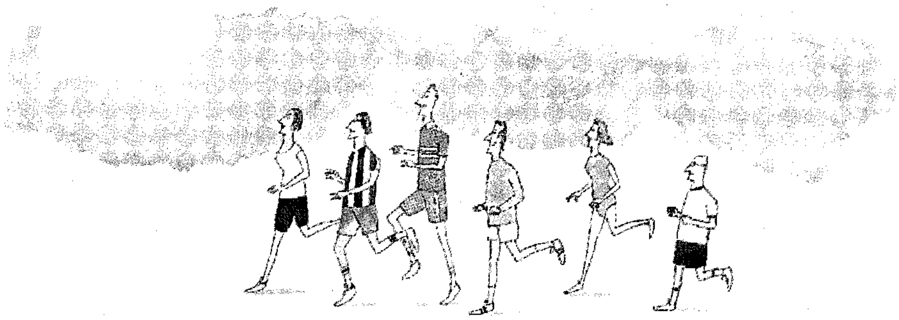
Lauder got in touch with the objects-conservation department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and requested the names of consultants who could provide practical advice about the preservation of Auschwitz. Tony Frantz, the head of the department, thought that the Met itself might be interested in taking on the project on a pro-bono basis. In December of 1988, he visited the site in the company of his colleague George Segan Wheeler, a specialist in stone preservation. After carefully reviewing both Auschwitz I and Auschwitz II, Frantz and Wheeler determined that forty-two million dollars would be required for the long-term preservation of the site. Frantz's department agreed to undertake the project.

Lauder suspected that most of the likely sources of private funding had been wrung dry in the eighties by related projects: the Holocaust Museum in Washington, which had raised a hundred and sixty-eight million dollars; the Holocaust Center in Los Angeles; and Holocaust memorials in New York and Boston. Lauder decided to make an appeal to national governments instead. "The idea was to approach countries that had had citizens deported to Auschwitz," Lauder explained. "We estimated there were about twenty eligible countries."

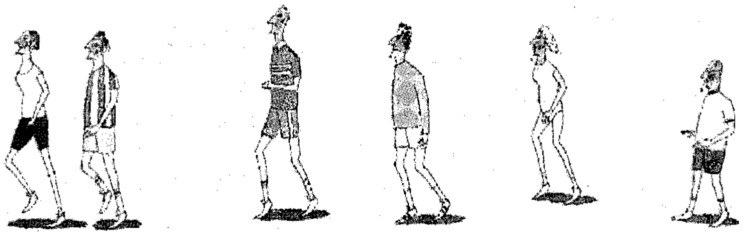
In the past two years, the Ronald S. Lauder Foundation's International Auschwitz-Birkenau Preservation Committee has secured guarantees of nearly twenty million dollars, with seventeen million dollars coming from the Germans, one and a half million from the Belgians, and a half million from the Greeks. "We are still seeking commitments from a number of countries who say they are in principle willing to contribute but have not yet committed money," he told me. The preservation committee has received written promises from France, Austria, and Russia, and is waiting to hear from Italy, the Czech Republic, Slovakia,



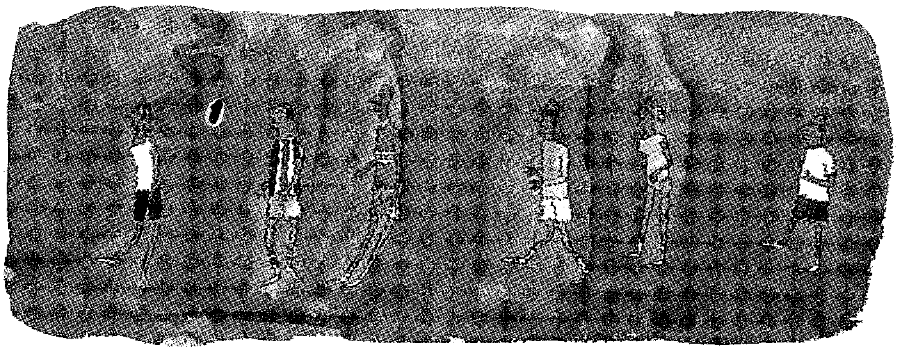
THE NEW YORK MARATHON
SECOND WIND



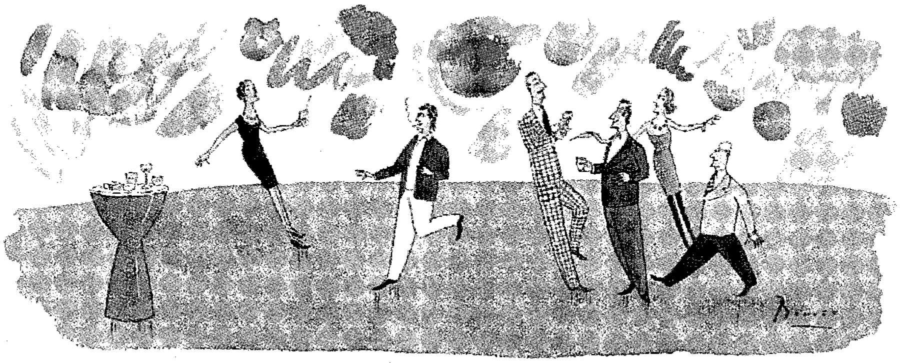
After three miles.



After fourteen miles.



After twenty-six miles.



Five hours after the marathon.

and Ukraine, among other countries. Lauder also asked for "symbolic contributions" from the United States and Israel. "I thought it was important that Israel, which is built out of the ashes of Auschwitz, should contribute to the project," he said. Israel has agreed to commit a hundred thousand dollars. A contribution from the United States is still pending. Lauder does not anticipate that he will achieve the forty-two-million-dollar goal, but he is confident that he will eventually raise at least thirty-five million dollars.

According to Bohdan Rymaszewski, a consultant at the Ministry of Culture in Warsaw and a member of the International Auschwitz Council—an advisory body that was created in 1989 during the acrimonious dispute between Jews and Poles over the presence of Carmelite nuns in a building adjacent to the *Stammlager*—the Polish government will be thankful for anything that the preservation committee can raise. "People have been telling us for years that we should do something about preserving Auschwitz," he told me recently. "But Ron Lauder went ahead and did something. The world owes him a great deal of thanks."

Lauder, in turn, gives Ernest Michel and Kalman Sultanik, the co-chairs of the preservation committee, much of the credit for the success of the initiative. "Ernie and Kalman have been involved with this project from the start, and have done much of the real legwork," Lauder says. Michel and Sultanik, who had worked together organizing a gathering of ten thousand Holocaust survivors at Yad Vashem and the Western Wall in Jerusalem in 1981, each helped to advance the Auschwitz project in the crucial initial stage of its fund-raising process. Sultanik, a Polish Jew who fought in the underground during the Second World War and survived three Nazi concentration camps, lives in New York and holds high positions with the United Israel Appeal, the World Jewish Congress, and other Jewish groups. He secured a written statement from the Polish government authorizing the Lauder committee to raise money for the cause on Poland's behalf. Then Michel, a German Jew who also lives in New York, approached the German government and after eighteen months of negotiation secured its seventeen-million-dollar commitment for the project. "After that, everything else fell into place," Michel says. "There are a lot of countries that have good reason to want to see Auschwitz preserved." Ernest Michel has his own reasons.

Ernest Wolfgang Michel, born in 1923 in Mannheim, is the son of Otto and Frieda Michel. His father's family had roots in Germany that went back more than three hundred years. "My grandfather was an officer in the cavalry and fought in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. My father also served in the German military during the First World War. We were as German as we were Jewish," Michel told me when I visited him this summer at the Manhattan office of the United Jewish Appeal, where he has worked for more than forty years. Michel retired four years ago, and has spent much of his time since writing his memoirs; they were published by Barricade Books last month under the title "Promises to Keep."

"My father was in the cigar-manufacturing business, but when Hitler came to power, in 1933, our lives changed totally," Michel said. In the next few years, the Michel business was "Aryanized"—confiscated by the National Socialist government—and Michel's father was forced to sell his wife's jewelry and parts of his extensive stamp collection to sustain his family. Young Ernest also felt the consequences of National Socialist rule. "In 1937, I was kicked out of school," Michel told me. "My two best friends joined the Hitler Youth. Suddenly, I wasn't allowed to associate with them. Then the soccer team was made '*judenrein*'—'cleansed of Jews.' I had always loved soccer, and suddenly I wasn't allowed to play. In order to give me something to do, my father had me learn calligraphy." Michel could not have foreseen that five years later this skill would save his life.

Ernest Michel is a cheerful man with gray hair, a full face, and an easy, disarming manner. His office walls are covered with photographs of luminaries he has met in the course of his work for the U. J. A.: Elie Wiesel, Pinchas Zukerman, Barons Elie and Guy de Rothschild, Joseph Biden, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Barbara Bush, Jesse Jackson, Jack Benny, Harpo Marx. On the wall behind his desk is a yellow cloth Star of David in a small frame. Beside it, in a shadow box, is a leather belt that Michel wore in Auschwitz. And nearby is a large color photograph of Michel at Birkenau, taken in July, 1983, when he returned to Auschwitz for the first time.

"Life in Germany became very, very difficult," he recalled now. "Many of my friends had been leaving—going wherever they could, to Shanghai, Australia, Borneo, South America, the United States. My father knew that his children had no future in Germany. He did everything he could to get us out." Early in 1939, Otto Michel managed to have his daughter sent to France with a transport of Jewish children. A few months later, he nearly succeeded in having his son sent to America when a family in Wilmington, Delaware, agreed to take Ernest into their care. But United States consular officials in Stuttgart, explaining that quotas for German Jews had been filled, told him his number would come up in 1942. "After the war, I looked into this matter and learned that they had lied—that there were tens of thousands of quotas that were never filled," Michel said. "There were about a hundred and twenty thousand visa possibilities, and less than twenty thousand were filled. I could have left for America within a month."

Instead, he was arrested. On September 3, 1939, two days after Germany invaded Poland, two Gestapo men came to the door and informed Ernest Michel that he was to report to the main train station in Mannheim the following morning at six o'clock. He was told to bring work clothes and one suitcase.

"It was the last evening I spent with my parents," Michel says. "My mother made me my favorite meal—*Dampfnudeln*. She also gave me a chocolate bar—I don't know where she got it. The next morning, they walked me to the train station. That was the last time I ever saw them."

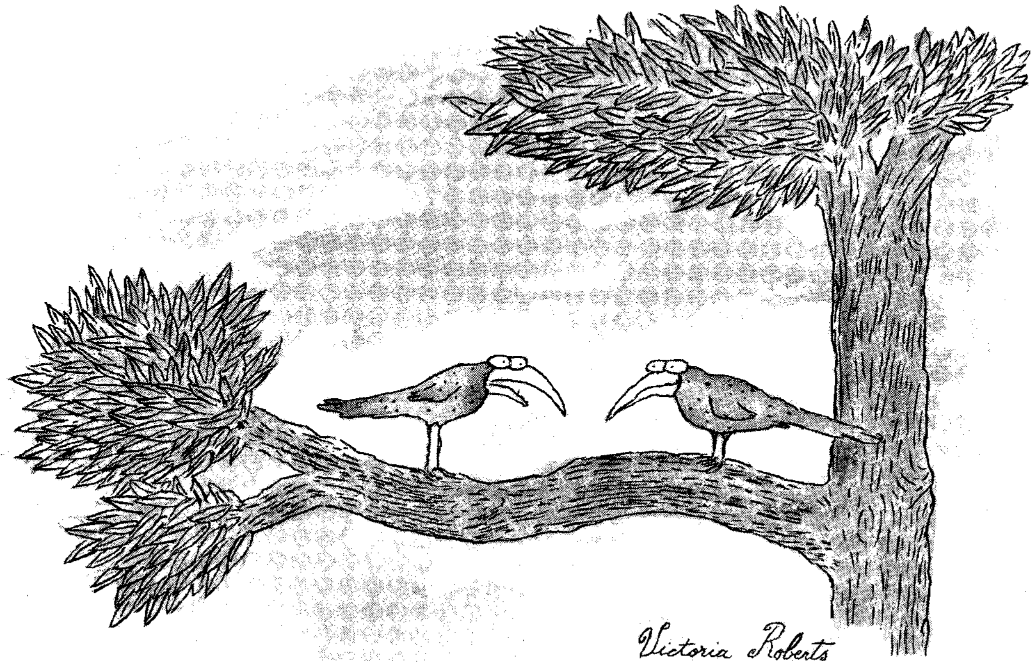
Michel spent the next four years in a series of labor camps in Germany, harvesting crops and chopping wood outside Berlin and cleaning the sewers in the town of Paderborn, a hundred miles from Hannover. "We worked hard, we had little food, and there were guards, but nobody was killed," Michel said.

One day in February, 1943, the inmates learned that the Paderborn camp was to be closed the following day, and that its entire inmate population, both men and women, would be moved to camps in the East. "That night, the Gestapo took us on foot from the camp to the train station. There they put us on cattle cars. After five days and five nights, we learned we were arriving in a place called Auschwitz. Somebody had looked through the air vent and seen a sign saying 'Oświęcim.' Someone else said he had heard the name Auschwitz before, but no one knew what it meant."

Michel said that the train arrived in Auschwitz during the night of March 3rd, and that the instant the cattle-car door was opened he knew that things were bad. "There was total bedlam. Klieg lights were on. Trains were everywhere. It was madness. Thousands of people everywhere. There were dogs and the S.S. All this yelling and screaming and beating people with whips. We knew this was bad. We knew this was not a labor camp." Michel paused and stared at me to see if I could fathom the scene. "Then '*Raus! Raus!*'—'Get out! Get out! Leave everything behind.' " His voice fell into a subdued, chantlike cadence. "And then more screaming and yelling, and fathers and children and mothers, and the whips. Until you were finally brought along and they were separating men and women. Then we heard numbers being called. We saw two elegant S.S. men with the cap and long leather coat, one of whom, we were later told, was Mengele. '*Wie alt*?' Everyone over forty was sent to one side. If you were eighteen or nineteen, on the other side. We didn't know it at the time, but all the women and the men over forty were taken away to the gas chambers."

Michel and most of the other men from Paderborn were loaded into trucks and driven five miles to the slave-labor camp at Monowitz, which was officially known as Auschwitz III and provided manpower for the sprawling I.G. Farben rubber factory. There they were assembled in an open square before the wooden barracks, in a blaze of klieg lights. As S.S. officers stood watching in the background, older inmates greeted them, saying, "Welcome to Auschwitz-Monowitz! You are the lucky ones."

"We didn't understand what that meant, 'the lucky ones,' " Michel said. "Then someone asked them why we



"What I don't get is why once we fly south we don't just stay there."

• •

were lucky, and they replied, *'Die Anderen sind schon rauf im Kamin'*—'The others are already up the chimney.' There had been this horrible smell in the air. Then we knew what it meant."

The men were ordered to remove all their clothing and leave everything on the ground except their belts and shoes. They were then sprayed with a disinfectant, tattooed, shaved, and, finally, issued striped prison uniforms. "They shaved every hair off our bodies. We were like newborn babies," Michel commented, then added, on a note of awe, "When I look back on all this, I sometimes still can't believe it actually happened to me."

Michel worked for the first few months on a factory-construction site. "The Germans calculated everything very scientifically," he said. "They figured that a prisoner would last about six months before he was used up. Then he was called a *Muselmann*—a Muslim, which was camp slang for someone who didn't have long to live. A *Muselmann* was sent up the chimney. We all knew that this would happen—that it was just a matter of time."

When Michel had been working in the camp for about four months, he was struck on the head by an S.S. officer. He continued to work, but after a few days the wound became infected. "I did not want to go to the *Krankenbau*, the hospital barracks. If you stayed there, you were subject to selections every day. Every day, the S.S. would come through and decide who would be sent to the gas chambers. But finally I got so sick I had to go. I had a temperature. I knew I was beginning to be a *Muselmann*. I finally decided to go to the *Krankenbau* and have the wound opened up and the pus taken out."

While Michel was in the *Krankenbau* waiting to be seen, a prisoner who was on the medical staff entered the waiting area and asked if anyone in the room had good handwriting. No one responded. Michel hesitated to answer, suspicious that it might be some sort of ploy, but just as the man was about to leave the room he raised his hand and said he knew calligraphy. "I thought maybe I could earn an extra piece of bread," he told me.

Michel was led into an adjoining room, given a pen and paper, and told to write a name, a number, and the word "*Körperschwäche*," which means "exhaustion." Then he was instructed to write the word "*Herzanschlag*," which means "heart attack." The other prisoner looked at the writing samples and said, "You'll do," and then gave Michel a long list of names and instructed him to write "*Körperschwäche*" next to each name.

"I spent the next two hours writing '*Körperschwäche*' beside each name," Michel said, and he repeated "*Körperschwäche, Körperschwäche, Körperschwäche*." The names on the lists were the dead of Auschwitz.

Michel was treated for his head wound, and for the next few weeks he remained in the *Krankenbau*, writing endless lists of names and the prescribed words. He recalls keeping two separate tallies—one for prisoners who were brought to the camp as slave labor and one for those who were sent to the gas chambers. "The Germans were meticulous record keepers," he said. At first, Michel was registered in the *Krankenbau* as a patient, but he was soon allowed to join the staff as an orderly, and was assigned to the barracks for infectious diseases. His primary duty was to transport dead or dying inmates to a special storage room attached to the barracks, then to the trucks that delivered them to the crematoriums.

"I carried thousands of bodies during that year and a half," Michel recalled. "Most of them hardly weighed anything at all, maybe seventy or eighty pounds, just skin and bones. Some were children—ten, twelve years old. At first, you are horrified, but then it becomes too much for the human mind to absorb. After a while, you become totally oblivious. I carried more bodies in these arms than you will ever know or see." Michel held out his arms. He was wearing a short-sleeved shirt, and I could see that his arms were full and muscular. "Thousands of bodies. Every day, every single day." He fell silent, then added bitterly, "And today there are people who say that this never happened, that the gas chambers are a myth. Where did they all go? You tell me, where did all these people go?"

In January of 1945, with the Soviet Army approaching, the Germans began to clear the camp of inmates, forcing them on death marches to the west and then packing them into cattle cars and transporting them to camps in Germany. Michel was sent first to Buchenwald, then to a subsidiary camp called Berga. In early April, Berga was cleared, in turn, and the inmates were sent on a death march toward Dachau. Michel and two other inmates broke from the column and escaped into the woods. They eventually reached a small village, and found work on farms.

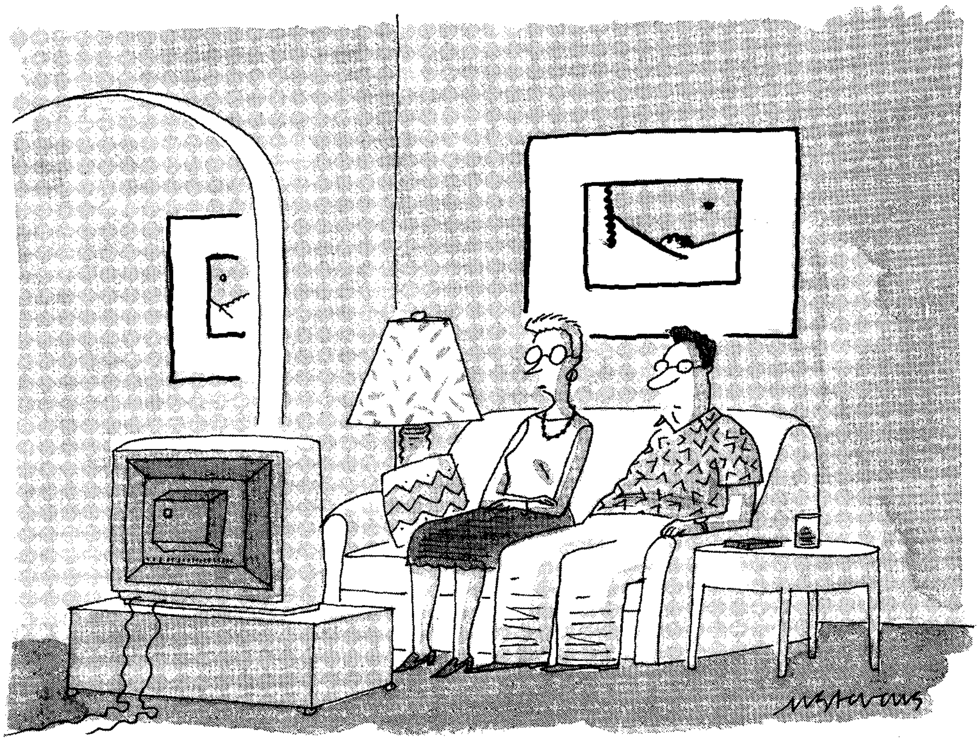
When the war ended, Michel made his way back to Mannheim, and discovered that his family home had been destroyed in the bombing raids. He eventually learned that his sister, Lotte, had been able to escape from France to Palestine, but his mother and father had not been so lucky. In August of 1942, Michel's parents had been dispatched to Auschwitz via Drancy. "They arrived in Auschwitz on separate transports, two days apart. I don't know why they were separated like that. They were gassed immediately on their arrival. There are no tombs. There are no graves. There is nothing." Michel's voice grows bitter. "They died a horrible death in Auschwitz without knowing that their children would survive and would be able to have new families." He sighed heavily. "That is the greatest regret of my life."

In 1945 and 1946, Michel covered the Nuremberg trials as a correspondent for the German news agency DANA, and during that time he had a face-to-face encounter with Hermann Göring in his prison cell. Eventually, he emigrated to the United States, and soon thereafter he became involved with the United Jewish Appeal. Michel told me he had never had any intention of returning to Auschwitz. "In the spring of 1983, I received a phone call from Robert Loup, who was then national chairman of the United Jewish Appeal. I have known Robert for a long, long time. So Robert says to me, 'Ernie, this is not an easy call for me to make, and I hesitated for a long time. I'm planning a national chairmen's mission to Auschwitz and Israel in July. I was wondering if you would be willing to lead the group. There is no one who can tell us better than you can what happened, when it happened, how it happened. If you don't want to go, I will understand it. But, if you could make it, it would really mean something to us.' I didn't want to go. My wife told me I was crazy to even think about it. On my birthday, my sixtieth birthday, instead of being at home with my friends I would go to Auschwitz. But then I thought it would make a statement to me that, after all that had happened, I had to go back there—that I could show that I was still alive, that I had survived."

Michel leaned back in his chair and pointed to the large color photograph behind his desk. "That's me sitting on the tracks at Birkenau on July 1, 1983, the day of my sixtieth birthday," he said. In the photograph, he is sitting on one of the rails, staring at the earth, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands together. The tracks are overgrown with weeds, at some points completely obscured by them. The surrounding landscape—distant barbed-wire fences, a watchtower, expansive empty fields—are bleached in the afternoon heat.

"This is where we arrived, on these tracks, right there on these tracks, in March, 1943." There was astonishment in Michel's voice, as if he were telling a story he himself had trouble believing. "I had not known what to expect, but I was amazed at how much the camp had deteriorated. The barracks that we lived in were totally disintegrating. The exhibits, the hair, the combs, the suitcases, the artificial legs were all in just total disrepair. That visit convinced me that something had to be done, because that place was just falling apart. That was when I knew that something had to be done to save Auschwitz."

Last August, the Auschwitz Museum invited a group of thirty-two experts—conservators, architects, historians, religious leaders, and government representatives from the United States, Western Europe, and Israel—to consult with museum officials on preservation work at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Beyond the technical issues of preservation, much discussion at the conference was devoted to the over-all vision of the camp's future. Proposals ranged from "modest intervention" to reconstruction work "on an epic scale." Gertrud Koch, a German film historian who collaborated with Claude Lanzmann on the documentary "Shoah," felt that the camp should be left to fall into ruins, an approach endorsed by James Young, a professor of English and Judaic Studies at the University of Massachusetts and the author of "The Texture of Memory," an authoritative study of concentration-camp memorials, who has argued for allowing the site to age "gracefully." Yaffa Eliach, who designed several important exhibits for the Holocaust Museum in Washington, recommended placing video

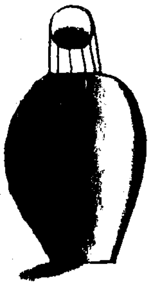


"The following program is brought to you by the women's movement."

monitors with interviews of former inmates in the brick barracks at the *Stammlager*. Jean-Claude Pressac urged that Crematorium III be reconstructed, and offered his services to that end. “I want people to experience exactly what it meant to enter a gas chamber at Auschwitz,” Pressac said. “I want them to walk down the stairs into the chamber, to stand before the ovens and see that this was insane and criminal. I want it to be a slap in the face. You can’t create memory, but you can create an experience that is as powerful as memory.”

According to Krystyna Oleksy, the deputy director of the Auschwitz Museum, one of the most perplexing questions currently confronting the museum staff is not one of preservation or reconstruction. “Recently, a number of Holocaust survivors have contacted us and asked that their remains be buried at Birkenau,” Oleksy told me. “Many of these people lost their entire families here—mothers, fathers, grandparents, siblings. We understand their desire to have their remains interred here. Birkenau is a cemetery, but not a cemetery where you can conduct funerals.” She said there had been no final decision on the burial issue, but noted that there were plans for a place of mourning for Jewish visitors.

Before many of these questions can be answered, most experts agree, a conclusion must be reached on the purpose of the renovated site. “The museum staff must ultimately decide what the place is supposed to be,” said Detlef Hoffmann, a German professor of art history, who was one of the organizers of the conference. “Is it a memorial? A museum? A cemetery? A place to educate? Or is it all of these?” But, even as the experts gathered at Auschwitz to ponder these issues, the museum was continuing with renovation work both in the *Stammlager* and in Birkenau. “Some participants at the conference found it ironic that while we were sitting there discussing what should be done to preserve the site, the museum has gone ahead with many renovation projects, some of which may irreparably damage the integrity of the site,” Hoffmann told me.



Krystyna Oleksy said that she appreciated the experts’ concerns, but she and her colleagues cannot accommodate all opinions, nor do they always have time to ponder the finer distinctions between restoration, renovation, and reconstruction. “There are countless decisions that have to be made every day,” she said. “You cannot call a meeting of intellectuals every time something has to be done. We simply don’t have the time.” A case in point, she noted, is the nineteen stone plaques in front of the monument at Birkenau, which, until the spring of 1990, commemorated, in nineteen languages, the “four million people” who “suffered and died here at the hands of the Nazi murderers.”

In May, 1990, Franciszek Piper, the museum’s senior historian, caused an international sensation when he released the results of a ten-year study that concluded that the number of victims at Auschwitz was just over a million—a dramatic reduction from the previously accepted figure of four million. The study also said that the percentage of Jewish victims was higher than it had been thought to be—nearly ninety per cent, as opposed to the original estimate of twenty-five per cent. The museum administration responded, almost overnight, by removing, with hammer and chisel, the inscriptions on the nineteen stone plaques, and charging the International Auschwitz Council with the task of drafting a new text incorporating Piper’s revised calculations. The new inscription also had to reflect the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Auschwitz victims were Jewish.

After two years of cautious deliberation, the council reached consensus on a new text. On the monument, there will be a statement paying tribute to the “Jews, Poles, Gypsies, Soviet prisoners of war, and others who suffered and perished in the camp and its gas chambers.” The statement will be accompanied by a quotation from the Book of Job: “O Earth, cover not up my blood / And let my cry never cease,” and by the words “Let this place remain for eternity as a cry of despair and a warning to humanity.” The nineteen stone plaques are to bear the following inscription: “About one and a half million men, women, children, and infants, mainly Jews from different countries of Europe, were murdered here. The world was silent. Auschwitz-Birkenau 1940-1945.”

Today, more than three years after the original inscriptions were removed, the stone tablets remain blank. According to Oleksy, now that the text and the translations have been approved, metal plaques bearing the inscriptions are being designed, and they should be affixed to the tablets at some point next year.

The delay is understandable. “Auschwitz is more than just a memorial site,” Detlef Hoffmann told me. “It is a symbol of the Holocaust, and one must be very careful. Whatever is done here carries great symbolic importance.” And, in some cases, potentially grave historical implications.

Last year, a young revisionist agitator from California, David Cole, who makes much of the fact that he is Jewish, visited Auschwitz to undertake his own site assessment. Amid the barbed-wire fences and watchtowers of the *Stammlager*, Cole discovered, he says, a camp theatre, where the inmates used to put on productions; a swimming pool with a diving board and starting blocks for races; and delousing chambers, for maintaining camp hygiene. “These were the real gas chambers,” Cole reported in a videotaped excursion through the camp, “except their victims were clothing and mattresses, and their purpose was to preserve the health of the inmates.”

David Cole also toured a “fake” gas chamber—a reconstruction of the room where Rudolf Höss, by his own account, witnessed the first mass gassing of camp inmates. Cole noted, accurately, that the crematorium chimney is a freestanding structure, in no way connected to the ovens. One entrance to the gas chamber does not have a door, or even any evidence of hinges. Inside the chamber, a tight rectangular space with a low ceiling, there are marks where walls have obviously been removed. To one side, there are pipes where a bathroom once stood. In the center of the room is a manhole with an iron cover.

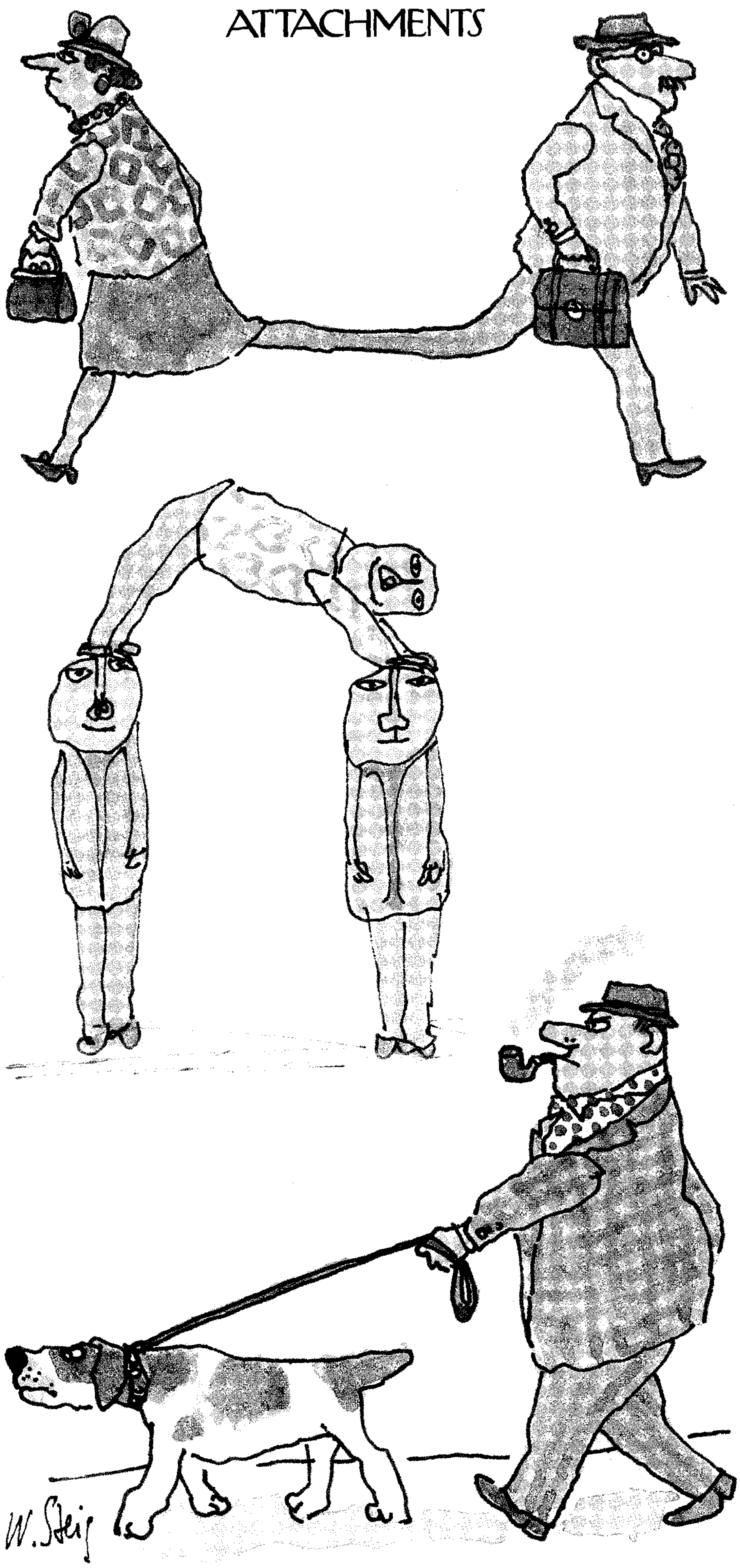
Museum officials readily admit that the crematorium at the *Stammlager* is indeed a “reconstruction,” but they point out that the Germans dismantled it in the autumn of 1943 and converted it into an S.S. air-raid shelter. After the war, the Poles tried to restore the crematorium and the gas chamber to their earlier appearance. Cole, along with other revisionists, claims that the reconstruction work has "discredited" the *Stammlager* crematorium and gas chamber as evidence, noting, in particular, that any proof of the existence of four original Zyklon B induction chutes has been destroyed. "The point is the 'gas chamber' is no longer valid proof in its present state," Cole argues in his videotape. "The official view holds that the Soviets and Poles created a 'gas chamber' in an air-raid shelter that had been a 'gas chamber.' The revisionist view holds that the Soviets and Poles created a 'gas chamber' in an air-raid shelter that had been an air-raid shelter."

Jerzy Wróblewski, who is the director of the Auschwitz Museum and therefore is ultimately accountable for all preservation work at the *Stammlager* and Birkenau, is painfully aware of the questions about authenticity, but he says that he has neither the time nor the resources to deal with all the issues that the museum confronts both in its day-to-day operation and in its long-term plans. "Today, the whole world is watching what we do in here," he says. "But for the last forty years nobody cared about Auschwitz. We had hardly any money to maintain the site. If we hadn't done what we did, there would be nothing left today."

Wróblewski is a handsome man in his sixties, with Slavic features, fine hair, fair skin, and light-blue eyes. The day after the conference, I visited him in his office, a former barrack in the *Stammlager* that stands beside the crematorium. The square brick chimney looms ominously outside his office window.

Wróblewski pulled out a photograph album from the early sixties containing pictures of vast tracts of buildings in complete collapse, guard towers reduced to tumbled piles of wood, and broken wire fences. "At the conference, there was a lot of criticism about our restoration of the wooden barracks," he told me. "Some of the experts object to the fact that we have built brick foundations for the buildings. The original structures sat right on the ground." Wróblewski said that if he had consented to leave them like that—as some conservators thought he should—the wood would have rotted in five years. He also mentioned that in 1991 a windstorm levelled one of the more dilapidated barracks at Birkenau.

Complicating Wróblewski's task is



the fact that the death camp at Auschwitz was built on a provisional basis. “Unlike most monuments in the world, Auschwitz was never intended to last,” Bohdan Rymaszewski, of the Warsaw Culture Ministry, says. “The Germans built the camp with the intention of exterminating an entire race and then destroying all the evidence of this deed. Everything was poorly made—the barracks, the crematoriums, the paper used for documents. It is difficult to preserve something that was made to vanish.”

Wróblewski told me that at the moment the exhibit of human hair in Block IV was one of the most difficult and perplexing problems facing the museum. “It is obviously an extremely delicate matter,” he said. “We don’t know whether we are doing the right thing by showing the hair in a public display, but for the present it will remain where it is.” After a pause, he added, “I am telling you this as the director of the Auschwitz State Museum. Now I will give you an answer as Wróblewski the individual. I personally feel the hair should be removed and placed in controlled storage. We could take a panoramic picture of the hair, as they did at the Holocaust Museum in Washington. But before we do anything, we will need to gather the opinions of many people—philosophers, intellectuals, humanists, religious leaders—to determine what would be the best thing to do. Any decision we make on the hair will go through a long process of deliberation before we arrive at a decision.”

In any case, Wróblewski has rejected any suggestion that the hair be buried. “The era of the concentration camps is history. Fifty years from now, it will seem like Verdun or Waterloo. Certainly, we will have photographs and eyewitness testimonies, but the hair will remain the ultimate proof of what happened here.”

TWO COLORS

Blue herons on the pond.
So blue. Ashen-blue, almost white;
Not blue at all, really,
Not gray, not blue-gray—
Although you could say it—
But like ashes.
Blue by courtesy.

The American kestrel.
Rufous on its back—
A bar of that orange
That passes for red in the wild.
Tenné, in the language of chivalry—
Fox-red, tenné.

—DAVID MAMET

LATER that day, I visited Birkenau. Unlike the *Stammlager*, to which tour groups throng in the summer months, Birkenau, with its empty railway track, its endless lines of barbed-wire fencing, its mouldering wooden barracks, its ruined crematoriums, and its seemingly boundless vista of crumbling brick chimneys, lies virtually empty.

The track, which enters the camp through an archway in a brick reception building, lies on a new bed of crushed stone. The smell of fresh tar fills the air. The switch where the railway divides into three tracks is in working order. The triple set of tracks runs straight ahead for half a mile, flanked by high wire fences and primitive wooden watchtowers, with a women’s camp to the left and six camps, including a men’s camp, to the right. The line dead-ends abruptly at the far end of the camp. Here stand the ruins of Crematoriums II and III. The grass in the women’s camp had recently been cut, giving the rows of one-story brick barracks an almost suburban look. Only wooden doors hanging on broken hinges and an occasional shattered window betrayed the state of dilapidation within. The walls—whitewashed and graffiti-smeared—have grown moldy and the floorboards are rotting. Of three-hundred-odd wooden barracks that once housed Birkenau’s inmates, only eighteen remain. They stand in a single row, just to the right of the reception building, and provide visitors with a glimpse of the grim conditions of camp life. Each barrack has rows of wooden bunk beds. One structure consists of an enormous latrine with three hundred and sixty toilets. The buildings are in varying stages of repair: in one barrack, a large beam props a roof support that threatens to collapse; the barn-style doors of another have been knocked from their hinges. Halfway down the row, I find a bare foundation of freshly laid brick and two reconstructed chimneys still wrapped in plastic. A sign posted beside the foundation reads, “PRACSE KONSERWATORSKIE–RESTORATION WORKS.”

In the distance, a crew of four men, equipped with a scythe, a wooden pitchfork, shovels, and a hoe, are clearing brush, earth, and loose bricks from the foundation of a former barrack. The sound of their tools on the brick and concrete drifts vaguely across the camp. Small piles of recovered artifacts lie beside sites that have already been cleared.

From the barracks, I move farther into the camp, pressing through waist-high grass, occasionally climbing through breaks in the barbed-wire fences that mark the camp’s various “sectors.” Moving parallel to the railway line, I can see in the distance the ramp where well over a million men, women, and children passed before S.S. doctors for “selection”—where, on a cold night in March of 1943, Ernest Michel, nineteen years old, stood before Josef Mengele, who determined to be “fit,” and was dispatched to Auschwitz-Monowitz, five miles away, instead of to the gas chamber eight hundred yards down the track. The ramp, like the rail line, has been flawlessly restored. In the afternoon sun, the newly laid tan gravel glints like a seaside beach.

After forty-five minutes, I reach a deep, overgrown ditch and, beyond it,

"Trust me, Mort—no electronic-communications superhighway, no matter how vast and sophisticated, will ever replace the art of the schmooze."

another barbed-wire fence. The peaked roof of Crematorium III, which survived the destruction of the rest of the facility and now rests at an odd angle on top of the ruins, is visible through the thick brush. I walk along the fence until I find a breach where three strands of barbed wire have been cut away. I stumble into the ditch, climb up the other side, squeeze through the fence, on which are still mounted white ceramic spools for electrified wires, and enter the yard of Crematorium III. There is little to see here: piles of tumbled brick, broken concrete floors, subterranean rooms that can be entered through the breaks in the concrete. Iron beams that once supported the structure have recently been treated with a chemical to keep them from rusting; otherwise, the site remains untouched. To the left are the ruins of Crematorium II, and straight ahead, where the railway line ends, is the monument to the victims of Auschwitz. Here the nineteen granite plaques, stripped of their inscriptions, still stand, waiting for imperishable epitaphs once again to appear on their surfaces.

Beyond the monument, a five-minute walk through a small wood brings me to the far corner of Birkenau, where the *Sauna* was situated. In that facility, inmates not selected for the gas chambers were washed, had their heads shaved, and had their arms tattooed with numbers. This building is currently undergoing renovation. The metal delousing chambers have been sanded and repainted battleship gray, the windows replaced, the ceilings and walls repaired and repainted. Above one door, a sign in original Gothic script can still be made out: "HAARESCHNEIDERAUM"—the haircutting room.

Opposite the *Sauna* was the *Effektenlager*, a series of wooden warehouses that once held the personal effects of those who came to Auschwitz; it was known in camp parlance as Kanada, for the untold wealth it contained. Five days before the camp's liberation, Kanada was burned to the ground. Today, spoons, forks, scissors, combs, and other metal utensils, rusted and broken, still litter the earth.

After leaving Kanada, I pass through another wood and come to Crematorium IV. In October, 1944, the members of a *Sonderkommando*, a "special command" of inmates who manned the crematoriums, fearing that they themselves were scheduled for extermination, staged a revolt in which two S.S. guards were killed. In the course of the uprising, Crematorium IV was destroyed. Today, nothing remains of it except the brick foundation, the concrete floor, and some unidentifiable metal fixtures.

Just beyond the site of Crematorium IV, hidden by a stand of tall, elegant birch trees, is a small pond. It is a tranquil place, where in late summer frogs loll in the green algae on the surface, and overhead the leaves of the birches rustle in the wind. A half century ago, before the destruction of Crematorium IV, this pond served as a depository for the ashes and unburned bone fragments from the crematoriums' twelve ovens. Today, a sign identifies it as the Pond of Ashes.

Along the edge of the pond, where several wreaths with faded black ribbons float in the shallow water, white flecks are visible in the gray silt of the bottom. I reach into the water and bring up a dense, sticky mass of clay, enough to cover two fingers. It contains three small white fragments, bits of bones of human beings who were incinerated in coke-fired crematory ovens, and whose ashes were dumped by the wheelbarrow-load into the still waters of the pond.

I take a piece of bone the size of a matchstick between my fingers, and it crumbles. This is the truth of Birkenau, the ultimate challenge for those who work to "stabilize" the deterioration of brick and concrete, to retard the decay of wood and leather and paper, to check the advance of grass and weeds, to preserve memory by rebuilding a barrack or a selection ramp or a gas chamber, to reconstruct, both in our minds and before our eyes, this place of ultimate horror. The conservators and historians may well succeed in preserving both the evidence and the memory of the Holocaust, technology may check the corrosive effects of natural decay, vigilance and truth may hold the revisionists at bay, but nothing will arrest the process of deterioration in the Pond of Ashes. It may take another decade or another half century, but the time will come when this pond has erased all traces of these ashes, and then only the sign and the name and the memory will remain. ♦

LETTER FROM LONDON

THE MAGGIE YEARS

In case anyone has managed to forget how Margaret Thatcher defied all political odds to remake Britain in her own image, the former Prime Minister's new memoirs offer a chance to relive the eleven years of her remarkable rule—or at least to relive them her way.

BY JULIAN BARNES

A FEW years ago, an elderly friend of mine was being examined in a British hospital for possible brain damage. A psychiatrist catechized her patronizingly. "Can you tell me what day of the week it is?" "That's not important to me" came the cagey reply. "Well, can you tell me what season of the year it is?" "Of course I can." The doctor plodded on to his next tester. "And can you tell me who is the Prime Minister?" "Everyone knows *that*," my friend answered, half triumphant, half derisive. "It's Thatch."

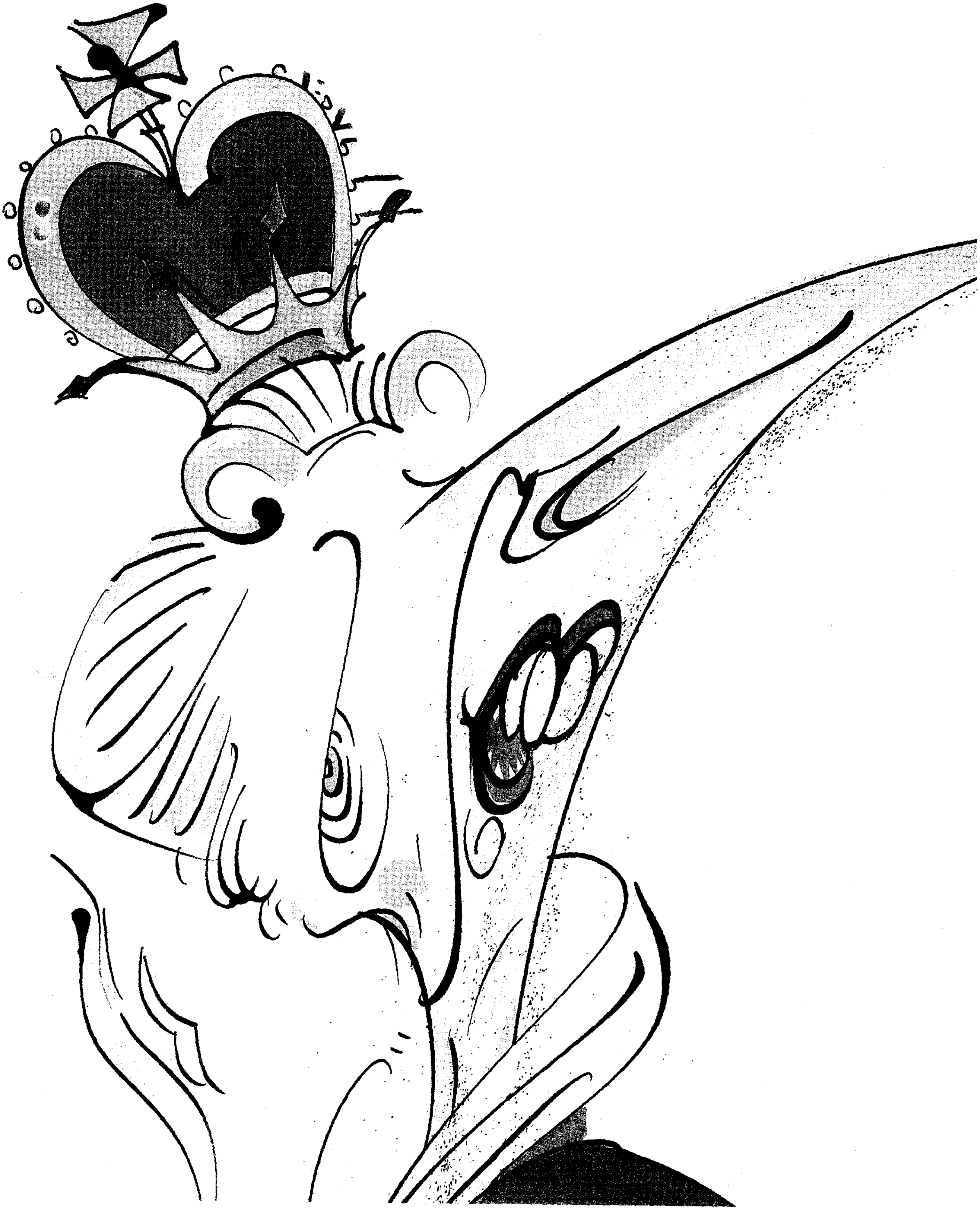
Everyone did indeed know, for more than eleven long years, that it was Thatch. No other Prime Minister in my lifetime has been always *there* to the extent that Margaret Thatcher was, in terms not just of longevity but also of intensity. She trained herself to sleep only four hours a night, and most mornings the nation awoke to a parade-ground snarl—to the news that it was an 'orrible shower and the instruction to double round the barracks again in full pack or else. Those who met her in private confirmed that she was just as powerful an eyeballer as on the parade ground. The poet Philip Larkin wrote of the moment when "I got the blue flash," going on to moan appreciatively to another correspondent, "What a blade of steel!" Alan Clark, a minor Tory minister and rakehell nob diarist, treasured a moment when "her blue eyes flashed" and "I got a full dose of personality compulsion, something of the *Führer Kontakt*." (He also noted her "very small feet and attractive—not bony—ankles in the 1940 style.") Even President Mitterrand, whom one might expect to be immune on both national and political grounds, can be heard succumbing to La Thatch in Jacques Attali's "Verbatim." "The eyes of Stalin, the voice of Marilyn Monroe," he muses in tranced paradox.

When Thatcher came to the Tory leadership, in 1975, it seemed as if she might be a brief and token phenomenon. She was of the Tory right, and British politics had for years shuffled between governments of the Tory left and the Labour right: little bits of tax-lowering and denationalization, on the one hand; little bits of tax-raising and renationalization, on the other. Worse, she was a woman: though both major parties had pachyderm prejudices against the species, it had always been assumed that the officially progressive Labour Party was the more likely party to put a woman at its head. Tory women, it was known, preferred men; and so did Tory men. Finally, there was Mrs. Thatcher's apparent suburban Englishness; it was confidently asserted that she would get no votes north of the Watford Gap (a motorway service area in the South Midlands). So her first election victory was put down to the temporary weakness of the Labour Party; her second to the knock-on effect of the Falklands War; her third to renewed Opposition-fissuring. That she was deprived of the chance of winning a fourth was due not to the Labour Party, still less to the Tory faithful in the country at large, but to a disgruntled Parliamentary Party, which decided (and only by a whisker) that she had passed her vote-by date.

Those who opposed her, who felt each day of her rule as a sort of political migraine, tended to make two fundamental miscalculations. The first was to treat her as some kind of political weirdo. This was understandable, since she was a Tory ideologue, and when had the Conservatives last been a party of ideology, of inflexible programs, of Holy Grail beliefs? What took years to sink in was the nasty truth that Mrs. Thatcher represented and successfully appealed to a strong and politically disregarded form of Englishness. To the liberal, the snobbish, the metropolitan, the cosmopolitan, she displayed a parochial, small-shopkeeper mentality, puritanical and Poujadiste, self-interested and xenophobic, half sceptred-isle nostalgia and half count-your-change bookkeeping. But to those who supported her she was a plain speaker, a clear and visionary thinker who embodied no-nonsense, stand-on-your-own-two-feet virtue, a patriot who saw that we had been living on borrowed time and borrowed money for far too long.

The second miscalculation was the assumption, made until quite late in the day, that what she was doing to the country could, and would, eventually be undone. This had always more or less happened in postwar politics: little pendulum swings to the left and then to the right along the years. Now, post-Thatcher, the pendulum continues to swing, but inside a clock that has been rehung on the wall at a completely different angle. Like many, I used to think that the official saturation of the country with market values was a reversible phenomenon; a little skin cancer perhaps, but no irradiation of the soul. I abandoned this belief—or hope—a few Christmases ago, and when I want an image of what Mrs. Thatcher has done to Britain I think of the carol singers. At the time she came to power, they would, as they always had, stand outside your house, sing a carol or two, then ring the bell and, if you answered, sing some more. Halfway through the rule of Thatch, I began noticing that they wouldn't bother to start singing until they had first rung the bell and checked that you were there to listen and pay

GERALD SCARFE



up. After she had been in power for about ten years, I opened the door one Christmas and peered out. There were two small boys some distance from the house already, unwilling to waste their time if they got a negative response. "Carols?" one of them asked, spreading his hands in a businesslike gesture, as if he had just acquired a job lot of tunes off the back of a lorry and could perhaps be persuaded to cut me in.

Mrs. Thatcher's achievements were, in political terms, remarkable. She showed that you could disregard the old pieties about consensus, whether intraparty or cross-party. You could govern the United Kingdom while effectively shrinking your M.P. base to a purely English party. You could survive while allowing unemployment to rise to levels previously thought politically untenable. You could politicize hitherto unpolitical public bodies, and force the holy principles of the market into areas of society presumed sacrosanct. You could sharply diminish union power and increase employer power. You could weaken the independence of local government by limiting its ability to raise money, and then, if it still bugged you, you could simply abolish it: London is now the only great city in the world without an elected metropolitan authority. You could make the rich richer and the poor poorer until you had restored the gap that existed at the end of the last century. You could do all this and, in the process, traumatize the Opposition: the presence since 1979 of a Tory Government that has been frequently unpopular yet ineluctably reëlected has driven the Labour Party steadily to the right, until it has abandoned much of what it believed in the seventies and presents itself now as the party of nice, caring capitalists, as distinct from nasty, uncaring ones. Even the unemployed have been traumatized, to the extent that at the last election (Thatcher-free but still fought around Thatcherism) they actually ended up voting in slightly higher proportion for the Tories than the previous time round.

MOVING

Like planning one's own funeral:
papers finally in their file,
change-of-address cards like a will

showing where everything should be going;
shut windows and the billowing
curtains that caught the breath of spring

folded like shrouds in the spiritless
coffins of labelled cardboard boxes;
boxes and boxes and more boxes

lined up on the lawn like gravestones,
then lifted groaningly into vans—
how could we bear to make such plans

if we didn't believe that purgatory
is waiting for us precisely where
our cartons will next see the air,

the sealed flaps opening like a pair
of French windows on another story?

—Mary Jo Salter

FROM the start, the prime appeal of Margaret Thatcher was her granitic certainty. Her "great virtue," Philip Larkin told an interviewer in 1979, "is saying that two and two makes four, which is as unpopular nowadays as it always has been." Later the same year, the poet elaborated: "I adore Mrs. Thatcher. At last politics makes sense to me, which it hasn't done since Stafford Cripps (I was very fond of him too). Recognizing that if you haven't got the money for something you can't have it—this is a concept that's vanished for many years." Politics, of course, is a matter of decimals, logarithms, and long division, but Mrs. Thatcher, by making parts of it appear simple, not only infuriated those who knew it to be more complicated but also cemented her support among the two-plus-two brigade. Thus, she loved to explain the nation's economic policy in terms of the domestic shopping basket. Budgetary squabbles with the E.C. were a matter of getting "them" to give "us" "our" money back. She loved polarizations into them and us. Also into good and evil: like Superman, the Iron Lady made the world easier to understand. She and Reagan took readings from the same moral graph.

One of the few genuinely comic moments in "Margaret Thatcher: The Downing Street Years" (HarperCollins; $30), the first volume of her memoirs, is a color photograph taken during a banquet at No. 10. The Prime Minister is banging out a speech while the President looks up at her with an expression of goofy awe. Underneath this official souvenir he has written, "Dear Margaret—As you can see, I agree with every word you are saying. I always do. Warmest friendship. Sincerely, Ron." During the Reagan-Thatcher years, local dreamers could imagine a reverse of the Kennedy-Macmillan era. Macmillan liked to portray the Atlantic alliance as the relationship of wise old Greece (Britain, in case you were wondering) to vigorous young Rome. For a while, at least, during Reagan's sleepy-senior-citizen act, Thatcher could pose as the dynamic ideas-merchant.

"Personally dominant, supremely self-confident, infuriatingly stubborn," Mrs. Thatcher "held a strange mixture of broad views and narrow prejudices." This is the summing up not of some vexed Labourite but of the normally unctuous Kenneth Baker, one of her Party chairmen. (Baker was once tipped for the succession, and his oiliness provoked the comment "I have seen the future and it smirks.") She made up her mind, kept to it, spoke it, and repeated it verbatim for as long as necessary. In "The Downing Street Years" she dismisses the hapless John Nott, Defense Minister during the Falklands War, with the neutering line "His vice was second thoughts." None of them for Maggie. Larkin was once invited to a dinner party at the house of the historian Hugh Thomas, and recorded her combative and unself-questioning manner: "Watching her was like watching a top class tennis-player; no 'uh-huh, well, what do other people think about that,' just bang back over the net." Since the other guests included Isaiah Berlin, V. S. Naipaul, Tom Stoppard, Mario Vargas Llosa, J. H. Plumb, V. S. Pritchett, Anthony Powell, Stephen Spender, Anthony Quinton, and A. Alvarez, this was quite tony company to play tennis in. But then Mrs. Thatcher was no more snob-struck by "vain intellectuals," as she characterizes the breed in her book, than by Tory toffs. There was an early move in her premiership to present her as a P.M. who liked a workout on the ideas mat with a few top brains—the historian Paul Johnson was one such scrimmager—but it does not seem to have lasted long. Certainly none of the above names even makes it into the index of "The Downing Street Years": you can have "Berlin disco bomb" but not "Berlin, Isaiah."

Indeed, the subject of the arts occupies a whole two pages here, and one of those is spent describing Mrs. Thatcher's heroic but thwarted attempt to bring the Thyssen art collection to Britain. ("It was not only a great treasure but a good investment," she typically notes.) Where other Prime Ministers—however truly or hypocritically—like to maintain that the arts are a decoration, if not actually an additive, to life, with Mrs. Thatcher they do not enter the equation: if you have that sort of spare time, you aren't doing your job as P.M. She remembers Macmillan telling a group of young M.P.s that "prime ministers (not having a department of their own) have plenty of spare time for reading," and adds, "He recommended Disraeli and Trollope. I have sometimes wondered if he was joking." He almost certainly wasn't, and it's significant that John Major, who has gone back to the Macmillan "easy listening" style of premiership, also claims Trollope as his favorite writer—indeed, is a member of the Trollope Society. (The fact that the novelist was scathing about politicians, and especially about Tories, doesn't seem to bother modern Conservatives.) Mrs. Thatcher, by contrast, cites as her favorite reading "thrillers by Frederick Forsyth and John le Carré." This is probably just as well. The sight of Mrs. Thatcher pretending to like art would not be for the squeamish.

Far better is her unfeigned response on the occasion when Kingsley Amis presented her at No. 10 with an autographed copy of his novel "Russian Hide-and-Seek." "What's it about?" she asked him. "Well," he explained, "in a way it's about a future Britain under Russian occupation." "Huh!" she cried. "Can't you do any better than that? Get yourself another crystal ball!" This put-down ("unfair as well as unanswerable," Amis noted) failed to decrease the novelist's devotion to the Prime Minister. In his memoirs he calls her "one of the best-looking women I had ever met" and adds this recherché compliment to her allure: "This quality is so extreme that, allied to her well-known photogenic quality, it can trap me for split seconds into thinking I am looking at a science-fiction illustration of some time ago showing the beautiful girl who has become President of the Solar Federation in the year 2220." More routinely, Amis admits that Mrs. Thatcher has replaced the Queen as the woman he dreams about most; once, she even drew him aside and came closer and mur-

"Wasn't it Neil Diamond who cried, 'I am, I said, to no one there'?"

mured lovingly, "You've got such an *interesting* face." Well, she may make his dreams, but, no, he doesn't make her index, either. Nor, for that matter, does the name of a British subject sentenced to death by a foreign power during her premiership. You would think this might have caused some offense to the notions of British sovereignty, honor, and independence that bray out like trumpet cadenzas from these pages. Bad luck, Citizen Rushdie.

Those high concepts are, by contrast, regularly invoked when it comes to one of the central events of Mrs. Thatcher's premiership: the Falklands War of 1982. Her account of it has a novel clarity: history with little nuance or complication, whether political or moral. The Argentine invasion of the islands was completely unforeseeable (she set up a royal commission afterward which confirmed it, so that's that); the British were defending "our honour as a nation," while our wider duty was to insure that Aggression did not Succeed, and that international law be not flouted. But the war also sprang from—and celebrated—Mrs. Thatcher's nature, and her resolution. When the Argentine fleet set off to invade the Falklands, the second-thoughting Defense Minister gave her the feeble official view that, once seized, the islands could not be retaken. "This was terrible, and totally unacceptable. I could not believe it: these were our people, our islands. I said instantly: 'if they are invaded, we have got to get them back.' " What was the alternative? "That a common or garden dictator should rule over the Queen's subjects and prevail by fraud and violence? Not while I was Prime Minister." She has to kick a few peaceniks into line, including her Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, who shows wobbliness and a disproportionate interest in diplomatic solutions; and she is willing to threaten resignation to get her way with the War Cabinet. Staunch support comes from Caspar Weinberger, Laurens van der Post, and François Mitterrand (who had, of course, his own postcolonial aggravations); but it is, essentially, Maggie versus the Argies. At one point, she is down on her knees at Chequers measuring territorial waters on naval charts with the Attorney General. Eventually, "the freedom, justice and democracy which the Falkland Islanders had enjoyed for so long" are returned to them. "I do not think I have ever lived so tensely or intensely as during the whole of that time," she writes.

MUCH of this is comic-strip simplification. The Falklands, with its depressed company-store economy, tiny population, and militarily insufficient runway, held no interest for the British except perhaps among philatelists. We had been trying to unload the islands for decades, and Mrs. Thatcher's right-wing soul mate Nicholas Ridley even advanced a "lease back" solution with the Argentines, which effectively handed over sovereignty. This was thrown out by the House of Commons; but still, in classic schoolyard fashion, we did not really want, or think about wanting, the islands until someone else did. Hence the war sweetly characterized by Borges—a "vain intellectual" living under a "common or garden dictator"—as "two bald men fighting over a comb." Nor was Mrs. Thatcher at all in the valiant isolation she now chooses to describe. The House of Commons fell immediately and noisily behind the Prime Minister, not least after a key intervention she fails to acknowledge: that of Michael Foot, old-socialist leader of the Labour Party and, in his own words, an "inveterate peacemonger," who came out for war. So did most of the nation: the British are still a bellicose race, and they rather like

"Every time Mother speaks, Howard, you join in and finish her sentences in unison with her. She would appreciate it if you didn't do that."

FASTER
MADISON

fighting, preferably by themselves and in a good-versus-evil struggle as sketched by the Prime Minister. For once, something was happening out there, the TV pictures were good, and xenophobia could be indulged.

Mrs. Thatcher, with her shopping-basket view of the world, likes to assure us that she does her sums. But it's odd that she doesn't mention the basic statistic of the war. One thousand eight hundred islanders were liberated from the Argentines (who brought not torture and death but color TV sets to cheer the crofters' firesides), at a cost of just over a thousand deaths, two hundred and fifty-five of them British, plus countless modern maimings. Try doing the sum on a different war: imagine that the reinvasion of France in 1944 had cost twenty-three million lives, six million of them Allied. Would we rejoice so much and praise our leaders? Freedom is indivisible, politicians like to say, but, of course, it isn't; on the contrary, it falls into strict categories. It was lucky for the islanders that they were white, just as it was lucky for the Kuwaitis that they exported oil rather than Turkish delight. Nor was the aftermath of liberation much like Paris in 1944. The British soldiers who reoccupied the islands were unimpressed by the Falklanders, whom they nicknamed "Bennies," after a notoriously dim character in a TV soap. An official order had to be put out instructing the troops not to use this insulting term. Shortly afterward, they took to referring to the locals as "Stills." A mystified officer asked a soldier to explain this new sobriquet. "Because they're still Bennies, sir," came the magnificent reply. Today, the Falkland Islanders are no nearer the hearts of the British than before; a political solution has been endlessly deferred; and the enlarged airstrip, which we once couldn't afford, has now been built, to the ultimate benefit of the Argentines. Were the islands worth a single death, or even the money the expedition cost? Before hostilities began, Macmillan advised Mrs. Thatcher to keep the Treasury out of things (ironic counsel, since it was Macmillan as Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of Suez who helped pull the plug on that campaign). So this was to be a No Expense Spared War. And what did it cost? All we find in "The Downing Street Years" is bland mumblings: "It was a remarkable testament to the soundness of public finances by this stage that we managed to pay for the Falklands War out of the Contingency Reserve without a penny of extra taxation and with barely a tremor in the financial markets." Another example of good housekeeping, then. In fact, the cost of the campaign, plus that of securing the Falklands to the end of the eighties, was upwards of two million pounds per islander. High price for a comb.

All this, though, is politically irrelevant. However impressive the feat of arms, its true and lasting significance for the British was as a domestic metaphor. Politics has a presiding rhetoric of "fighting and winning," which we citizens are rarely able to compute when it comes to matters of trade balance and interest rates. And when we can compute it—as with "the battle against unemployment" or "the fight against crime"—we always seem to be losing. So a clear and televised success in war (especially when for years your soldiers have not been getting a result in Northern Ireland) encourages the belief that other problems are equally soluble, other victories assured, and that Mrs. Thatcher is "a winner." Hence subsequent chapters of "The Downing Street Years" are called "Disarming the Left" and "Mr Scargill's Insurrection." (Mr. Scargill was not a guerrilla leader in the Yorkshire dales but a trade-union leader.) And hence the explicit linkage Mrs. Thatcher made immediately after the war in a speech in Cheltenham: "We have ceased to be a nation in retreat. We have instead a newfound confidence—born in the economic battles at home and tested and found true 8000 miles away." In her view, "without any prompting from us, people saw the connection between the resolution we had shown in economic policy and that demonstrated in the handling of the Falklands crisis." "People," here, as elsewhere in the book, is not a generic term referring to the British but a specific term denoting those who supported Mrs. Thatcher. Her vision is ruthlessly monocular.

She can see, for instance, that she was the most fêted and fetishized of modern Prime Ministers but not that she was also the most loathed. She was loathed in a personal as well as in a political way, since her perceived character—domineering, mean-spirited, divisive, unheeding—seemed to inform and infect her policies. That character is amply on display here. She is contemptuous of Tory wets and Tory grandees. She is contemptuous of the Tory tradition that she supplanted, referring at one point to the "thirty-year experiment" of "socialism" in postwar Britain: as far as one can follow her chronology, this clearly includes the Conservative governments of Heath, Douglas-Home, Macmillan, and Eden, and possibly that of Churchill. Special spite is reserved for two of her main adjutants, Nigel Lawson and Geoffrey Howe, neither of whom could finally stomach her. Howe's resignation speech prompted a challenge to her leadership, which in her judgment entails that "from this point on [he] would be remembered not for his staunchness as Chancellor, nor for his skilful diplomacy as Foreign Secretary, but for this final act of bile and treachery." And she explains, "The very brilliance with which he wielded the dagger ensured that the character he assassinated was in the end his own." As for the real Opposition, try this for superciliousness: "Mr. Kinnock, in all his years as Opposition leader, never let me down. Right to the end, he struck every wrong note."

Monocularity at home, cecity abroad. Alan Clark reports a comment that Mrs. Thatcher made to the civil servant Frank Cooper two years after she had been made leader of the Opposition. "Must I do all this international stuff?" she asked, and when he replied, "You can't avoid it," she pulled a face. Cooper also recalled that "during that period she and [Cooper] had met Reagan and Carter, and she was *astonished* at how stupid they were. 'Can they really dispose of all that power?' etc." She grew to enjoy motorcade acclaim, of course, and the banquets chez Mitterrand, while never seeming to suspect that when you are applauded in Eastern Europe it does not necessarily mean more than a public snub to the local leaders. She is sure that "the beliefs and policies which I . . . pioneered in Britain" have helped "to remould world affairs." She cannot conceive that the Falklands expedition might be viewed elsewhere not as an early start on the new world order but as the last twitch of an imperial past. She is much happier with distant sheikhs than with European democrats. She imagines that her obstructive, nagging, bullying attitude to Europe was taken as a sign that Britain was walking tall once more. She thinks that if you insult people you gain their respect.

In a TV series made to coincide with the publication of "The Downing Street Years," she came up with the following subtly graded observation: "There's a great strand of equity and fairness in the British people: this is our characteristic. There's not a great strand of equity or fairness in Europe—they're out to get as much as they can. That's one of those enormous differences." For the bicentennial of the French Revolution—whose "abstract ideas," she notes, were "formulated by vain intellectuals"—she gave an interview to *Le Monde* from which she proudly quotes: "Human rights did not begin with the French Revolution . . . [they] really stem from a mixture of Judaism and Christianity . . . [we English] had 1688, our quiet revolution, where Parliament exerted its will over the King . . . it was not the sort of Revolution that France's was. . . . 'Liberty, equality, fraternity'—they forgot obligations and duties I think. And then of course the fraternity went missing for a long time." How strange that all those foreigners out there still harp on 1789, rather than 1688, as a symbolic date. But how equally strange that the English revolution Mrs. Thatcher chooses to cite is that of 1688 rather than the much more famous one earlier in the century, which also led to Parliament's exerting its will over the King, though in a somewhat different way—by cutting off his head, just as they were to do in France. *Le Monde*, as if humoring the deranged, headlined its interview " 'LES DROITS DE L'HOMME N'ONT PAS COMMENCÉ EN FRANCE,' NOUS DÉCLARE MME. THATCHER."

"THE DOWNING STREET YEARS" is not, of course, a "book" in the normal sense of the word. Top politicians generally have an arm's-length acquaintance with their own language: they only truly mean what other people help them say. A speech needs speechwriters (Mrs. Thatcher used the dramatist Ronald Millar and the novelist Ferdinand Mount, thereby perhaps according "vain intellectuals" their true employment); and a book needs bookwriters—ghosts, researchers, anecdote-trufflers, document-sifters, prose-scrubbers. This shouldn't strike us as either shocking or dishonest. Mrs. Thatcher's book is of a piece with her rule, a justification and continuation of it, as well as a means of making various jolly millions of pounds. It is authentic in its public pomposities, its regurgitated speeches and documents, its bulging acronyms. It is authentic, too, in its coy sartorial annotations—"I had worn a simple cotton dress and flat shoes to visit the refugee camp"—and glutinous domestic dues-paying: "Being prime minister is a lonely job. In a sense, it ought to be: you cannot lead from the crowd. But with Denis there I was never alone. What a man. What a husband. What a friend."

Finally, it is authentic in being a work of colossal, if unsurprising, vanity. Over the decade or more of her rule, Mrs. Thatcher went from Prime Ministerial to Presidential to regal—a progression that was marked both in her language (growing use of the royal plural) and in her frocks. Her later official garments, for such outings as the Lord Mayor's Banquet, increasingly conjured up references to Queen Elizabeth—the First, that is, the powerful one, not the mere Second. Yet while settling the great affairs of state for us she was also the nation's unsleeping monitor, who could not abide a dirty fingernail: "Every time I came back from some spotlessly maintained foreign city my staff and the then Secretary of State for the Environment knew that they could expect a stiff lecture on the litter-strewn streets of parts of London." Reality does not always break in (otherwise, a connection between the state of the streets and the abolition of the Greater London Council might have occurred), but the performance in the book is of a piece with Mrs. Thatcher's performance in real life. In that respect, "The Downing Street Years" is perfectly honest. It also has the sort of relentless presence that her premiership had. Every so often, you have to shake your head and remind yourself that just because a book is heavy this doesn't make it history. Indeed, even among ardent Thatcherites there are different gospels. When the Prime Minister is taking advice from her colleagues during that leadership election of 1990, the procession of traitors and hypocrites is momentarily enlivened by the arrival of Alan Clark. Mrs. Thatcher records:

> Even melodramas have intervals, even *Macbeth* has the porter's scene. I now had a short talk with Alan Clark, Minister of State at the Ministry of Defence, and a gallant friend, who came round to lift my spirits with the encouraging advice that I should fight on at all costs. Unfortunately he went on to argue that I should fight on even though I was bound to lose because it was better to go out in a blaze of glorious defeat than to go gentle into that good night. Since I had no particular fondness for Wagnerian endings, this lifted my spirits only briefly. But I was glad to have someone unambiguously on my side even in defeat.

Here is Alan Clark's account of the meeting, from his "Diaries":

> I went down the stairs and rejoined the group outside her door. After a bit Peter said, "I can just fit you in now—but only for a split second, mind."
>
> She looked calm, almost beautiful. "Ah, Alan . . ."
>
> "You're in a jam."
>
> "I know that."
>
> "They're all telling you not to stand, aren't they?"
>
> "I'm going to stand. I have issued a statement."
>
> "That's wonderful. That's heroic. But the Party will let you down."
>
> "I am a fighter."
>
> "Fight, then. Fight right to the end, a third ballot if you need to. But you lose."
>
> There was quite a little pause.
>
> "It'd be so terrible if Michael [Heseltine] won. He would undo everything I have fought for."
>
> "But what a way to go! Unbeaten in three elections, never rejected by the people. Brought down by nonentities!"
>
> "But Michael . . . as *Prime Minister*."
>
> "Who the fuck's Michael? No one. Nothing. He won't last six months. I doubt if he'd even win the Election. Your place in history is towering . . ."
>
> Outside, people were doing that maddening trick of opening and shutting the door, at shorter and shorter intervals.
>
> "Alan, it's been so good of you to come in and see me . . ."

Mrs. Thatcher creates a comic interlude, ponderously narrated, in which she demonstrates statesmanlike gravitas. Clark sketches a tragic episode, lightly told, in which he is the passionate truth-teller. It's hard not to prefer Clark's version, even if it is just as self-serving. (Look, I'm the sort of chap who isn't afraid to say "fuck" in front of Maggie.) Future historians will not be able to avoid the Thatcher memoirs, any more than those who lived under her for so long could avoid her glowering, lowering presence. Had she been more of a Trollopian, she might have known to give the "The Downing Street Years" its rightful, inescapable subtitle: "She Knew She Was Right." ♦

STORYBOARD • BY EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

DOORMEN

One weekday afternoon in the nineteen-twenties, two schoolboys started to enter an apartment house on upper Park Avenue but were halted by the doorman. Whom did they wish to see, he wanted to know. They named a name, and explained that they were calling on a classmate of theirs at the Lincoln School (a noted private, progressive academy on Morningside Heights). The sixth- or seventh-grade boys had come from a Central Park playground and had a sweaty, scruffy look. The lordly keeper regarded their scuffed shoes and drooping knickerbockers with distaste. "And who shall I announce?" he asked.

"Vanderbilt—Sandy Vanderbilt," piped the first lad. (Sanderson Vanderbilt, grown up, became a reporter with the *Herald Tribune* and, still later, an editor and a writer for this magazine.)

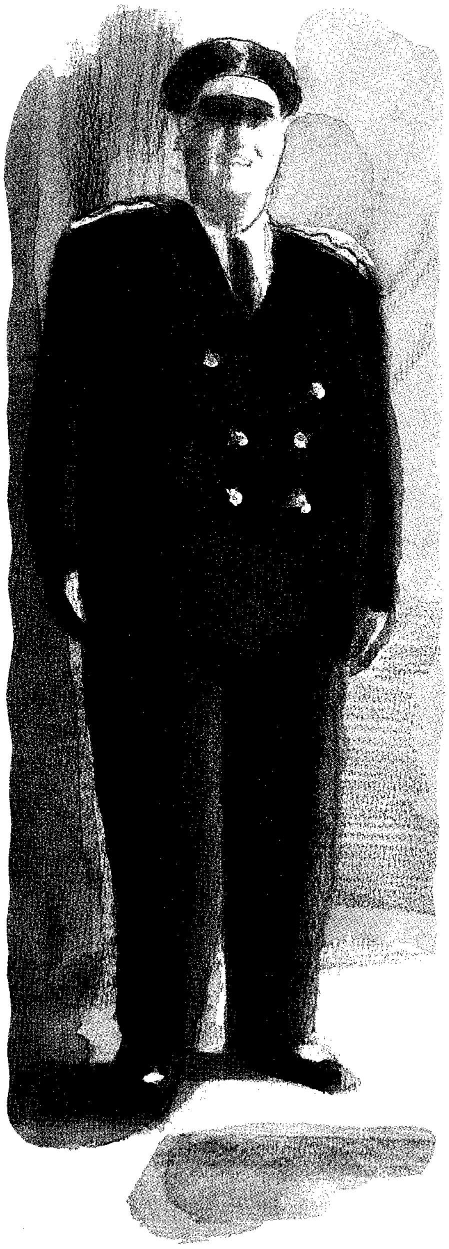
"Rockefeller—Nelson Rockefeller," said the once-and-future governor and Veep. "R-o-c-k—"

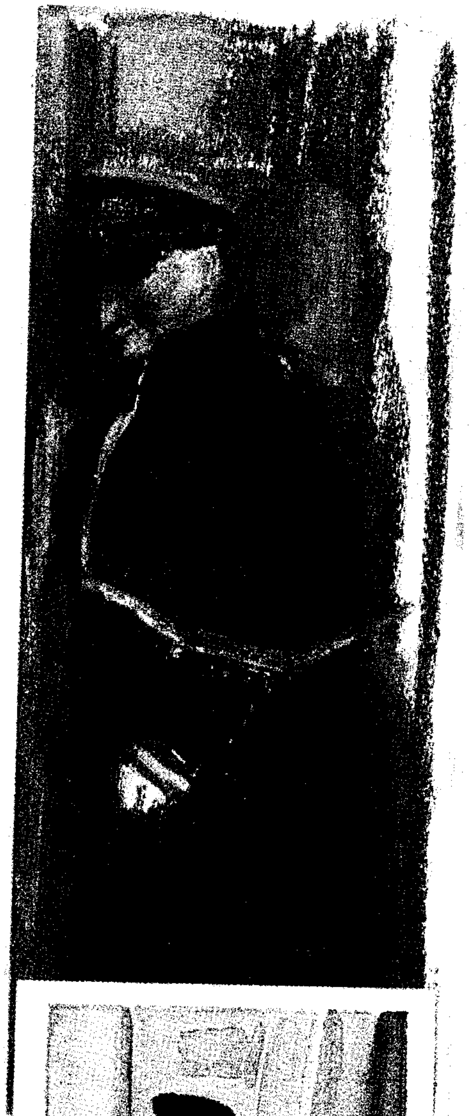
"Out!" cried the doorman, pointing a godlike finger in the general direction of Queens. "Out! Out!"

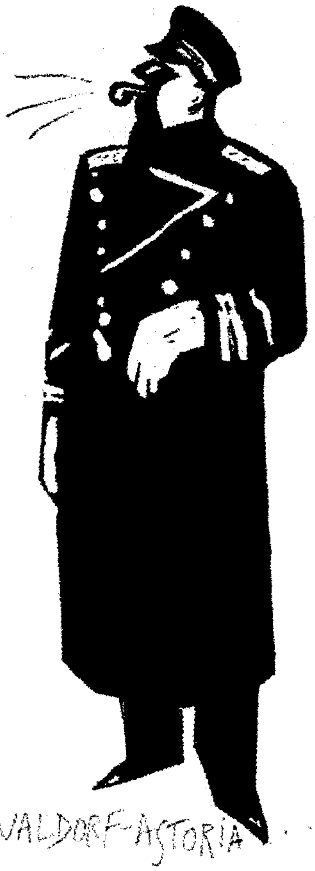
It wouldn't happen today. The golden era of New York doormen—doormen as grandees, as keepers of the social order, doormen as Praetorian Guards—has long since passed, and up and down Park Avenue and West End and the better side streets they have become friendly, democratic, and informal. You see them on Sunday evenings as they lend a hand with the unloading of another weekend station wagon, walking into the lobby with a cat carrier under one arm and a soccer ball under the other. It's better this way, I suppose, but something has clearly been lost.

Eugène Mihaesco, a relative newcomer to such New York ephemera, has sensed and summarized all this, and brilliantly resolves the dilemma with his panoply of *hotel* doormen—guardians of famous hostelries, and notable surviving exemplars of their ancient profession. He has caught them in season, which is to say in autumn, wearing their massive greatcoats, complete with capes and fourragères and Balkan-field-officer headgear. Was this vast duster once aboard a colonel-general at Austerlitz? Did those rich buttons briefly catch the eye of the doomed young prince before Mayerling? Did not these selfsame epaulets glitter at the Imperial Ball while the Princess Flavia waltzed with the dashing and courageous impostor, Rudolf Rassendyll? Who is to say they did not? Passing one of these great men on foot, we repress a salute and indulge an old dream: "The Daimler, Otto." He nods and tweets, scattering pigeons, and summons up a battered yellow cab, piloted by a Punjabi. Only in New York.

—Roger Angell







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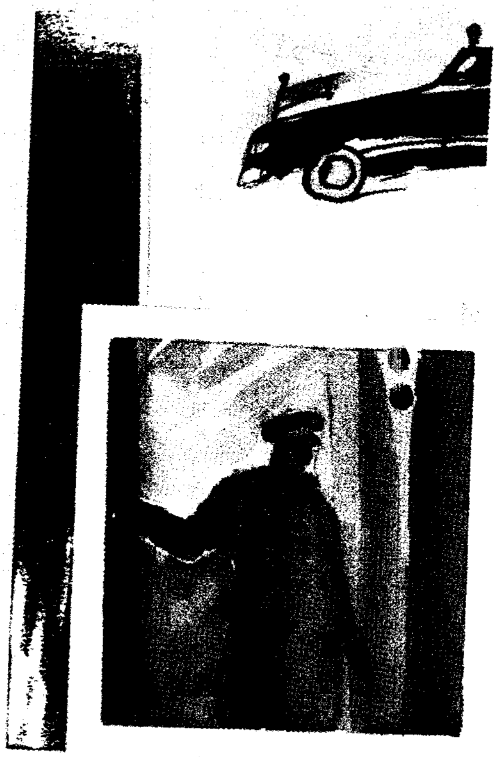

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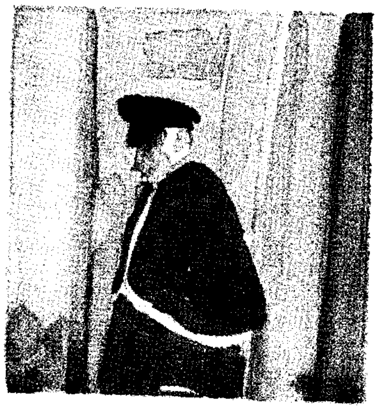

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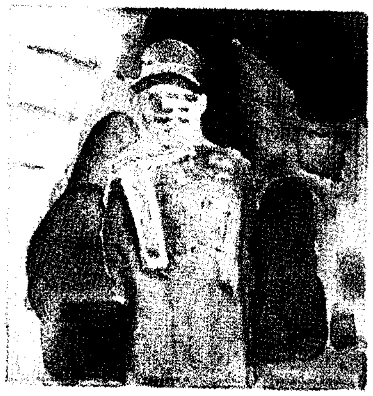

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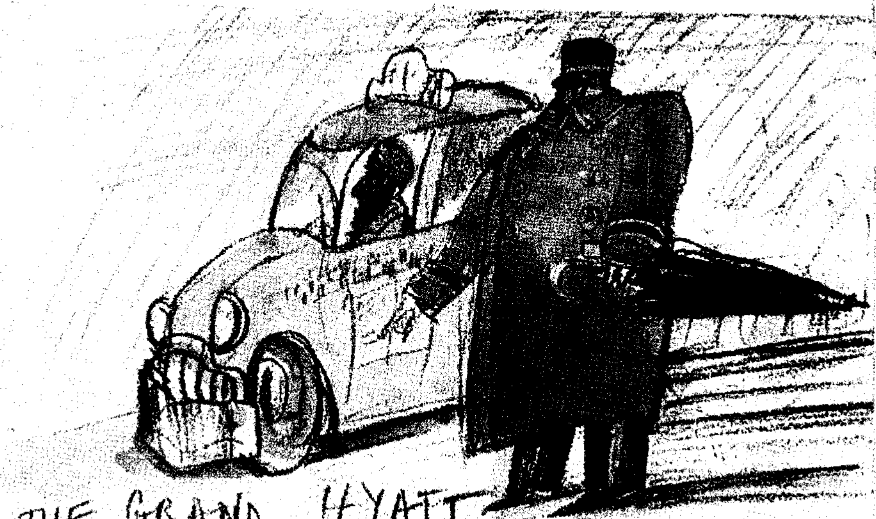

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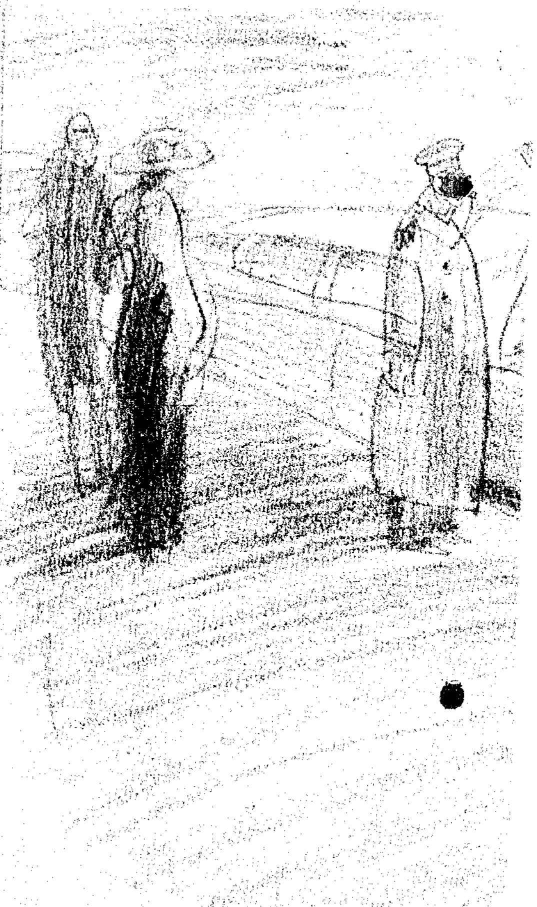

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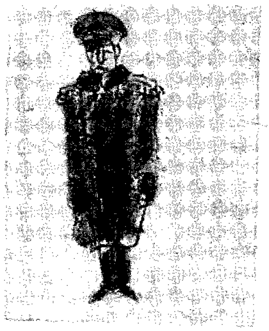


THE SHERRY-NETHERLAND

THE CARLYLE

THE HELMSLEY CARLTON HOUSE

FICTION

HOBER

BY ALAN STERNBERG

Superior Mufflers was on Sharpe Avenue, not far from the Mobil gasoline-storage tanks. The tanks fronted Thayer Street, which ran from I-91 to the rail yard by the old Helio Thread plant, where last week there had been a gang-related drive-by shooting. According to Hober's girlfriend, dragons hung around there—she claimed the city turned into Camelot in the middle of the night. A castle appeared downtown, she said, next to the Kennedy public-housing project.

Hober's son was suspended from school again—he had thrown a cigarette at a teacher—and Hober was getting the news a day late, over the phone, and looking out the rear windows of the office. The fuel tanks were indistinct because it was snowing. "In the forehead?" he said. He turned and saw that Blunschi, who specialized in finding muffler parts at discount, was smirking at him. "Today doesn't count," Hober said. "It's a holiday. If he's got three days off for bad behavior, that's Friday, Monday, and Tuesday. . . . I don't know, next time I see him. You guys should've blasted him one already. If he pulls something like that he should be too scared to come into the house." Hober's voice was hoarse; he'd caught a virus. He was talking to Raylene, his ex-wife.

He and Blunschi had expected the call to be someone cancelling a repair. The snow had been falling since early morning. Now the roads were bad. It was Veterans Day. So far, six of the twelve jobs scheduled for the afternoon had been called off; people didn't want to drive their cars in. Blunschi and Hober owned Superior Mufflers, along with Joe Callebas.

Hober went out into the sound-deadened air at noon and wiped the snow from his windshield. There was no sign of plowing or sanding on Sharpe Avenue. Across from the muffler shop was Bess Eaton Donuts, which seemed to be hosting a convention of four-wheel-drive pickup trucks. If the storm kept up, snowmobiles would be out later, when it was dark—there were quite a few in town, considering that the place was almost entirely covered with buildings and asphalt and hadn't had a serious winter in five years.

Hober's girlfriend, Tracy Robards, who was a nurse at Community Hospital, had rented "Camelot" in August from Video Kid. Seeing it for the first time in twenty-five years, she had laughed and had danced around her apartment to the music. "Loopy!" she kept yelling. "This movie is loopy!" In September, the other nurses on Three West had signed her up for the Fall Makeover Lottery—part of the hospital auxiliary's annual fashion show. Her name was picked in the drawing, and after the fashion show and the photo display on the cafeteria bulletin board, Tracy went over to Westfarms Mall in Farmington and to Ann Taylor in New Haven and bought all the clothes the consultant had selected for her. She spent twenty-four hundred dollars and had to cancel a trip to Martinique she had planned for February with two nursing friends. After hanging up the clothes and putting the new shoes away, Tracy was extremely unhappy. That lasted several weeks. These days, she was still disproportionately angry about the hair style Modern Mode had given her, but otherwise seemed all right. Hober liked her hair. He thought it looked as if she had stuck her finger in an electric-light socket.

Hober drove to Thorpe Street, halted his Subaru in front of his grandparents' house, and began to clear their sidewalk with the muffler shop's plastic-bladed shovel. He coughed occasionally, and as he bent and stood it felt as if a load of wet cement were shifting around inside his head. The houses here were about a hundred years old. There were large maples between the street and the walk, and their roots had tilted a number of the slates. The air was full of snow. Hober wore a blue mechanic's jacket, zipped to the neck against the weather, matching blue pants, and a knit cap of highway-safety orange. The jacket had a trim cut. Hober was five feet seven and thin, and his movements, except when he was fumbling for a Kleenex, were birdlike or military.

"Stu wrecked his car," he said to his grandparents at lunch. There was no other family news he wanted to pass along. He was eating soup. Stu was his older brother, and the accident was an embarrassment: Stu taught driver education at Kroeber State Technical School. Also, he had been drunk. Hober didn't go into that. For that matter, he wasn't sure that Henry and Renee Fleury, his maternal grandparents, knew that Stu's wife had moved out in August. "He was backing out of Cumberland Farms and got hit by a Stop & Shop truck," he said. "Failure to grant right-of-way."

Conversation about Hober's business had to be kept brief and vague, although Henry Fleury, a retired silver-factory executive, always asked about it with interest. Superior Mufflers survived on what Hober called "the catalytic-converter sector." There was no easy way for Hober to explain to his grandfather that he and his partners were willing to weld muffler pipe closer to the converters than the Midas shops were willing to risk. A small business such as Superior was less likely to be inspected by the state; it was able to underbid. Word got around. Also, Hober had worked for the Highway Department and for DeLorea Construction, and Blunschi had been a mechanic at DeLorea; they knew people. They got to do a lot of general repairs on city vehicles and on the construction and maintenance trucks DeLorea leased to the state.

"There are so many cars and so many bays to put them in," Hober said.

When Renee, his grandmother, issued her usual request for Ricky to visit, Hober explained that the boy was in trouble and wouldn't be socializing for a while. Ricky, who was twelve, almost never came to see the Fleurys.

Henry asked, "Do you think he'd come if I said I had a hole in my head?"

"What?"

"I was sick on this day in 1918. Exactly. The first Armistice. My father took my mastoid bone out."

Hober had never heard anything about a mastoid bone. After a minute Henry bent his bald head forward. He reached over the table and took Hober's hand and placed it behind his right ear. There was a pouch there. The skin was as wrinkled and soft as old felt. The dining room had tall windows with lace curtains that were almost transparent, and now the gray day entered the room. Hober felt ill and thickheaded—going from the sharp air outside to the warm, stuffy interior of the house was a rough transition for someone with a ripe, early cold. His left index finger was fishhooked half an inch into his grandfather's skull. The heat coming from Henry's head surprised Hober; it was partly the contrast with his cold hands, but he also thought of the hot skin of a baby—Henry was practically as bald. After a moment, Hober began to think more clearly—clearly enough, at least, to know that he wanted a cigarette. And he couldn't have one until he left.

"This was before antibiotics," Henry said, sitting up.

After a moment Hober felt behind his own ear, touching a bone that was like the curving earpiece of a pair of glasses.

"At the end of World War I, the swine flu killed twenty million people in four months," Henry said. "That's twice as many as the war killed in four years. I was eight years old. I got it in November. Then I developed some kind of secondary infection, probably bacterial. My father thought the bone was involved. The bone's porous. If the infection goes through that to the brain, it kills you."

Henry explained what had happened. Many doctors and nurses had fallen ill during the flu epidemic. His father, Arthur Fleury, was in bed at the time with a high fever. He waited for two days, then decided that if he waited any longer he might be too ill to perform the operation or Henry too weak to survive it. He took his son to the office, put him under with ether, and sawed out the mastoid bone on the morning of the Armistice.

"My father went home to bed around noon," Henry went on. "He had to push his way through the people who were dancing in the streets. Other people were shooting guns off. I went to the St. Regis rectory on a stretcher. It didn't matter if you were Catholic or Protestant by then—all the hospital beds were full. There was an infirmary set up at the high school, but that was full, too. I was at the rectory with six or seven others. There was no morphine. I wanted to sleep, but the church was next door and they were ringing the bell all day long to celebrate the Armistice. Every time the bell rang, I thought my head was going to explode."

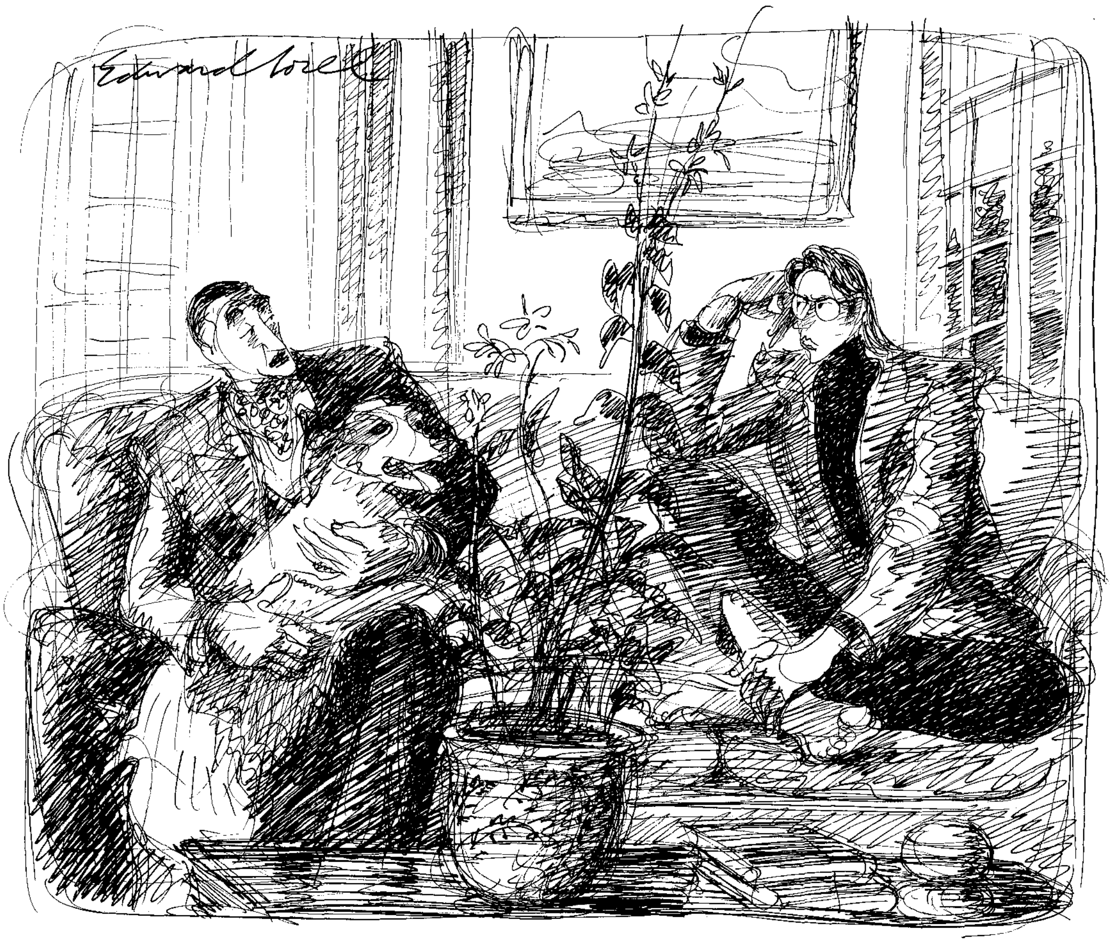
Henry's only sibling, George, a younger brother, had died of pneumonia in 1915, which meant that on that Armistice Day Arthur Fleury was facing the prospect that he might soon be childless. As it turned out, Arthur died the following week, and Henry was left fatherless.

Renee, who had grown up in Springfield, Massachusetts, said that her sister, Elizabeth Willis, aged six, had died of the flu on November 8, 1918, three days before Arthur saved Henry's life.

"I've got to get back to work," Hober said. He tried, a little groggily, to remember how Henry had got onto this subject, which was so far from what they usually talked about that they might have been discussing Martians. Hober also wondered if there was some message involved, such as that he and Ricky weren't living up to their ancestors.

"Sit down," Henry told him.

LATER that afternoon, Hober was on the phone, telling Nancy Ortek to pick up her car at four-thirty instead of three-thirty. Nancy was a nurse-practitioner at MedServ. Everyone in the shop knew her; their health insurance required them to go there. Also, she was a friend of Tracy's. Hober had started work on Nancy's muffler, but then Blunschi had taken over because Hober's



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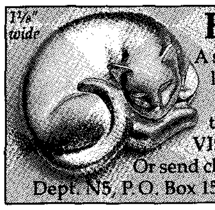

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head was bothering him. Three more jobs had been cancelled. It was a slow afternoon. Blunschi was taking his time with Nancy's Honda, and now he had gone across the street for coffee.

Shortly after hanging up, Hober got a call from George DeLorea, of DeLorea Construction, who wanted him to drive a snowplow all night. The storm hadn't ended at noon, as predicted. "The city's caught with its pants down," DeLorea said. "I want to make some money out of this."

Hober worked Saturdays—partners at Superior Mufflers put in six-day weeks. The rule about calling in sick, as defined by Callebas, was that you could do it if you were dead. Callebas and Hober and Blunschi rarely took vacation days, either. They referred to this as the "Jap approach." Hober didn't want to drive a plow all night and then work all day Friday and then from seven to noon on Saturday. On the other hand, he owed DeLorea, who once had given him a job and now sent regular business to the shop, and he owed Joe Venturi, the city highway superintendent. "If Joe's that desperate, tell him to call me himself," he said. It was the same as giving in.

Superior Mufflers sat diagonally on its lot. Once it had been Krasner Oil. In the rear corner of the lot was Hober's brother's Camry, its back side severely crumpled from its collision with the Stop & Shop truck. Beyond the fence to the west was a three-decker house of the sort Blunschi called a "Polish battleship." Two little Hispanic girls lived there. Earlier, they had been outside, in matching pink snowsuits, building a pair of snowmen by the sidewalk. A group of older kids, off school for the holiday and walking back from the mall, had stopped later on and had molested the snowmen in some way.

Around three-thirty, Tracy called to see what Hober was doing for dinner, and Hober ended up relating what Henry Fleury had told him. "So if my great-grandfather hadn't de-boned Henry," he said, "I wouldn't be here, either."

"I don't know," Tracy told him. "That stuff gets confusing. Maybe a quarter of you wouldn't be here, and three-quarters would. One-quarter would be different."

"I'd own one-quarter less than one-third of the muffler shop."

In Hober's thirty-seven years—or the thirty or so when he might have been capable of understanding family history—he had never visited his grandfather on November 11th. Henry had kept track. Neither had Stu or any of the Fleurys' other four grandchildren. Grandchildren were spread from Boston to Seattle; there was little chance any would be here in Connecticut, let alone at Thorpe Street, on Veterans Day. It wasn't a holiday when people travelled long distances to visit. Hober didn't visit the Fleurys except to shovel snow or to mow the grass, and it rarely snowed in early November. As Hober was leaving after lunch, Henry had tried to lend him a book, and Hober had grumbled, "Give it to Stu. He's the family schoolmarm." Before putting it back, his grandfather had pointed out a few things in the volume (it was Paul Fussell's "The Great War and Modern Memory"), including references to the sarcastic songs sung by the soldiers in the trenches, who quickly had realized they were sacrificial parts in a huge machine whose only purpose was wholesale death. On one occasion, Henry said, a British battalion attacked with eight hundred men, and the next day only eighty were left. The phrases "over the top," "rank and file," and "no man's land," and the trenchcoat, and the current uses of the words "lousy" and "crummy," and the creation of daylight-saving time, and widespread cigarette smoking, and the regular use of wristwatches all dated from the war. Then the flu had come along.

Hober had the flu himself, it turned out. When Nancy Ortek came to get her car, she put her hand against his forehead, then shoved him into one of the four plastic chairs lined up against the panelled wall of the office and waiting room. She got one of the muffler shop's greasy flashlights and shone it in his mouth and ears. "There's a little fever," she said. "Go home to bed. You're producing a lot of fluid."

"Snot," Hober told Callebas. "She means snot."

Shortly after that, Nancy got into an argument with Blunschi. Blunschi had removed the catalytic converter from her Accord. He said the car was so beat up that she'd have to scrap it long before its next emissions test.

"You're turning me into a crook!" she yelled.

"That car won't last six months. You want to send it to the junk yard with a

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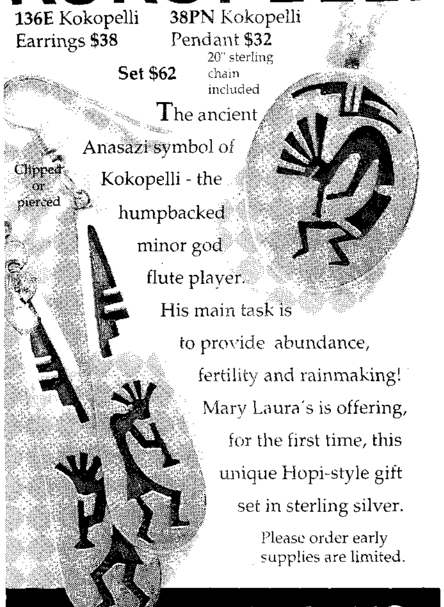

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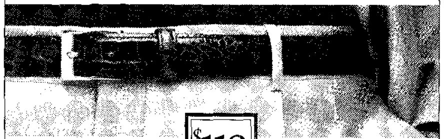

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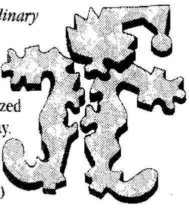

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new converter and a lot of new pipe?"

"You could've been legal. I would've paid."

"You remind me of Margaret in 'Dennis the Menace,' " Blunschi said angrily. "Follow the rules. Be a good boy. Don't smoke in the boys' room. *I'm telling.*" Blunschi returned to the garage to take the car off the lift.

"He doesn't do that for everybody," Hober said. He was making out the bill.

"I hate stuff like that."

"Well, that's what makes the world go round around here."

"Why do people say that? '*That's what makes the world go round.*' They make it sound like the world actually works."

"This isn't like murdering somebody," Hober told her. "He's helping you out. It wasn't worth the money."

"He's trying to get me into trouble."

"What do you think's going to happen? Someone's going to keep you after school? He's right—you *do* sound like Margaret in 'Dennis the Menace.' "

A few minutes later, Hober and Blunschi went out into the snow to see Nancy off. Blunschi followed as far as the street. "You criminal!" he yelled as she drove off. "Felon! I'm calling the cops!" Something about the snowmen next door distracted him, and he went to take a closer look. "That's nice," he said when he came back. "One says 'Fuck' and the other says 'You.' Across the chests in gravel."

"I don't think the little girls did that."

When they returned to the office, Callebas had just picked up the phone. He handed the receiver to Hober. It was Venturi, the highway superintendent. "Where's your loyalty to the goddam city?" Venturi asked. "I got three of my drivers deer hunting in New Hampshire. I can't even get in touch with them."

That wasn't all. Venturi went on to say that the city Purchasing Department had waited until the new fiscal quarter began in October before ordering plows for five new trucks that had been delivered over the summer. The plows hadn't arrived.

Hober agreed to plow snow with one of DeLorea's Macks, starting at seven-thirty.

THERE was a standard local physique. A number of men around town stashed their excess weight high on the torso—at mid-chest and around the

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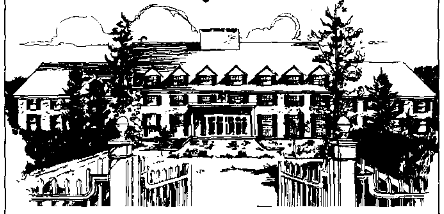

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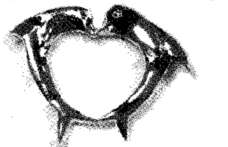

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shoulder blades. They might have had inner tubes grafted below the armpits. Tracy said they looked like Michelin men with half the air sucked out of them. The buttocks were apt to be small—comparatively, anyway. Hober saw a silhouette like that as he was driving home—it was stumping along Sharpe Avenue through the gloom by the long-abandoned Bantam Specialty Steel mill, and it took an instant for him to realize it was his brother.

There was a mini-plaza in front of the factory, with a dry cleaner's, a pizzeria, and a QuikMart, and Hober veered toward the parking lot. Once he was out of the two ruts that served for westbound traffic, the car suddenly took a more oblique line than he had intended; he twisted the wheel farther to the right, and the rear of the car swung around, hopped the curb, and hit a light pole.

Hober turned off the engine. He noticed that his pulse was thudding dully—it sounded as if somewhere inside the factory a large machine were still stamping out metal sheets. Dark had fallen and headlights were on; snowflakes came down like Styrofoam packing pellets. The car had ricocheted a couple of feet from the pole and was more or less sideways to the road. Three wheels were on the sidewalk. Hober blew his nose and watched through the windshield as a woman dashed from the dry cleaner's across the road to a car she'd left in the Kentucky Fried Chicken lot. She paused for a moment and stared at Hober's Subaru with openmouthed, impersonal curiosity, as if it were something on television, then went on, splashing in the gutter.

When Stu rapped on the window, Hober looked at him balefully and threw open the door. The air was full of snow.

"What the hell was that all about? I *thought* that was you."

"How'd you like it?" Hober asked.

"It was great. This bunch of cars goes by and then suddenly one of them breaks out of line, heads off at an angle, and smashes into a pole."

"If you didn't look like a goddam werewolf, I wouldn't've recognized you and this never would have happened," Hober said.

"What'd you stop for?"

"Because you're such a basket case. If I see you wandering around in the middle of a snowstorm, I figure there's some kind of problem."

The left-rear fender was crumpled against the tire, which had gone flat. Hober supposed he could pry out the metal with the crowbar he kept in his trunk, then crawl around in the slush and put on the spare, but something cockeyed about the way the car was sitting made him realize there was no point—he'd bent the axle or the wheel hub when he banged against the curb.

Stu was wearing an Oakland Raiders windbreaker. His hair and shoulders were covered with wet snow. He said he'd just visited the cash machine at Home Dime.

"You couldn't take the driver's-ed car?"

"I'm not pushing my luck." Stu was allowed to bring the driver's-ed Chevy home from his job at Kroeber Tech, but he wasn't supposed to use it for personal business.

Stu had been lucky Tuesday night—he hadn't been injured or killed, despite being clobbered by the Stop & Shop tractor-trailer. Also, the cop who had showed up to deal with the accident was a friend of his, Larry Wisch, who didn't administer the test obviously called for. While it wasn't a good thing for a driver's-ed teacher to cause an accident, it was a disaster if he was charged with D.W.I.

From a pay phone by the rest rooms in Greek God Pizza, Hober called the muffler shop. No answer—Blunschi and Callebas had gone. Hober studied the nicks in the panelling of the telephone nook. Along with the usual obscenities, he saw "Tigres" and "Hood Boyzz," the names of local gangs. After a minute he made another call and ordered a tow truck from Dominic Cavullo at Mid-State Garage. Then he reached Tracy at home and asked her to drive over. "We'll have to eat here," he said. "Then I need a ride across town." They had planned to have dinner at her apartment, but DeLorea's equipment yard was over on the west side, and there wasn't time.

After hanging up, he went into the main part of the restaurant. There were no other customers. The couple who ran the place had colonized the booth by the counter; a small TV was there, tuned to a "Happy Days" episode—no one watching—and several plastic toys lay on the padded bench. A toddler banged around in the aisle with a stroller while his mother mowed at the red carpet with a

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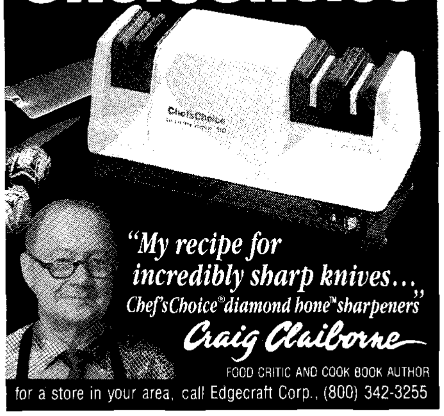
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vacuum cleaner. Hober, his head awash, felt acutely the season and the hour: November probably the ugliest month of the year, early evening the time of sitcom reruns and roaring appliances. He had the sense that everyone else in the city was either comfortably home or on his way home, happily avoiding the kind of foul-up that had just happened to him. He ordered a large pepperoni pizza and joined Stu in a booth by the window.

"You better stick around for a while," he said. "I've got to leave in forty minutes. If the tow truck doesn't come by then, you can be here when it shows up. This is your goddam fault anyway." With his sleeve, he swabbed rheumily at the mist on the window. He was looking for Cavullo.

"What's the story with the Fleurys?" Stu asked. "They said they saw you this afternoon. They practically ordered me to come to dinner. They're not usually like that. There's stuff I'd rather do with my evenings."

"Like what? The Lamplighter Lounge?"

This was a fairly crude reference to the collapse of Stu's marriage. The Lamplighter Lounge, out on the Franey Turnpike, reputedly was jammed on weekends with fiftyish divorcées with bouffant hairdos and men the same age wearing sports jackets over shirts unbuttoned down to the navel.

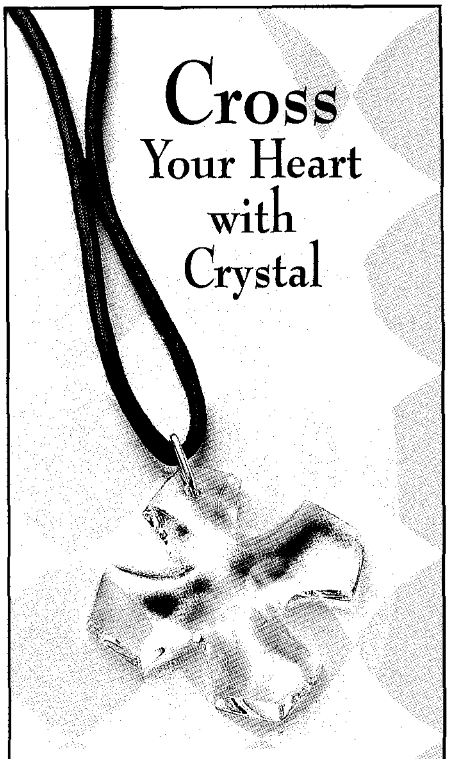
"Shut up," Stu told him. He was looking out the window. Then he turned and said, "That looks great."

Hober had a balled-up Kleenex rammed into one nostril. He lit a cigarette, taking care to keep the flame away from the Kleenex. Over the next few minutes the two brothers filled the air with smoke.

Hober said, "The old guy's going to talk your ear off. I've never seen him like that. He wanted the little porker to visit, but I told him the little porker's grounded. He got suspended again."

"The little porker came over Sunday night when it was pouring," Stu said. "He was using one of his schoolbooks for an umbrella. 'Adventures in Reading.' Is that why he's in trouble? He was holding it on top of his head. It was a great idea—the thing's the size of home plate. But I bet the pages swelled up like pancakes."

Ricky often came by Stu's because he had free rein with Stu's television. There was more competition at home from Ricky's mother, Raylene, and from her husband, Jeff Paquette. They lived on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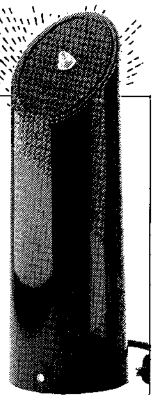

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the other side of Cote Hill from Stu.

"Little porker threw his cigarette at a teacher in the main hall of Grasso Junior High," Hober said.

"Lit?"

"Probably. Raylene didn't say the guy was burned—just insulted. But it was probably lit."

After twenty minutes, Hober saw flashing lights through the window, and he and Stu went outside. Dominic Cavullo had sent his son, Jimmy, who was thin and wore nothing against the snow but a white T-shirt. The truck was old and green, and said "Mid-State Garage" in gold letters on the main span of the derrick. When the Subaru had been hoisted, Hober told Jimmy through the open window of the cab, "Dump it at the shop, next to Fuckhead here's Camry."

"Maybe we should shoot for three in a row," Stu said as Jimmy drove off down Sharpe Avenue. "Get the Fleurys to wreck their Model T, or whatever it is they're driving these days."

"You're a barrel of laughs."

Stu hulked around on the sidewalk, throwing snowballs at the light pole and at the Dumpster in the corner of the lot, by the convenience store. "You know the little porker's textbook?" he asked. "I didn't know they still did that. I remember when we were kids they used to call everything 'adventure' this, 'adventure' that. Anything really boring, it was an adventure. 'Adventures in Reading,' 'Adventures in Mathematics.' I think I was twenty-five before I figured out 'adventure' didn't mean 'boring.' "

Hober heaved a snowball toward a mailbox on the next corner, but it fell short. The traffic along Sharpe Avenue was heavy and moving slowly.

"I don't mind paying money if somebody'll get off his butt and actually fix my car," Stu said. "You guys don't usually do bodywork. If you're too busy, just say so, and I'll take it somewhere else. I got insurance."

"You won't get no skim job if you do that," Hober told him. "Be patient. We'll get around to it, charge four thousand, spend three thousand, split the difference. Where the hell's Tracy?"

"Probably cracked up. Why'd you ask her to drive in this stuff?"

Hober was getting fed up with his brother. "Do me a favor," he said. "When you're done with dinner at the old-folks home over there, shovel the sidewalk. How come I'm the only one who ever helps those guys out? I already did it once today. Where the hell were you? You had the day off. You work for the goddam *state*."

Hober was repeating an epithet often heard when he'd worked for DeLorea Construction. Callebas still used it whenever events at the muffler shop got on his nerves. "Screw this," he'd say. "I'm gonna work for the *state*."

A few minutes later a silver Passat pulled into the lot, and Tracy got out. Stu said hello and ended up coming inside for a slice of pizza before walking over to the Fleurys' for dinner.

DeLorea was right: the city was caught with its pants down. As Hober banged around that evening in the beat-up truck DeLorea had given him, the dashboard C.B.-radio scanner often stopped on the Highway Department band, otherwise known as the "snow channel," or, after Venturi's nickname during storms, the "Little Miss Snowflake Channel." Policemen, nettled by the numerous accidents and by the nuisance of skidding and wallowing around in the glop, showed up at the city garage one after another, demanding snow tires. Their cruisers weren't prepared for winter. That delayed repairs to a plow Venturi had been counting on, which had a broken oil pump. Later the cops wanted chains, and some of the chains didn't fit. Meanwhile, the construction-company drivers radioed in questions about plowing routes, and even some of the Highway Department regulars weren't sure where they were going. Photocopied maps had been given out, but they were small and hard to read in the half-lit cabs of the trucks. Nothing could be done about parked cars, because the city's winter-towing ordinance didn't take effect until November 15th.

Hober's truck didn't steer well, the heater put out rancid, stale air, and the rumbling of the plow seemed to go straight through his swollen sinuses to the bones in his cheeks. DeLorea had five Macks and G.M.C.s on the road, and was driving the oldest of the G.M.C.s himself. Contractors used older equipment for plowing because plowing caused a lot of wear and tear. Hober was familiar with his route—it was in the northeast section of the city—and that was a help. Through the windshield, the world looked light and insubstantial, and when he sneezed his head ballooned in and out and the thirteen tons around him briefly turned weightless. He and the truck floated like two snowflakes among millions of others.

When he turned down Thorpe Street, shortly before midnight, he couldn't tell whether Stu had shovelled out the Fleurys, but it was clear someone would have to excavate them again in the morning. Several cars were parked along the curb, and Hober sluiced them in snow as if he were packing trench walls around bodies. Then he saw snow puffs drifting from the white willow tree in the Fleurys' side yard. He had mowed the lawn a couple of years ago on Memorial Day, and remembered the tree spewing its seed in the breeze as if there were a summer blizzard. Henry and Renee had come back from the cemetery as he was finishing—probably they'd been visiting Arthur's grave. Renee was holding a trowel and an empty pot she'd used for transporting flowers. The snowflakes now veering before the windshield were huge and sparse. The storm finally ended at twelve-thirty; there was a foot on the ground.

FOR some time in the patter of police calls there was discussion, with occasional angry comments from Venturi, about an accident between a plow and a snowmobile, no injuries. It was around one in the morning. The phrase "plow and snowmobile, no injuries" came over the radio several times and degenerated in Hober's mind into "cheese and pepperoni, no mushrooms," which he repeated nonsensically, as if it were the chorus to a song.

"You better get over here," DeLorea told him eventually, on the company channel. "Corner of Cote and Iris." Hober thought it had to do with one of DeLorea's trucks.

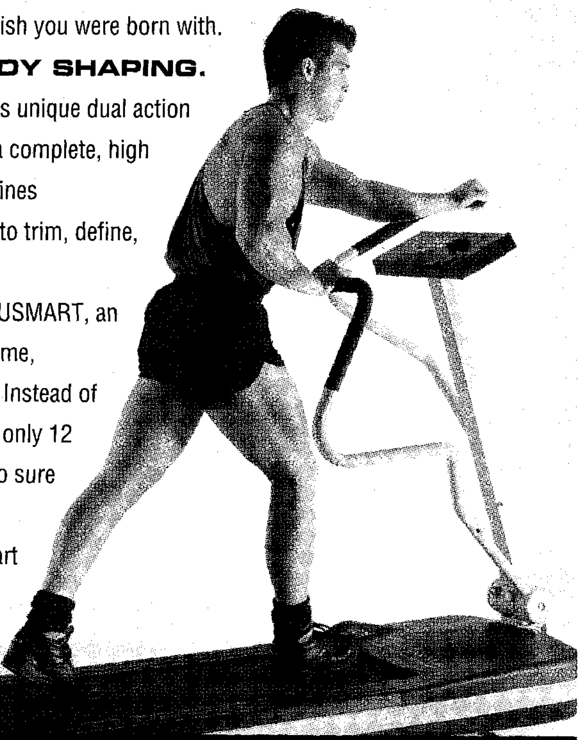
There was a collection of twinkling lights atop Cote Hill: blue and a firecrackerish pink from two police cruisers, red and white from an ambulance, yellow from Venturi's battered Highway Department Plymouth. DeLorea's truck was parked at the curb, and Doug Muencher's G.M.C., evidently the truck that had been in the accident, sat diagonally in the front yard of the house at the southeast corner. It looked odd there. Cote Hill Road ran along the crest of the hill, while Iris went steeply up one side and down the other.

When Hober climbed down from his Mack, Muencher came over. He was a beefy man in a down vest. "That kid, he was spinning around in the snow," he said. A policemen came over to give Muencher a drunk-driving test, and then Venturi walked up and began to yell at the officer about snowmobiles. "I complain about this every year! You guys never do nothing! I'm surprised this didn't happen ten times already!"

"Listen, Little Miss Snowflake," the cop said. "We're as tired as you are. Shut up."

He asked Muencher if he had slowed for the intersection. "No," Muencher said. "You think I'm crazy? There's no stop sign. It's one o'clock in the morning. I've got five hundred pounds of snow on the plow. If I slip off somewhere and get stuck at the top of that hill, I'll be there the rest of the night."

Venturi asked, "For Christ's sake, did



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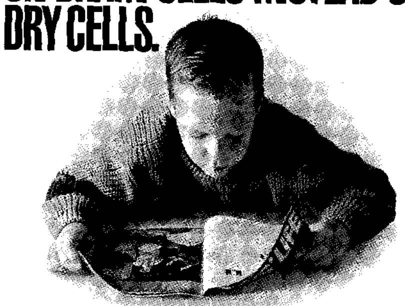

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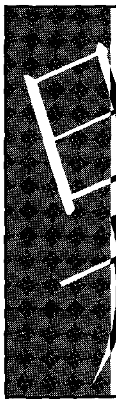

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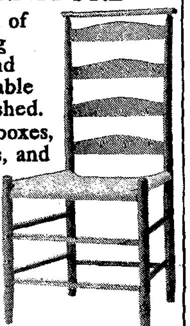

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the kid slow down? *He's* got a stop sign. He's not even legal. Who lets his kid do something like that at one o'clock in the morning?"

Hober suddenly understood why he'd been called. He let the three men argue and looked around until he located the snowmobile. It was lodged sideways in a hedge on the far side of the next yard down on Cote Hill Road. A policeman was looking at it, along with a man wearing pajamas, a bathrobe, and galoshes—apparently the homeowner. It turned out he was the one who had identified Ricky. He had called him "the Paquette kid," and when Muencher had reported this to DeLorea, DeLorea had radioed Hober. Now Hober got close enough to the snowmobile to see that it looked like Stu's old red Polaris. He didn't know what kind of snowmobile Jeff Paquette owned. There was no sign of Ricky.

"Where is he?" he asked when Muencher was done with the drunk-driving test.

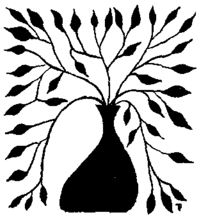
"He took off."

"Did he hit the truck?"

"Naw, he'd be dead then. I swerved, and I think he bounced off the snow in front of the plow. He must've been going thirty or forty. He went through that yard there and hit that bush and got bucked off. Snowmobile kept going. I went over to see if he was all right, and he was spinning around in the snow. After about thirty seconds he stops and looks up at me and says, 'Shit.' Then he tries to run away. I grab him, but he keeps trying to get loose. After the guy told me who he was, I just let him go. He was a chubby kid. Big butt."

"Jesus Christ almighty," Hober said.

"I guess I called the ambulance for nothing."



Hober spoke to the two policemen. He said he'd visit the Paquettes. Ricky's last name wasn't Paquette, but Hober didn't go into that. As he climbed back into his truck, DeLorea came up and asked if Muencher could take it over. Muencher's truck wasn't damaged, but the police wanted it to stay put until they were done with their investigation. DeLorea didn't want two plows off the clock if he could help it. Hober ended up getting a ride from Venturi to Sand Trap Lane, where the Paquettes lived.

After Venturi dropped him off, Hober rang the bell until Jeff Paquette woke up and let him in. They found Ricky in bed with a swollen wrist. Wet clothes were heaped on the floor.

"You think you were going to get away with this?" Paquette yelled, taking a few roundhouse swings as the boy struggled to get out of the blankets.

"Shit!" Ricky yelled. "Cut it out!"

Paquette was wearing an undershirt that hung loosely over his potbelly, and blue boxer shorts. He was in his mid-thirties and worked at the Mohr traprock quarry. He had a tattoo of a snake on his left forearm. He said Ricky had sneaked out—he wasn't supposed to leave the house until his school suspension was over, the following Wednesday. Once Raylene had got up, it was decided that Hober would borrow Raylene's Toyota and take Ricky to the emergency room on the way to the police station. The boy's wrist was very swollen, and Raylene thought it might be broken.

"You're a complete fucking moron," Hober told Stu over the phone while Ricky got dressed. "That kid was grounded."

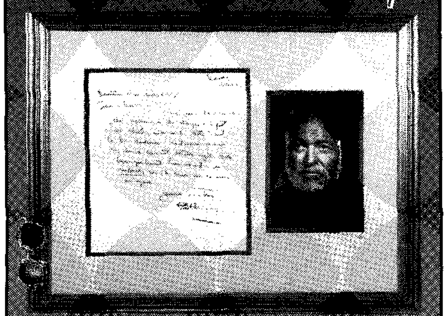
"I forgot," Stu said. "I was beginning to wonder if I should call someone. The deal was he'd be back by midnight. I figured it was just the usual thing—he was on the other side of town or he made it to the golf course or he was halfway to Massachusetts."

As Hober followed the boy down the front steps, he turned and told Raylene he'd phone from the hospital.

"Just bring him back," she said. She wore a bathrobe. She appeared angry with Stu, but Hober told her Stu hadn't known there was a problem. Ricky had borrowed Stu's Polaris once or twice before, and the Paquettes hadn't objected.

When the door was shut, Hober turned and saw his son sitting in the snow that covered the sidewalk. Suddenly Ricky keeled over onto his side and began to make a paddling motion with his hands and feet. It looked like something a mechanical toy or a frustrated cat might do. He had snow all over his clothes and face and didn't seem to notice. Hober waded in, clubbing at him, trying to get him to stop. "What the hell's wrong with you?" he yelled. The chubby body spun with remarkable force—arresting it was like trying to tackle a pig. Hober got clipped

Ernest Hemingway



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across the shins and knocked half over, and he braced himself by sinking one hand into the fresh snow on the lawn. The grass at the bottom felt brittle and strange. By now the boy had halted and was struggling to sit up. "Fuck," he said, staring at his wrist.

Hober hauled him to his feet and propelled him toward the car. Along the way, he beat the snow off the back of his son's coat. A few minutes later, when they halted at the intersection of Iris and Cote Hill Road, Hober pointed at the stop sign and asked, "Ever seen one of those before?" Then he hit the boy so hard that his palm and fingers, only now recovering from the snow, went numb again. It was a slap rather than a punch, and Ricky's head banged against the passenger-side window. "Don't say nothing," Hober told him. "Don't say a word."

They turned from Sharpe Avenue onto Main, past a small Veterans Day reviewing stand that had been set up next to the war monuments. It held a number of metal folding chairs whose seats were covered with snow. No one had bothered to remove them. Then they turned onto Trencher and came to the hospital.

HOBER met Tracy and Stu the next day at noon, at McDonald's. The sun ricocheted off the snow and blasted from windshields in the parking lot. The temperature was in the fifties. Hober and Stu needed to discuss what to tell the cops, and Tracy was there because Hober needed to borrow her car—he was supposed to drive Ricky over to see Youth Officer Ronald Jagowicz at one-fifteen. Hober's Subaru was still out of commission. He had returned Raylene's Toyota on the way to work.

Raylene had picked up Ricky at ten-thirty in the morning, when he was released from the hospital. He had been kept there overnight for observation. He had started spinning in circles again in the emergency room, at two-thirty in the morning, while the doctor was examining him; the doctor and Hober had broken the boy's fall from the examining table to the floor as best they could. The physician told Hober the spinning was a symptom of a concussion—a rare one. Apparently, it was caused by swelling in the part of the brain that controlled basic body movements. The boy wasn't really conscious when he had a spell like that. He wasn't exactly unconscious, either.

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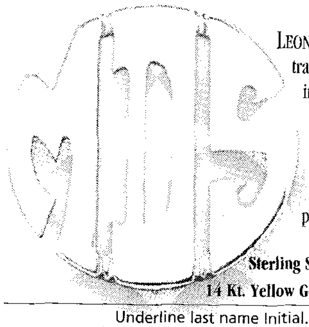

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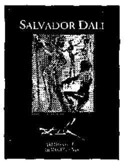

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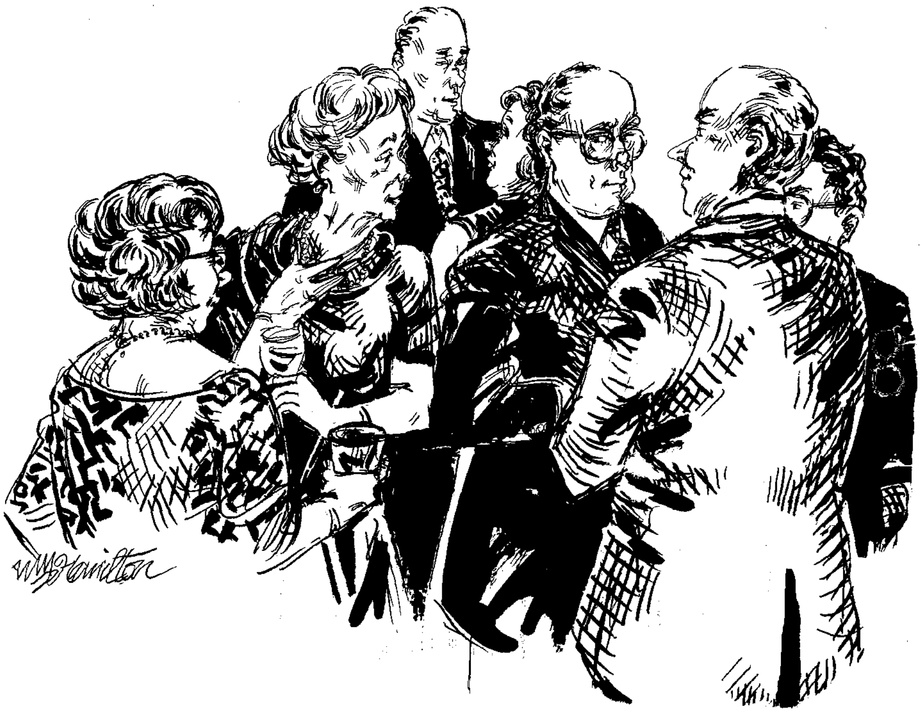

"Darling, spotting Todd Mason dressed as a woman—was that at the Palio in Siena or the Day of the Dead in Oaxaca?"

• •

He couldn't keep himself from doing it.

A neurologist was called in, and later Hober saw two nurses strap his son into a bed in the children's ward on the fourth floor. He lay plumply under the green blanket and white sheet, and immediately fell asleep. A nurse was going to wake him up every hour or so to make sure he hadn't blacked out. They didn't want to give him any painkilling drugs because of the concussion. The neurologist said there might be more spinning episodes, although they probably would cease as the swelling receded. Ricky wore a plastic removable cast; he had a broken bone in his wrist.

While Ricky was visiting Youth Officer Jagowicz in the afternoon, Hober would see the desk sergeant, Raymond DeFrances, who would book him on a charge of third-degree assault. The E.R. physician had reported him for child abuse. That was after Hober, hearing that the boy had a concussion, had remarked, "I guess I shouldn't have smacked him one on the way to the hospital." The doctor said that if Hober had hit his son with a baseball bat it might have been worse. Otherwise, it was hard to imagine anything more abusive than giving a boy who had a concussion a hard slap on the side of the head.

Sergeant DeFrances was on Hober's side. When Hober had phoned that morning to arrange things, DeFrances told him it was unlikely the police would press charges. "If my kid pulled something like that," he said, "I'd knock his head clean off."

McDonald's was a few hundred yards down Sharpe Avenue from Superior Mufflers. An electric carillon in the Pentecostal church beyond the Video Kid was playing an irritating midday collection of hymns, and the notes tinkled through the window of the corner booth where they were sitting. Then a truck full of Domino's Pizza ingredients backfired as it halted in the traffic outside the restaurant, and Hober and Stu and Tracy jumped. The intense blue of the sky seemed to increase Hober's headache. He kept holding his paper coffee cup against his eyebrows and cheekbones.

"This family's really gone downhill," Stu said. "We got a doctor in our ancestry. I never knew that. Henry was the vice-president of a company, Mom and Dad were teacher-administrator hacks." Hober's parents had retired two years ago and moved to Vermont; his father had been head of the high-school guidance department, and his mother had been curriculum supervisor for the city's el-

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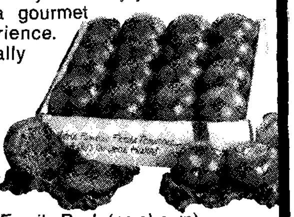

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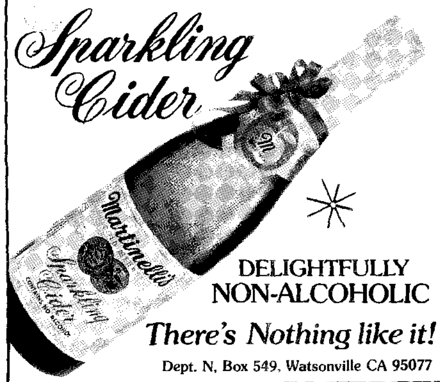

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ementary schools. "I'm a driver-ed teacher who's asking to get fired, you're a grease monkey, and your kid's headed straight for prison."

"I'm part owner of a company," Hober said with irritation.

"Your grandfather's old company—you know, that's completely gone," Tracy said. "I was thinking about that. There's nobody left who worked for it except an old man here and there. It closed up twenty years ago. Then it burned down. Cook & Church was around for a hundred years, and now it's like it never happened."

"Didn't Henry's story get to you at all?" Stu asked Hober.

"It's more the sort of thing that would get to you, Stu."

"Well, you're a pissball. I was over there for dinner, and Henry came out with all this stuff about his father, and at the end of it he was crying. Renee and I are patting him on the back, and he's bent over the dining-room table and he's got tears coming off the end of his nose. I think Henry's getting a little close to the finish line. Then, when I'm going out the door, Renee tells me you weren't even interested in hearing it."

"That's right," Hober said. "I needed a cigarette, I was sick, I figured I should get back to work."

"This whole city's falling apart," Tracy said. "That's what that story made me think about. When I was a kid I almost did imagine it turned into Camelot in the middle of the night. That wasn't really a joke."

"Well, I was just there in the middle of the night," Hober said. "It doesn't turn into Camelot."

"It was such a pit, you had to make up something just to put up with the place. I mean, nobody does noble stuff around here any more. Look at you. Henry had something wrong with his head and his father saved his life. Ricky had something wrong with his head and you slugged him one."

"Maybe that never happened to Henry," Hober said. "Maybe he made it all up."

"He didn't make up the hole in his head," Stu pointed out.

"He and Renee probably had a fight one time and she clobbered him with a frying pan."

"Don't be a jerk," Tracy said.

"Tracy," Hober told her, his forehead in his hands, "for God's sake. I haven't

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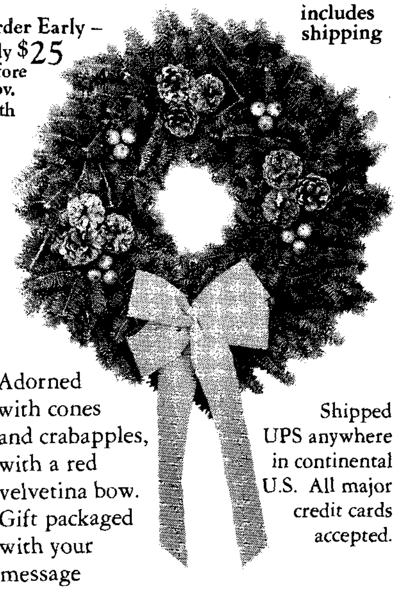

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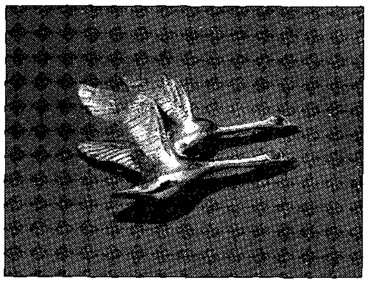

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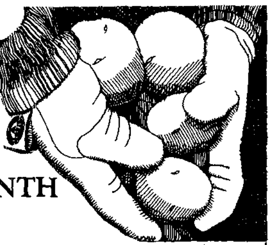

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had any sleep for two days. I can't even remember how many cars I used since last night. I ended up with Raylene's, but DeLorea called me at five in the morning and wanted to know where his snowplow was. He was missing a snowplow. I couldn't remember what happened to it. I didn't even know which one he was talking about. Muencher borrowed the one I was driving. Maybe Muencher lost it somewhere."

"I think it was the old Canniman Brake Shoes plant," Tracy said after a minute. "When I was a kid, I thought it sort of looked like a castle. It had that turret on one end. And it was crenellated along the top."

Stu, who had been shaking a few uneaten French fries up and down in their paper packet, stood up and put his coat on. He said he was supposed to talk to Dave Beloschin, the Kroeber Tech principal, that afternoon. The snowmobile accident was certain to cause trouble with his job, he said, but he'd probably escape without being fired. It wasn't like D.W.I. and what had happened last year, when the local chapter of Mothers Against Drunk Driving had got Randy Ponzak, a history teacher at West High, drummed out of his job after the police had stopped him on a Saturday night. Ponzak had failed a blood test. "I don't think they've got any Mothers Against Kids on Snowmobiles," Stu said.

"Don't feel too bad," Tracy told him. "It could've been anybody's snowmobile. It just happened to be yours."

"That's right," Stu said to Hober. "I keep feeling like I should apologize to someone, but I can't apologize to you. You let him do it all the time."

"Yup."

"Well, it's the kind of thing guys do around here," Stu said after a minute. "Last night, when he didn't come back, I was thinking about that. It's snowing, the roads are bad, the visibility's awful, and this kid shows up, and he's hell on wheels—you couldn't trust this kid with a *doughnut*. Kid says, let me borrow your snowmobile, and if you're a normal guy around here, you say, 'Sure, let me start it up for you.'"

"You started it up for him?" Tracy asked.

"Fuckin' A. I still can't believe it."

"Well," Hober said. "If the little fucker keeps his butt out of trouble, he can use mine next winter. If he's learned his lesson. If he's figured out what a stop sign's for. The little fucker and I don't see this the same way you guys do."

"Listen to the way you talk about him!" Tracy yelled. "Little porker! Little fucker! You don't love your own son!"

"It's a nickname. It's a term of endearment."

"You don't even sound like you like him very much."

"I kind of like him right now, actually. I like the way he raises hell. I like the way he's tough. Last night he broke his wrist, he had a concussion, and I bashed him one on the way to the hospital, and he didn't moan or groan once. I'm starting to think he might turn out O.K."

"You guys are both loopy."

"Well, you guys have both been in the dumps all fall," Hober said. "Maybe you better snap out of it. Stu's getting divorced, and you had your picture on the company bulletin board or something. That's really too bad, but it's time to stop feeling sorry for yourselves."

"And I don't like the way you run a crooked business," Tracy said. "Nancy Ortek told me what you did. That stinks. She was really mad. What kind of muffler job is that?"

Hober crumpled up his coffee cup and put it through the swinging panel of the wastebasket next to their booth. "Listen," he said. "I run a business. I work six days a week. I help the city out when I have the flu. My kid gets in a mess in the middle of the night, I take him to the hospital. He has to go to the cops this afternoon, I'm taking him to the cops. Is that so bad? You make it sound like I'm some kind of bad person."

Stu gestured at the window. Ricky's chubby figure had appeared; he was getting out of Raylene's car. Raylene drove off—she and Tracy usually avoided each other. Beyond the shining windshields, the sun glinted off two of the fuel tanks, sending out bolts of light so searing that Hober winced and shut his eyes. "You see that little punk?" he said. "That little punk's going to medical school."

"Definitely," Stu said after a minute. "Right."

"You think I'm kidding? If he doesn't study, I'll whip his ass."

Tracy was still looking out the window. She seemed very tired. She said, "I think he's lighting a cigarette." ♦

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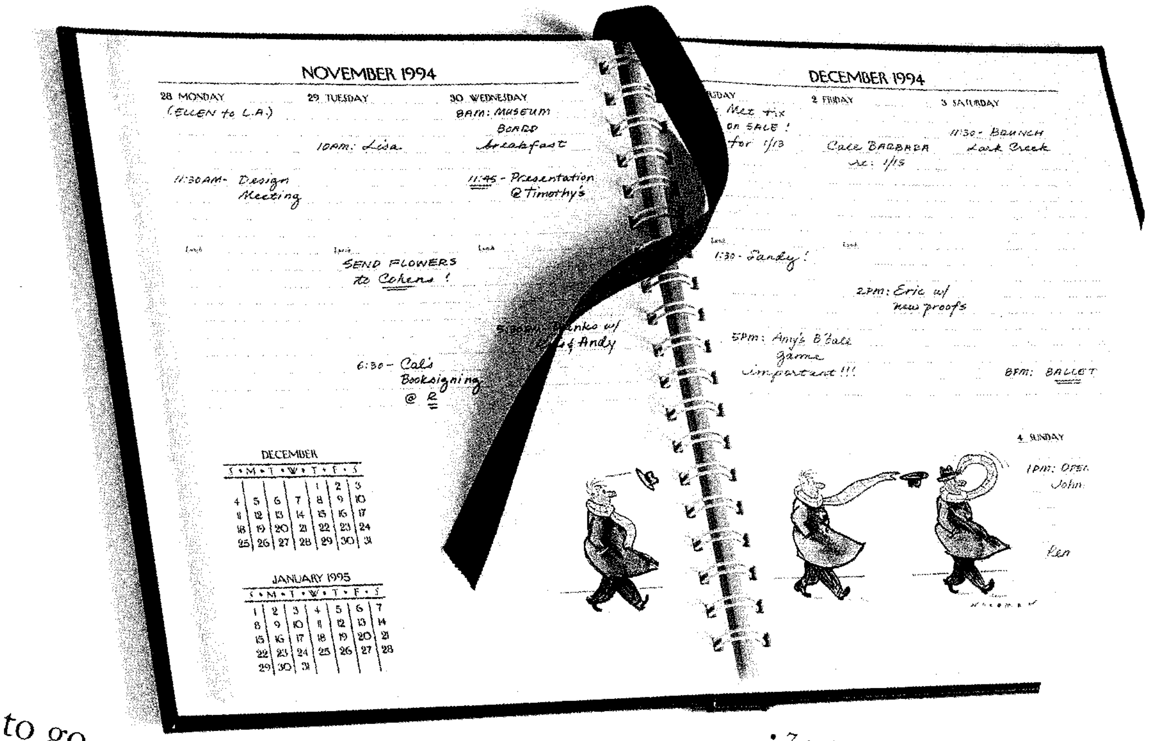

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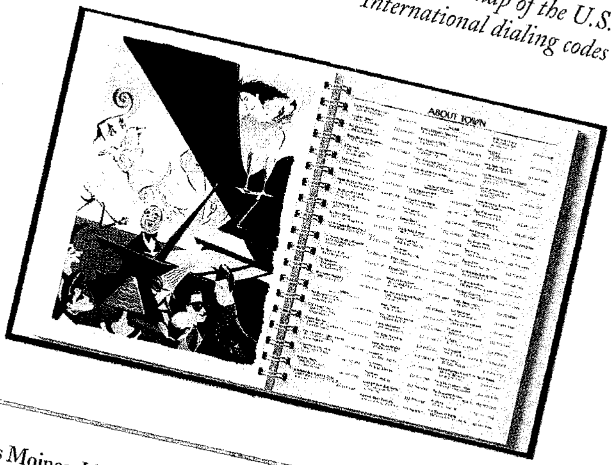

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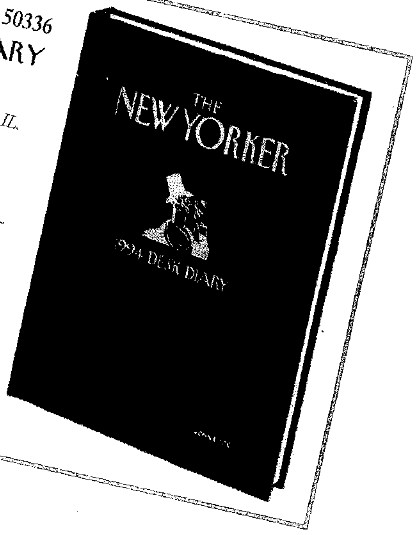

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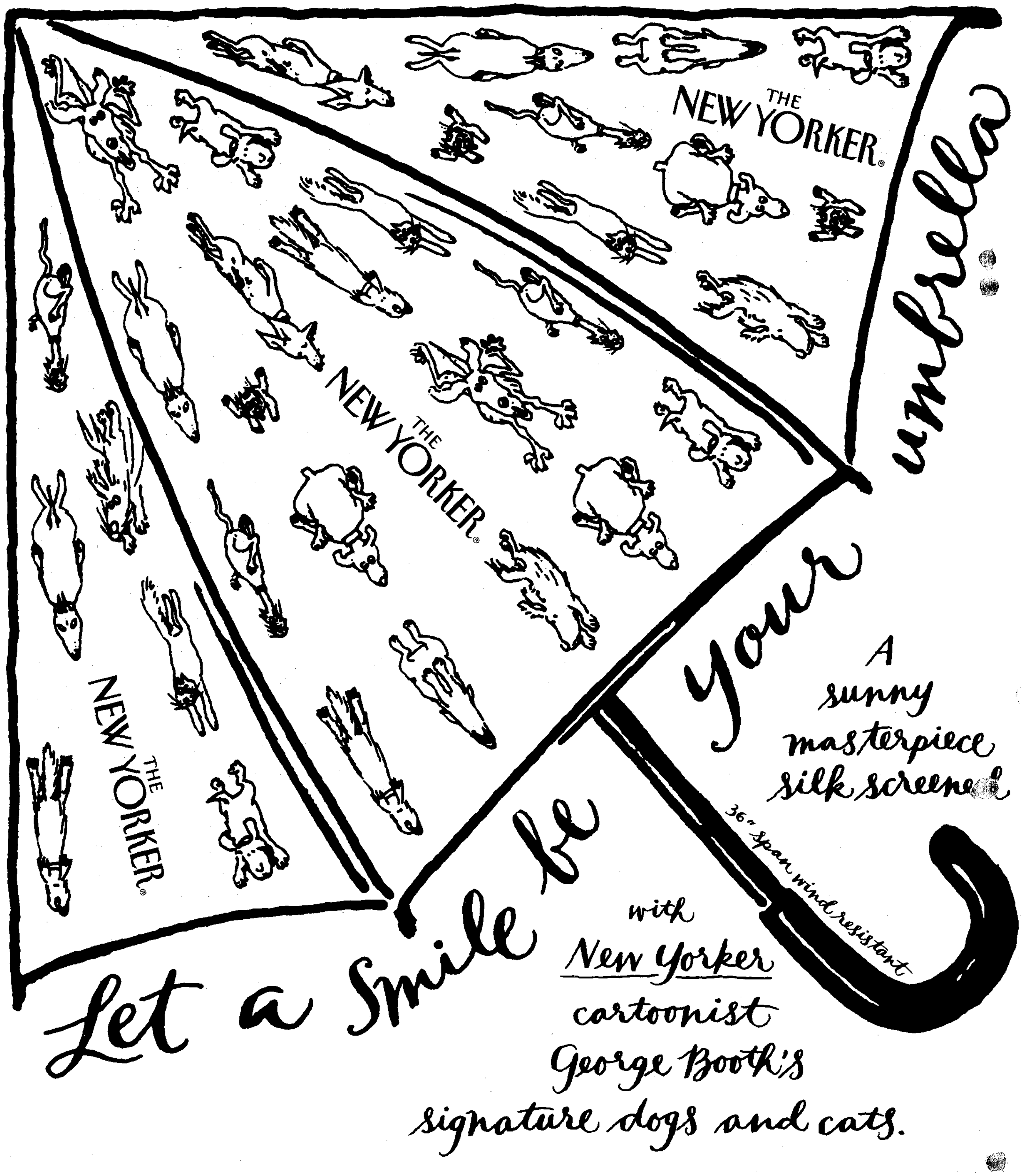
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THE CRITICS

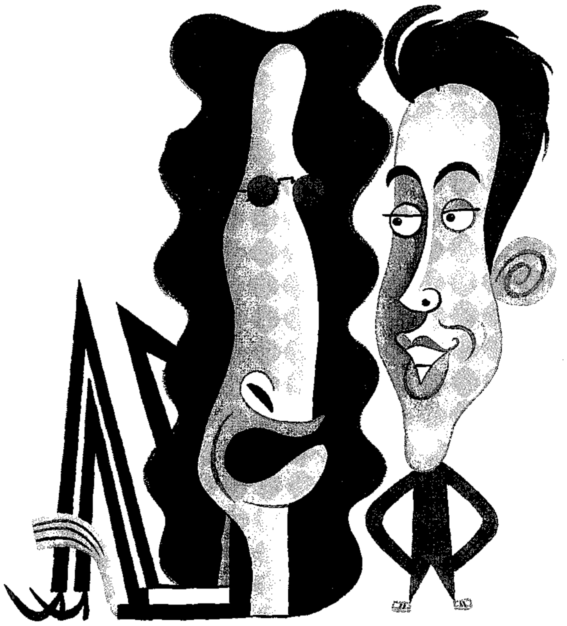
ON TELEVISION

BLOWS AND KISSES

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

“RIGHT now cute Jewish is ‘in,’ ” Tom Snyder commented one night on his CNBC talk show, to explain the popularity of “Seinfeld.” The NBC sitcom, which stars the stand-up comedian Jerry Seinfeld, does make little cricket noises. Seinfeld himself is a walking diagram of minor quirks. Unlike such Jewish bad-boy bathroom-graffiti artists as Lenny Bruce, Andrew “Dice” Clay, and Howard Stern, he doesn't hurl hot gobs of shock material at the audience. Seinfeld has always been one of those sedate, drip-dry doodlers, the type known in the trade as an “observational” comic—a D'ja-ever-notice? guy. As in: “D'ja ever notice how one sock droops before the other one does? Why is that?” Here is a man who could do ten minutes on lint. His series, co-created by Larry David, prides itself on being about “nothing.” Zero concept, zero content.

It does boast an ingenious modular design. Instead of having a single story line, “Seinfeld” is built with small blocks of oddball incidents which eventually interlock. Channel-surfing is almost redundant, the scenes click by so fast. The brisk pace provides an ironic counterpoint to the lives of Jerry and his pals, Elaine (Julia Louis-Dreyfus), George (Jason Alexander), and Kramer (Michael Richards), whose bachelor(ette) status affords them vast quantities of unstructured time. Career and romance are the two lazy hands of their clock. The show plugs into the feeling-out process of singles on the dating scene, the constant vamping toward the C-word—commitment. For Seinfeld himself, faulty communications lead inevitably to coitus interruptus. Just as he's about to reach the land of milk and honey—whoops! An ill-chosen remark about panties or padded bras sends the woman fuming out the door. In one episode, he couldn't remember his date's name, only that it rhymed with a part of the female anatomy. “M-Mulva?” he asked.



Howard Stern and Jerry Seinfeld: One's cute, the other isn't.

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

What has made the show a cult hit for literate viewers is its knack of creating instant catchphrases. To be a “Seinfeld” fan is to have command of its pet code words. “Mulva.” “Master of Your Domain,” said of anyone who refrains from masturbation. Elaine's nickname, Nip, earned when she exposed a nipple in her Christmas-card photo. “The Puffy Shirt,” the dashing white blouse Jerry wore for his interview with Bryant Gumbel, only to have everyone make pirate jokes at his expense. Week after week, the show displays an amazing verbal agility. Indeed, save for Richards' lurching Frankenstein-monster entrances and Louis-Dreyfus's “gotcha!” flashes of glee, “Seinfeld” is a show that could play in a dark room without much being missed. The sparring rhythms of the talk, the sudden excitations sliding into shrugging acceptance (“Meat loaf, then. . . . Meat loaf is good”), the forehead-slapping lamentations are all Jewish in their idioms. The critic Leslie Fiedler once wrote that among Jews words have “the impact of actions, not merely overheard but *felt*, like kisses or blows.”

The loudest squeals come from Jason Alexander's George, who mostly beats up on himself. Short, stocky, losing his hair, he can't sit without giving the impression of being stewed in a pot. Paranoid, hypochondriacal, sexually insecure, he traces his low self-esteem to his parents, a screeching pair of psychological castrators straight out of the family-dinner flashback in “Annie Hall.” His squawks of annoyance and anxiety, his declarative hand chops are familiar gestures from the Woody Allen playbook. But where Woody is usually monopolizing the debate, working solo no matter who is sharing the screen, George and Jerry are equal partners when it comes to figuring out women. They compare notes, commiserate, come up dry. “They're working on a whole other level from us,” Jerry says.

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feld himself hit No. 1 on the *Times* best-seller list with "SeinLanguage," a grab bag of whimsical bits similar to Steve Martin's "Cruel Shoes." It didn't stay there long. It was bumped from the top spot by Howard Stern's "Private Parts," a print version of Stern scratching himself in public, which bulleted out of nowhere to become the publishing sensation of the year, with a million copies in print so far. Dethroning Seinfeld offers Stern some personal payback. Stern, the foremost mouth on FM radio, had a tiff with Seinfeld that he has inflated into a feud. Seinfeld had been a frequent guest on Stern's show, until he took umbrage at the digs Stern made at him over his reported involvement with a seventeen-year-old child-woman called Shoshanna. Whenever Stern publicizes his book, he sets a special moment aside to dump on Seinfeld's.

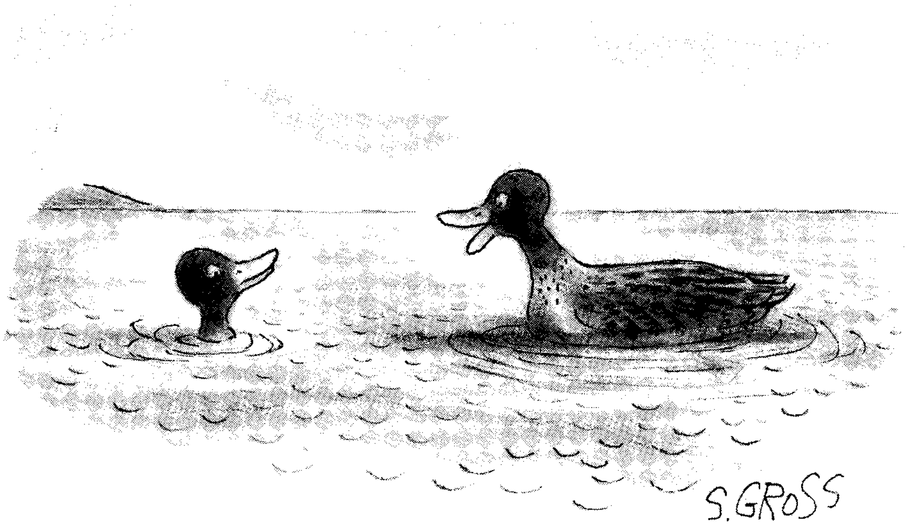
Howard Stern is the flip side of Jerry Seinfeld, and the opposite of cute. Stern, his face curtained by his long heavy-metal-rocker hair, revels in the forbidden role of raw, subversive Jew—a role played to the hilt by *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein, on cable's "Midnight Blue." To enter Howard Stern's mind is to reënter the sticky mess of adolescence, a permanent stash of porn mags and airplane glue. He is not Master of His Domain. He belches on the air, discusses his staff's bowel movements, tells his black female sidekick Robin Quivers he'd like to be her plantation massa. His humor is rambling, personal, spiteful, trampling, self-mocking. Where Seinfeld's reflections run in a well-regulated stream, Stern rules over his mental swamp like a dinosaur.

To quote Fiedler again: "It is the vivid and perdurable vulgarity of the Jews . . . which lies at the heart of Pop Culture. No Jew on his own would have invented—thank God—the notion of a gentleman, but some Jews invented Miami Beach, some the commercial Musical Comedy, and two, Jerome Siegel and Joe Shuster, the Comic Book—or at least, the first Great Comic Book Hero of them all, Superman." As Fiedler notes, Superman is a Jewish fantasy of flight and power in goyish disguise. It's the desire of the urban dreamer to be a jet-age god. This superhero alter ego appealed to Lenny Bruce, who once fell out of a window after flapping around the room in an imaginary cape, crying, "I'm Super-Jew!" In a *Playboy* interview, Seinfeld said that the moment he knew he could make a living as a comedian marked "the transition from man to superman." Stern realized his own superhero aspirations as Fartman, flying from wires at the 1992 MTV Video Music Awards celebration in a bare-cheeked costume. The cover photograph on "Private Parts," a foppish pinup shot that finds him wrapped in a robe like a cape, is equally self-mythologizing.

In TV footage, Stern towers over his parents like the Jewish giant in Diane Arbus's famous photograph. He has always felt like a genetic freak, biologically and socially shortchanged. "My parents, first they gave me the genes to make me six foot five with no penis to speak of . . . then they stuck me in a black neighborhood; it was a traumatic upbringing to say the least." A large part of the trauma was being a punching bag in the neighborhood. At the high school he attended, he had the Rice Krispies beaten out of him by black students. The word blows of Jewish talk were no match for the body blows of actual fists. It's not an unfamiliar tale, this Jewish walk through the racial gantlet. The primary text is Norman Podhoretz's well-known 1963 essay in *Commentary*, "My Negro Problem—And Ours," in which he describes being "beaten up, robbed, and in general hated, terrorized, and humiliated" in Brooklyn by neighborhood blacks, who may have suspected how annoying he would someday be. "[I]n my world it was the whites, the Italians and Jews, who feared the Negroes, not the other way around."

The fear of black crime, black force, is even chancier today as an issue than when Podhoretz made his big show of candor in the sixties. In *Playboy*, Seinfeld describes how tough a topic it is to handle. "We wanted to do a show in which Elaine would be stuck in a subway and miss her stop, and be on her way to Harlem. Kind of explore her fear of having to get off the subway in Harlem. We couldn't find a way to do it without people getting the wrong impression. It was coming off racist."

Howard Stern isn't afraid to come off sounding racist. He was doing blackface humor on his syndicated TV show long



"Have you been putting on weight?"

• •

before Ted Danson applied the shoe polish. His comments about the Rodney King case, which made the riots sound like a Zulu uprising, cost him black listeners. A Filipino group protested his flippant statement that Filipino parents peddle their young into prostitution. (On "Donahue," he tried to call a truce by giving one of the tiny Filipino spokesmen a hug.) He will casually refer on the air to an Asian dancer on "Soul Train" as "the Chink."

One defense of such behavior is that any white person who is honest with himself admits to having racist attitudes; the difference is that Stern polices himself a lot less than the rest of us do. That's what his rabid fans mean when they claim that he only says what everyone else thinks but is too afraid to say. At least he's honest, etc. Certainly Stern has as much right to be the authentic wise-guy voice of white suburbia's siege mentality as "def jam" comics do to represent the 'hood. And it's also true that Stern shares so many gunky sides of himself on the air that questions of good and bad taste seem quibbly under the totality of his onslaught.

But how much onslaught do we want? If the old pieties about race relations are dead, the open hostilities replacing them are hardly a sign of health. I was scanning the dial a couple of weeks ago, looking for something—anything—starring Joan Severance, and there was Al Goldstein on "Midnight Blue" advocating that blacks who talk during movies be shot. On a recent Rush Limbaugh TV broadcast, Limbaugh played a parody commercial for mail-order bricks, which incorporated footage from the Reginald Denny assault—repeated shots of a brick slamming into Denny's head. The end of the ad featured the face of the black California congresswoman Maxine Waters and urged viewers to order bricks by calling "1-800-EASTLA" and asking for "Maxine," thereby suggesting that she approves the use of bricks as assault weapons. Funny how all this bold new outspokenness revolves around the notion of black Americans as mindless marauders. Given such ugly outbursts, the reluctance of the "Seinfeld" team to tackle racial tension until they have the tone right shows tact. Just because some part of the American psyche is gunning for a race war is no reason to rouse more rabble. The craft that "Seinfeld" shows in its comedy is a crazy kind of sanity. Cuteness is a small price to pay for at least a semblance of civility. ♦

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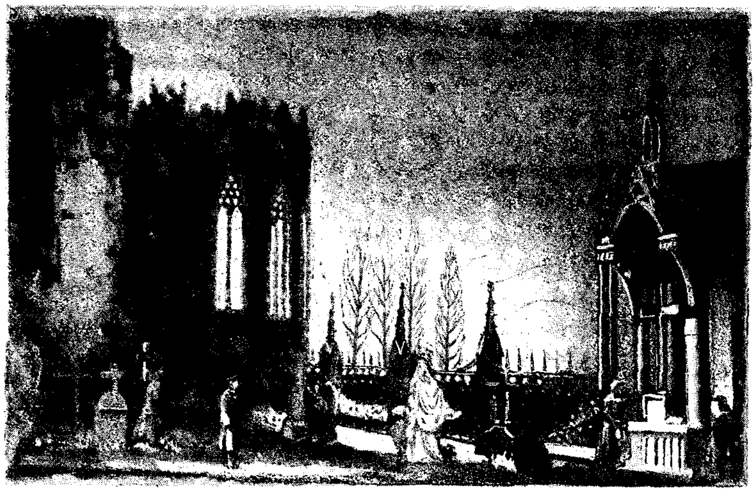

A scene from the world première of Verdi's original, 1850 "Stiffelio."

TIM BOWER

SUDDENLY coming upon a new one—"Stiffelio"—makes you notice what odd things Verdi operas are. Maybe this is a special case—an opera that's odd only because it's new to us, and new to us only because it was judged odd in the past—but I don't think that's the whole story. Certainly "Stiffelio" is strangely formed in ways that are particular to it: the central character engages directly with the audience hardly at all, being heard mostly in duets and ensembles; his wife's lover, who would be the clear-cut villain of a more conventional tale, lives in the shadows; the orchestra is full of bizarre notions. But one could point to features just as outlandish in "La Traviata." Verdi made an art of dealing roughly with his material and with his chosen genre: trying the untried, not disguising the carpentry. This strikes us in "Stiffelio" because we're not prepared by familiarity.

Indeed, nobody at the opening of the Met's new production can have been entirely prepared for what we were hearing and seeing, since this was effectively the world première of the score that Verdi wrote in the summer and fall of 1850. When that score was first produced, at Trieste, the libretto was stymied by censorship (unsurprisingly, given that it's set in Austria and puts clerics, albeit Protestant clerics, on the singing stage), and in revivals the minister Stiffelio became a German prime minister, necessitating the new title of "Guglielmo Wellingrode." Dismayed by this ridiculous and unwanted turn of events, the composer adapted the piece several years later to make "Aroldo," performed in 1857, but his cobbling has been regarded by many Verdi experts—perhaps most—as a desperate attempt to retrieve a messy situation, and the resulting score rema[illegible] the least loved of the post-"Rigoletto" operas. According to those same experts, "Stiffelio," written immediately before "Rigoletto," is the real thing. For them, then, the Met production will have been an occasion of some moment. Here, at last, the piece was, realer than ever, with the music not used in "Aroldo"—music long thought ditched or lost, and recoverable only from copies—played in a new edition, benefitting from the rediscovery, last year, of most of the autograph material.

Whether "Stiffelio" will now join the regular Verdi canon remains to be seen. Probably it won't. After all, it isn't entirely new: various versions of the [illegible]ore have been circulating for a quarter of a century, and there was a Boston production in 1978. If the work didn't take off then, I'm not sure that the differences in the new edition will be enough to make it take off now—though it's hard to be sure, when we're living in a time of such energetic revaluing of early Verdi. (Next month, the Met goes on to another, still earlier piece that it hasn't done before: "I Lombardi.") All one can say is that at present "Stiffelio" provides a cold encounter with otherness, and that this is only partly the fault of history, since it seems to have been part of Verdi's plan in the opera to plunge his audience into a state of ignorance.

The unusual period (contemporary) and the unusual location (Salzburg, unlikely as that might seem for a Protestant community) may have been chosen to that end: these were Verdi's decisions, in that he picked the subject, a French play, from among several suggested by his librettist, Piave. However, the location seems quite incidental, and it's hard to be sure whether the placelessness is an accidental fault or a stratagem to help create puzzlement in the audience. Other cases of absent definition are much more plausibly deliberate. For example, in the opening scene we're confronted almost at once by seven characters, of whom only two—the elderly minister Jorg, who begins the opera with dark threats of impending disaster, and his younger fellow in orders, Stiffelio—have much opportunity to make us acquainted with them before they're all joining in the first of the work's majestic ensembles. We know that the anecdote Stiffelio has recounted just before this, about an amorous escapade he heard about, has caused consternation in his wife, Lina, and in a nobleman present, Raffaele, and we can guess why, but neither of these characters has yet sung alone.

In the Met production, directed by Giancarlo del Monaco and designed by Michael Scott, our immediate disorientation is nicely accentuated, since the curtain opens not on Jorg in solitary contemplation but on him and five others, with only Stiffelio to arrive later. Who are all these people? What kind of nasty business out of Edgar Allan Poe are we to expect in this enormous dark-panelled, Gothic-arched library? The few clues—Raffaele's bottle-green velvet jacket, sinisterly flash when everyone else is in severely dark clothing—only quicken wondering. It's a striking stage picture, and one wishes there were more. (The reason there aren't is that this is an old-fashioned Met production, with grand naturalism triumphant in the décor and naïve literalism in the action.)

The opening confusion that Verdi engenders, or at least permits, is dramatically functional, since it thrusts us into sympathy with Stiffelio, who also, plainly, doesn't know what's going on. (It's perhaps in order not to damage our feeling of being at one with Stiffelio that Verdi keeps him from addressing us directly, and thereby calling attention to our difference from him.) When everyone else has left, he challenges his wife and begins to suspect the truth: this number counts as his only aria in the opera, though it's virtually a duet, and significantly so. He's prevented from unburdening himself by the rules of the opera and by the rules of his calling; also, he discovers himself through the discoveries he makes about other people. We then see and hear, as he does not, Lina in anxious-contrite entreaty to Heaven, but it's only along with him that we gather clues, through the second act and into the third, to the nature of her relationship with Raffaele.

And Raffaele's motivation stays obscure to the end. In the first act, he features as an individual in just one scene: a scene so tiny as to be almost comical, in which he slips back into the room to hide a letter to Lina inside a locked book. (Messages that we can't see—letters that are never read out—occur three times in this act, and do nothing to dispel its secretive atmosphere.) In the second act, his main function is to shove Lina from cantabile into cabaletta. And in the third he gets killed—by Lina's father, Stankar, to save her honor—almost without opening his mouth. One has the impression of a character who is refusing to take part for fear of self-incrimination. His silence and his burying of himself in the work's ensembles (other characters are buried there, too: Dorotea and Federico) help to perpetuate the pall of guilty uncertainty that has been giving the opera, right from the start, its quite particular color.

Lina—as the living embodiment of that guilt, and in sharp contrast with Raffaele—is heard a great deal alone. From her prayer in the first act she goes deeper, into a grand scena and aria at the start of the second act, where she is wandering in the churchyard by moonlight and arrives at her mother's tomb. The part is one that profits in this production from Sharon Sweet's stately demeanor, from her rich tone, and also, though not always, from the scale of her singing. What it needs besides is some thought for the gentle and, most crucial, some ability to hit notes other than by way of a creamy slide: her cadenza at the end of the largo of her second-act aria showed

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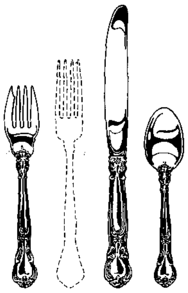

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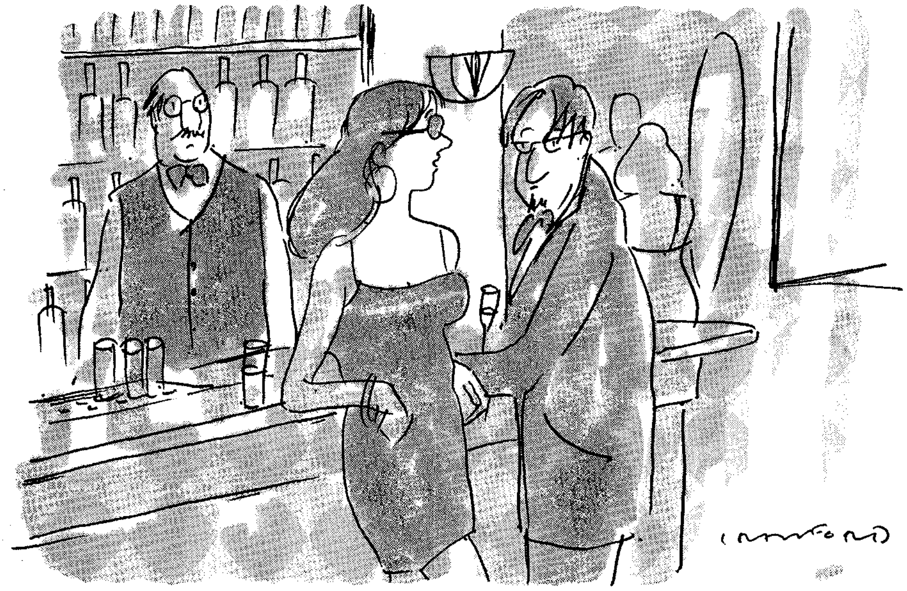
lamentably what can happen when she tries for a more staccato kind of delivery. However, if the pathos of Lina's music appears calculated—something to be regarded, not felt—that may be because Verdi's design is to hold Stiffelio as the figure with whom we identify. (Odd, this, from such a convinced anticlericalist; maybe the reformed clergy were exempt.) We are with Stiffelio not only in his gradual awakening to the truth but also—since we never learn much about Raffaele—in his moral resolve to deal with the present, rather than rake over the past.

Stiffelio is propelled not by jealousy but by the stern demands of truth. (Verdi must have relished giving a spin to a tired operatic theme.) This is a man who needs to know, so that he can deal honestly and adequately with the case. In terms of the plot, his austere and heavy virtue means that he has to surmount not one but two catastrophes: learning of his wife's unfaithfulness is no greater hardship than having his conciliation preëmpted by his father-in-law's murder of her lover (an event this production diminishes by enacting it). In terms of the composition, it means that lyricism is the way he behaves only when under delusion, as in that beautiful barcarole near the start, where, with an orchestra mellowed by horn tone, he tells of a boatman who has unknowingly seen Lina and Raffaele. Thereafter, his big numbers are all duets and ensembles, and his vocalism becomes urgent, declamatory, baritonal. The part could have been made for Plácido Domingo at this point in his career: what might otherwise be faults—the hefty projection, the top beginning to sound fragile—become the means by which he conveys the man's solidity holding against extremes of pressure. There's no refuge here in piety: his great cry of "Sacerdote sono!" (perhaps not the likeliest words for Piave to have put in the mouth of a Protestant pastor) sounds out with the force not of self-restraint but of self-realization.

What we may well feel to be Verdi's robust sympathies for and with his central character are compromised only by the presence among the dramatis personae of another, more frequent conduit of his musical emotions: a man who is a father, and the father of a daughter. Apart from Lina's solo scenes in the first and second acts, the only substantial passages in which Stiffelio is absent from the stage are devoted to Stankar: a duet with Lina in the first act, in which he prevents her from writing an explanation to her husband (this is another of the concealed missives), and, to open the last act, a magnificent aria, which is, like Lina's in the second act, a triple-decker of recitative, slow song, and cabaletta. We were lucky to have Vladimir Chernov in this role. Though he had asked our indulgence on account of a throat infection, he gave a splendid performance: his gray, grave tone was vigorously focussed, his phrasing pliant and moving, his pacing of his aria unerring. Doing the right thing by his character and doing the right thing by his music were fused into a single purpose, achieved.



"Are you feeling all right, René? You haven't had an aperçu all night."

No one else in this opera has much opportunity, Raffaele (Peter Riberi) being such a vaporous presence and Jorg (Paul Plishka) only a meddler—no one, that is, except the conductor. James Levine let us enjoy both the extravagances and the banalities of the score: the introduction to the moonlit churchyard, with chromatic curlings from divided strings and a jamming together of unlike themes, and the bouncy measure to which Stiffelio makes his first entrance. This was a fine performance, right from the overture, which is a brittle mélange in the inexplicable brightness of D major (wind pipings cruelly hard to play, a broad trumpet tune, a shameless dance), and, in its inconsequentiality, maybe not so unfitting a start to this eccentric piece.

But then one has to face the question of what oddities are peculiar to this opera and what belong to Verdi more generally, not only because of his creative willfulness but also because of our distance in time from him. The revival of "Stiffelio," nearly a century and a half after its first, hampered hearing, may be justice coming too late. What the Met offers is, in a certain sense, authentic: here is what Verdi wrote. However, this is authenticity of a uniquely modern sort—an authenticity that places stringent requirements on what's under scrutiny (every quaver, every syllable must be in accord with the composer's original), yet asks for no guarantees from us that we will approach the piece in the same period spirit. History has taught us how to react to "Rigoletto." It may even have taught us how to react to "La Forza del Destino." (The first duty of performances, of course, is to show us how history has mistaught us, or only partly informed us.) But "Stiffelio," coming to us out of the blue, shows up as acutely alien all the things we casually take as normal: these singsong ensembles driven along by the orchestra, these melodramatic settings (graveyard, church), these arias bound to move from legato to athletics, these cautioning fathers and wayward daughters, these splendid costumes and elaborate sets, these machineries of the form—including, and not least, this all too audible prompter. The efforts of musicologists, not to be decried, have assembled for us a work; the performers, most of them admirable, have set it in motion. But nobody can tell us what it's for. ♦

THE THEATRE

GOING FOR BROKE

BY EDITH OLIVER

“Timon of Athens,” which is presented by the National Actors Theatre, at the Lyceum, is an odd one all right. This was my first exposure—and, I trust, my final one—to the play (neither comedy nor history nor tragedy), about a fatuous citizen of ancient Athens who, in one grand gesture after another, gives away all his worldly goods, goes broke, is unable to collect any money from his erstwhile beneficiaries, leaves town in the sulks, exists upon roots in some adjacent woods, finds a cache of buried treasure, and—The hell with it. The show is done in modern dress with music by Duke Ellington. The action takes place all over Athens—in a public square, at a Turkish bath, at a kangaroo court—during a time of political turbulence. Guns and cannons are shot; flash photographs are taken; banquets are eaten; paintings are displayed and sold; flattery is given and accepted.

MARIO MICOSSI

There is considerable ingenuity on exhibit, and no end of shenanigans. Brian Bedford, in the title role, is very good indeed, especially in the second half, when, dressed in a tattered tuxedo, he rails against his compatriots and everyone else within earshot. I also admired Jack Ryland as his faithful steward; Michael Cumpsty as Captain Alcibiades, in revolt against Athens; Derek Smith and Jefrey Alan Chandler as fawning poet and fawning painter; and John Franklyn-Robbins as a grouchy philosopher. The production, which originated at Stratford, Ontario, was directed by Michael Langham. The extraordinary all-purpose setting was designed by Douglas Stein and lighted by Richard Nelson; the costumes were designed by Ann Hould-Ward. All praise to all concerned except William Shakespeare. There seems to be some doubt about the authorship of the play, and there should be. By the way, Timon's resemblance to Ronald Reagan, per Mr. Bedford, cannot be accidental.

The “bone” of John Patrick Shanley's comedy “Four Dogs and a Bone” is a movie, and the “dogs” are its producer, ingénue, leading lady, and writer. The play, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is as brief as any by David Mamet (we are in Mamet territory), but when it comes to human greed and ambition Shanley, unlike Mamet, is a fellow of infinite mischief as well as of infinite mercilessness. The play is a true satire, and satire is always cause for celebration. The story is set in New York, where the movie is being shot, and in four scenes—three duets and a quartet—we watch the characters betray one another, using the inside language of their trade: “We don't have weather insurance” and “It'll go straight to video if it gets off the shelf”—that sort of thing. What makes it all especially good is the marvellous performances that Mr. Shanley, his own director, has drawn from the actors. Tony Roberts is the producer, short of money and on very shaky ground; Mary-Louise Parker is the ambitious ingénue, given to closed-eyed chanting; Polly Draper is the beautiful leading lady, clinging for dear life to her position, lest she slip into character parts, playing “somebody's aunt with cancer”; and Loren Dean is the writer, with ambitions to direct. The actors shoot Mr. Shanley's sharp, witty lines like arrows, with no letup. There is no letup in laughter, either, as we watch them trying to outsmart one another; as Homer put it in one of a number of apt quotations listed in the program, “victory shifts from man to man” or, in this instance, “woman.”

The show is a model of proficiency by all hands: Santo Loquasto designed the scenery; Elsa Ward's costumes, especially those for Miss Draper, are often as witty as the lines; the lighting was by Brian Nason. ♦

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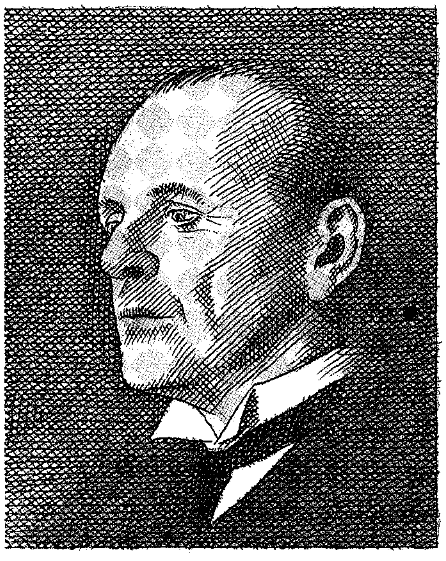
THE CURRENT CINEMA

IN WHICH THEY SERVE

BY ANTHONY LANE

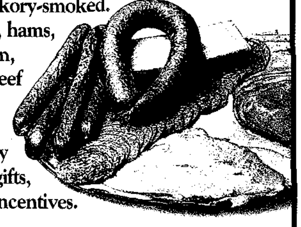
"THE REMAINS OF THE DAY" is directed by James Ivory and adapted by his habitual screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, from the book by Kazuo Ishiguro. The film flashes back and forth between the nineteen-thirties, when Stevens (Anthony Hopkins) was butler to Lord Darlington (James Fox), and 1958, when he is given time off by Mr. Lewis (Christopher Reeve), the new, American owner of Darlington Hall, to take a motoring trip around the West Country. In Ishiguro's novel, Stevens borrows a Ford from his employer; for the movie, it is quietly upgraded to a Daimler. Only little people have Fords. It goes without saying that the car is an immaculate contraption, as is every other vehicle on the road; reckless driving is plainly a nasty invention of the nineteen-sixties, like mud and sex. Rule No. 1 of Merchant-Ivory productions: the past is free of wear and tear.


Duty-bound: Anthony Hopkins in "The Remains of the Day."

PIERRE LE-TAN

As he slams down into fifth, stomps on the gas, and leaves rubber on the Dorset tarmac, Stevens has time to ponder those distant and devoted days before the war. To all intents and purposes, he ran Darlington Hall, assisted by the housekeeper, Miss Kenton (Emma Thompson)—younger than he, but equally assiduous in insuring that the stuffed shirts upstairs were kept properly stuffed. The highlight of that period, when most of the movie takes place, is an international conference at the house: a good chance for the movie to herd in some lumbering stereotypes—the tetchy bearded Frenchman, the rich and ruddy American, the bawling Wagnerian blonde. The story has a double hook: first, Stevens cannot see the growing folly of Lord Darlington, who is trying not to be beastly to the Germans, and thus getting into all kinds of trouble; second, he cannot admit the possibility that Miss Kenton loves him, for fear of discovering mutual stirrings in his own heart. As a butler, Stevens can spot a dirty fish fork at twenty paces, but as a man he is blind.

A parable of excess control, of professional pride taken to dire extremes—that is what Ishiguro dreamed up, and the movie, in its clunky way, does him proud. I have an unfortunate and incurable problem with regard to this tale: having been drenched in P. G. Wodehouse from an early age, I find it impossible to take the master-slave relationship entirely seriously. It can't just sit there and stagnate, but needs to be enlivened by subtle transactions of power. Even Hegel knew that, and he never got to read Wodehouse, although you can't help wishing he had. How could any decent butler follow his leader to the bitter end, allowing him to be reviled as an appeaser, when Jeeves—a mere valet by comparison—won't even let Bertie pick his own spats? This giant, Day-Glo implausibility tends to outglare the gentle irony on which Ishiguro's plot is supposed to hang, and the movie only makes matters worse. The scene in which Stevens' father (Peter Vaughan), himself a former butler, proclaims his ideal of dignified service—something to do with a tiger under the dining-room table—is stretched out beyond endurance; he's telling a joke, of sorts, but Wodehouse would have made the same point in half a paragraph.



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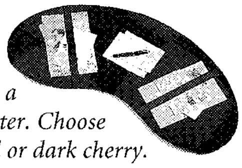
Movies are pretty uncomfortable with this kind of social lockjaw. Hollywood has long preferred to take the Wodehouse line, which may have led it into moments of crassness (the "Arthur" films, say) but has at least maintained a nimbleness of spirit. While reflecting on "The Remains of the Day," I made the mistake of revisiting that natty subgenre, the butler picture, and immediately hit the jackpot with "Tovarich" and "My Man Godfrey." In both cases, the butler (Charles Boyer and William Powell, respectively) is wittier and more accomplished than those he serves, the point being that you can never tell where a true gentleman is going to pop up next. This is a highly, though not exclusively, American point of view—Capra took it, but so did Dickens—and it unveils a mild, sophisticated anarchy, in which the social order, while never under serious threat, turns into a game of snakes and ladders. Basically, you climb a ladder and try not to marry a snake.

I am not saying that "The Remains of the Day" should have been a screwball comedy, although the vision of Stevens tanking up on highballs and accidentally ripping the back of a lady's ball gown is a tempting one. I'm just not convinced that a medium as slippery as cinema can stand so demure and obsequious a take on the world. There is always a spot of humor in Merchant-Ivory movies—in this case, Stevens trying to explain the facts of life by gibbering on about ducks and geese—but, like the man himself, it knows its limitations, and rarely leads to a disturbance of the peace. When a performer really does take hold of a Merchant-Ivory part and shake it (as Daniel Day-Lewis does in "A Room with a View"), the whole prissy structure begins to shudder. The movies are both saved and shamed by the onslaught of comedy: Emma Thompson lit up "Howards End" with her smart, inquisitive Margaret Schlegel, but you felt her patience being sorely tested by those fey goings on—she belonged in a different, more vibrant film altogether.

No such luck for Thompson in "The Remains of the Day." She's stuck fast in this one, with no way out. It's not that she looks too young to be a housekeeper—more that she doesn't look like a housekeeper at all. The Miss Kenton she gives us is quarrelsome rather than



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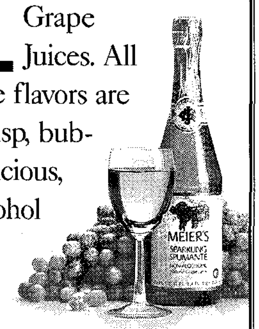
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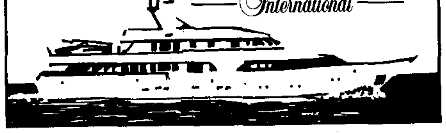
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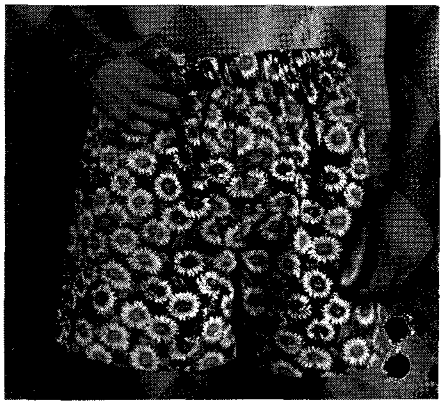
bossy, bristling with feeling and faintly bored; she could be one of the Mitford sisters taking charge, just for a lark, on the housekeeper's day off. The film shunts her into the sidings of the action, as if unsure what to do with such a woman; her principal duty is not to list the laundry or buff the silverware but to alert the audience to the enduring sadness that squats at the center of the film. "Why do you always have to hide what you feel?" she asks Stevens, as if we hadn't noticed what was wrong with him. To be fair, this same demand yields one touching scene, when she invades the butler's parlor and tries to find out what he's reading; Stevens shies away, hugging the book to his breast, as if it contained the code to his misery, or dirty snapshots of the parlormaid.

Anthony Hopkins should be in his element here. There is always so much to watch in a Hopkins performance, his whole frame quivering with thought and afterthought; if he is unlikely to join that high rank of actors in whose company we can relax, it is equally clear that he will never bore us. He seems fussy, but the fuss is less that of a ditherer than that of a pedant, pecking at the world to test its resilience (certainly not for crumbs of comfort), checking every emotion before he goes public with it. The courteous cocking of the head, the semiautomatic smile, the minute hiss of impatience as he turns to leave, is called back, and whips round to face a further request: all these Hopkins trademarks slip beautifully into place for "The Remains of the Day." Why, then, is the performance so oddly unsatisfying? How is it that his Stevens leaves us cold, when we were so easily churned up by his much slighter role as Frederick Treves, in "The Elephant Man"? The answer lies with David Lynch, who left Hopkins to play the industrious gentleman, with surgical manners almost untouched, but filled the rest of the movie with everything that Treves was holding back—all the wild curiosity and wilder pity spinning about in that cool head.

James Ivory gets it exactly wrong; he makes a movie that is even more anal and starchy than his hero. It's the old problem: if you think British society is stiff with class consciousness, you should try British movies. This is true for toughs as well as toffs; I recently tried watching a season of sixties working-class dramas—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"A Taste of Honey," and so forth—and simply ground to a halt under the weight of shapeless grievance. The glossy tradition has lasted longer, however, and become desirable property. You could argue that "The Remains of the Day"—made by Columbia Pictures, and co-produced (though you'd never know it) by Mike Nichols—represents a slick new breed: the wanna-be British film. Darlington Hall is a composite of four different country houses, and the scene where the local hunt meets in front of the house is borrowed from "Brideshead Revisited" and guaranteed to flutter the heart of anyone who's ever shopped at Ralph Lauren. Here is the sly effect of the Merchant-Ivory potion: it suggests that any movie full of well-behaved people is by definition a delicate work of art, and, more crucially, that the audience is refined and bettered by the mere watching of it. We are offered social elevation in the hope that we will confuse it with the spiritual variety, long fixed as one of the noble ends of art. It's an easy mistake to make. In their quiet way, movies such as "The Remains of the Day" play a low trick with high culture, and reverse its purpose: they turn us into snobs.

I therefore propose that from now on the figure of Stevens should appear at the start of every Merchant-Ivory picture, offering the audience a glass of sherry, like the muscleman who thumps the gong for Rank Films, or the M-G-M lion. Stevens stands for good manners at any cost, a terror of offending, the tacit withdrawal from unseemly sights: all the qualities we have come to expect from Ivory's work. There is plenty to recommend them in life, but they make lousy guidelines to the art of cinema. There is not a single shot in "The Remains of the Day" of which the butler himself would disapprove; the most daring motion of the camera is a quick peep through the spyhole of a door—more a useful subterfuge than a flourish of style. But that is the secret of Ivory's films: they have no style, no real signature. What they do have, in abundance, is an accumulation of good taste masquerading as style; needless to say, it is more reliable than style, shorn of embarrassing tics and obsessive longueurs. No wonder that the audience for these movies, almost butlerish in loyalty, keeps on coming back for more. The Ivory trade is here to stay. ♦

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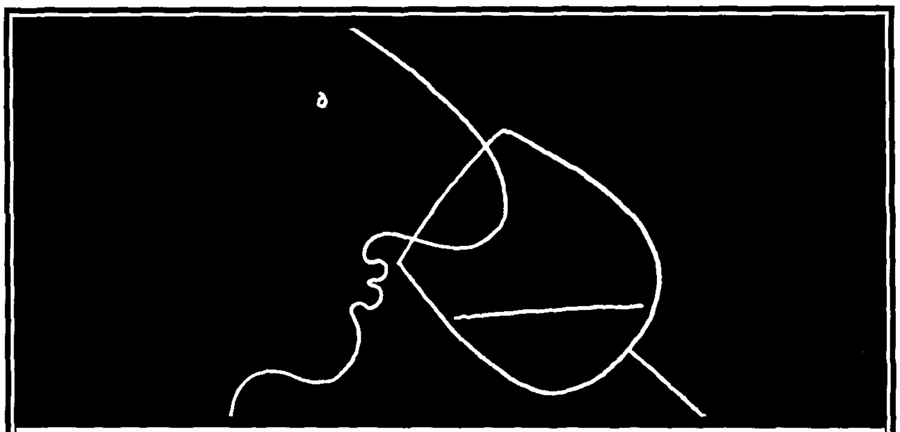

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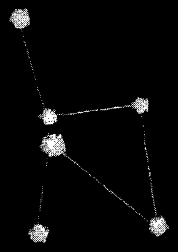

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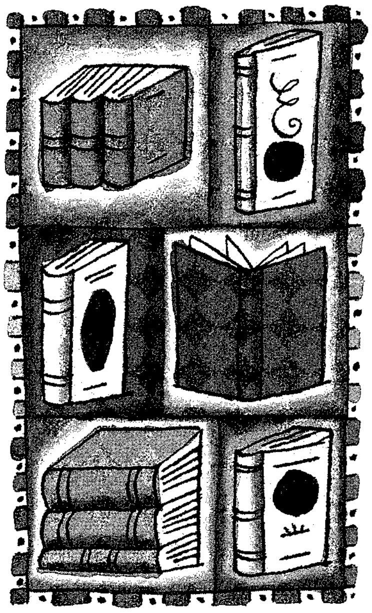
SHARING ROOM 101

BY MICHAEL MASSING

For nearly eight years, the Western hostages in Lebanon were an American obsession. Candlelight vigils were held in their honor and letter-writing campaigns organized on their behalf. Diplomats, news organizations, church officials, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the United Nations all worked to secure their freedom. Yet, despite the publicity and attention that accompanied their release, the hostages themselves have remained largely hidden from view. Now, all at once, several firsthand accounts have emerged. The most noteworthy are "Den of Lions" (Crown; $25), by the American journalist Terry Anderson, "An Evil Cradling" (Viking; $22.50), by Brian Keenan, an Irish teacher, and "Taken on Trust" (Harcourt Brace; $24.95), by the Anglican Church envoy Terry Waite. Iran-Contra buffs will probably be disappointed. Although Terry Waite for the first time discusses his relations with Oliver North, and Terry Anderson describes some of the secret negotiations leading to his release, political revelations are scant. In both accounts, North comes off looking like a dangerous fool—no news there.



CYRIL CABRY

Nonetheless, these books are extremely important documents, offering readers an unflinching look inside the cells of Lebanon. They constitute, in effect, an instant new literary genre, in the tradition of books about the Soviet Gulags or the Nazi death camps. Like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Primo Levi, the hostages take up timeless questions about man's capacity for cruelty and his ability to endure it. As one might expect, these works are not quite as polished as "The First Circle" or "Survival in Auschwitz." First books all, they are highly repetitious in some places, far too spare in others. Oddly, "Den of Lions" includes italicized sections written by Anderson's then girlfriend (and now wife) Madeleine; intended to offer her side of the story, they serve mostly as a distraction. Yet the very rawness of these chronicles is one of their chief assets, lending them a documentary-like vividness not always present in more artful works.

As these accounts make clear, the hostage ordeal was even grimmer than news reports at the time suggested. The men were interned in an archipelago of cramped, fetid cells stretching the length of Lebanon. Sometimes, the pens were real-life dungeons—gloomy sealed chambers in dank, impenetrable basements. At other times, the cells were in crudely constructed concrete apartment blocks, their windows covered with heavy metal sheets, so that only the faintest filaments of light could enter. In one three-year period, Terry Anderson saw the sun exactly once. Much of the time, the hostages were kept chained to a wall. For years, Brian Keenan had chains attached to both his ankles and his wrists, making sleep difficult and exercise virtually impossible. At night, the hostages were often wakened by the sound of mice scurrying across the floor or by cockroaches crawling across their faces. In the summer, masses of mosquitoes would descend. Waite once counted a hundred and forty-six bites on his left foot alone.

The guards were bizarrely mercurial, playing dominoes with the hostages one day and beating them blue the next. Keenan's guards would often listen to prayer tapes, working themselves into a frenzy, sobbing and wailing for hours on end and driving their prisoners to distraction. Terry Waite was subjected to a mock execution, and Frank Reed, another American, was reduced to a state of semi-catatonia. Occasionally, one or two guards would kneel on Anderson's chest, poke a gun into his ear or his neck, and snarl, "You dead. I kill you."

In Orwell's "1984," the pitiable Winston Smith is ushered into Room 101, the terrifying chamber that contained "the worst thing in the world," tailored to each individual's fears. In Lebanon, each of the hostages encountered his own Room 101. For Brian Keenan, it was the toilet:

> I doubt if anyone had bothered to wash it in years. . . . It was what lived in there amongst the rubbish and the filth that made those minutes in the toilet so disgusting. The place was alive with cockroaches, large and shiny. Their hard body armour and their claw-like legs made loud scratching noises as they moved. They scurried rather than crawled. Their speed and the hardness of their shell made it impossible to crush or kill them. The toilet was their nesting place. It was necessary on each visit to poke through the filth and chase these monsters out of our privy. I remember once trying to drown them in the water of the toilet hole and to my horror watching them climb unscathed from this pit of excrement and dart glistening around my feet again.

Terry Waite was terrified of his failing health:

> For hour after hour I struggle to breathe. An asthma attack continues for two or three days, after which I get a brief respite. I collapse and sleep while I can breathe when I lie down. I have been reading a novel by James Jones and seem to remember that while he was writing his last book, he sat at a typewriter in his caravan, struggling with emphysema. He died before the book was completed. I don't want to die yet, but it would be a relief and a release. I could continue alone for a long time if I was physically well, or even if I had reasonable medical attention, but the life I have lived during the past weeks has been a living death.

For Terry Anderson, Room 101 was spiders:

> I get along fine with most animals. Snakes don't bother me at all, or mice or even rats. Most bugs don't scare me, but for some reason, I've never been able to stand spiders, and there are a lot of them here. So I stopped killing them, and just sat for days watching them build their webs in every corner and cranny of the cell, until there were more than a dozen of various colors and sizes all around me. I even stood up to look at them from close range, just a couple of inches, studying them, watching them kill flies and mosquitoes. This morning, I crushed them all with my fist, one after another, in a few seconds. I'll have to live with my phobia.

And so he did. Unlike Winston Smith, who succumbed to his fear of rats, the hostages managed to stare down the various physical torments placed in their path. In the end, however, they faced a far less predictable threat: one another. And with this they did not always cope so well.

As the chief Middle East correspondent for the Associated Press, Terry Anderson had achieved a position of some prestige. It was at a price, however. Consumed by the story in Lebanon, and by his own considerable ambition, Anderson writes, he had badly neglected his wife and young daughter. Curt and arrogant, he drank heavily, chain-smoked, and chased women. He was seized early one morning while returning from a tennis match to the bed of his pregnant girlfriend; three unshaven young men forced him into a green Mercedes. It was the start of two thousand four hundred and fifty-four days in captivity.

Held in solitary confinement, Anderson has little to do but examine his past, and he is not happy with what he finds. As the weeks pass, his incarceration comes to seem to him a form of punishment perfectly suited to his sins. "I drank too much—no alcohol here," Anderson writes in "Den of Lions," reconstructing his thoughts at the time. "I chased women—no women here. I'm arrogant—what better than to put me in the hands of these so-arrogant, uncaring young men. I've been careless of others' feelings—these people give not one tiny thought to mine." After some pleading, he is given a Bible, and it becomes his chief comfort. Brought up a Catholic but long since lapsed, Anderson begins devouring the Scriptures with the same energy he formerly devoted to politics. "I reach so hard to touch God, concentrating, waiting for something, some acknowledgment from Him that I exist, that He's listening," Anderson writes. Nothing comes.

After nearly three months in isolation, Anderson is moved into a room with David Jacobsen, a hospital administrator. Not long after, they are joined by Presbyterian minister Benjamin Weir, Catholic priest Lawrence Martin Jenco,

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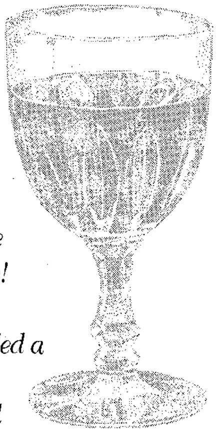

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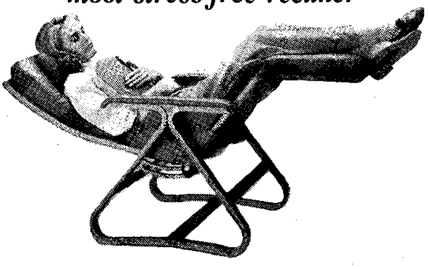

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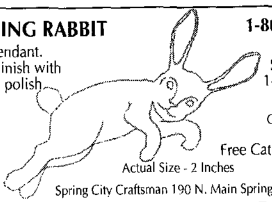

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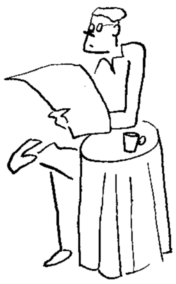
and Tom Sutherland, a professor. There they are: *five Americans crammed into* a ten-by-twelve-foot cell. After the endless hours spent alone, Anderson finds the companionship a great relief. With Father Jenco present, he is able to discuss his Bible readings, and to make his confession for the first time in twenty-five years.



Alas, the harmony does not last long, especially after the gentle Ben Weir is released several weeks later. Living on top of one another, deprived of even the slightest privacy, each of the hostages becomes fiercely protective of his space, and the smallest incursions lead to angry exchanges. A rough pecking order develops, with Anderson clearly at the top. Dominating group discussions, he goes off on long monologues, pacing back and forth like a professor in a lecture hall. Resentment and bitterness build. Anderson and David Jacobsen are barely able to speak to each other without the exchange turning nasty. An evangelical Protestant, Jacobsen is "very conservative about just about everything—a solid Orange County Republican," writes Anderson, a liberal Democrat. "We couldn't disagree more on just about every issue, and it's beginning to show." One day, while Jacobsen is in the bathroom, Anderson asks the others what's wrong. "You challenge David all the time," they tell him. "You seem to want to top him, to prove something to him. It's like a pair of bulls trying to dominate the same herd." Dismayed, Anderson digs even deeper inside himself. "It's not a view of myself I like—argumentative, bullheaded, trampling on other people," he writes. "Especially in a situation like this." Appealing to God for help, he reads the Book of Job over and over, seeing the old man's suffering as a parable for his own. Anderson resolves to show greater patience and self-control.

Before long, however, he is butting heads with Tom Sutherland. Of the four in the cell, Sutherland speaks the least. Abused constantly by his captors, he responds by withdrawing deeper into himself. Anderson works hard to engage him. "I finally got Tom Sutherland talking," he writes, "and he told me that I was crushing him, that I'd been aggressively argumentative in all our discussions of politics and other things, and that he felt I thought he was stupid. His ego has been crushed by [the guards'] constantly hassling him about being a spy, and he's telling me I make him feel worse. . . . I feel like a total shit."

In an effort to pass the time, the hostages play games. Using the glossy covers of some pamphlets on Islam, Anderson manages to fashion a deck of cards. Though forbidden to play, the Americans often do so, keeping a blanket handy to cover the cards whenever a guard approaches. Hearts is the preferred game, and it is played with murderous intensity. "I am a pretty vicious player," Anderson concedes. "I've always been very competitive; games are totally unenjoyable to me unless I play to win, whether it's points or money. The vehemence of our play is the only safe outlet for our emotions—and I'm not sure it's all that safe."

Before becoming a journalist, Anderson spent six years in the Marines, and it shows. His language often seems right out of boot camp. "How are we supposed to sort all this crap out?" Anderson asks at one point about a series of conflicting political developments. Elsewhere, he notes, "The Marines at the airport were being left deeper in shit." The guards—"hamsters," he calls them—come wrapped in stereotypes. They are, he writes, "all pretty much as one would expect, short, dark-haired, usually with a short, scruffy beard and large, hawklike Arab nose." One guard who harasses him is said to be "a typical militiaman—small, thin, scruffy beard, sharp Arab nose, black hair. Completely inseparable from a thousand, ten thousand others." As for Anderson's observations about politics, they can be remarkably breezy. Of Ayatollah Khomeini, he writes, "Never have really understood how this old man was able to keep such a complete grip on Iran."

Inside the soldier, though, is a more introspective man struggling to get out. During his captivity, Anderson begins to write verse, composing a ten-part poem (titled "Stigmata") that is reproduced in the book. It's not T. S. Eliot, but, as Samuel Johnson remarked in another context, the amazing thing is that it's done at all. ("I'm writing poetry!" Anderson marvels at one point.) Bible forever in hand, Anderson works hard at selfimprovement. "I read Paul frequently," he writes. "He struggles so hard with his weaknesses and pride, as I do. Unlike me, though, he so often reaches into the real nature of Christ, so often and so eloquently expresses his love of God. He has helped me learn to accept, to stop struggling and just wait for whatever God chooses to do with me." In "Den of Lions," Anderson's very soul seems at stake, with Patton and St. Augustine vying for the upper hand.

To discover the outcome, one must consult Brian Keenan's "An Evil Cradling." A best-seller in Britain, the book was the basis for the Broadway play "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me." Keenan, a rebel in the finest Irish tradition, grew up in Protestant East Belfast but rejected the reflexive support for the British that was prevalent in his community. Born into a working-class family, he was the only member of his circle to attend university. After working in Belfast as a teacher and a social worker, he went on to earn a master's degree in Anglo-Irish literature. Then, seeking to escape the sectarian strife of his native land, Keenan decided to travel to—of all places—Beirut, to teach English at the American University. In 1986, not long after his arrival, he was seized one morning while walking to work.

His initial encounter with his captors sets the tone for what follows. Sitting in the back seat of the kidnappers' car (another green Mercedes), Keenan tries to convince them that they've made a mistake—he's Irish and detests Margaret Thatcher. Surely an Englishman would serve their purposes better. Unfortunately, the Islamic fanatics do not understand the finer points of Anglo-Irish rivalry, and Keenan is imprisoned. To make matters worse, he eventually gets a cellmate who is an Englishman. John McCarthy, a television journalist, had come to Beirut to make a documentary about Keenan's kidnapping. Instead, he wound up sharing a cell with him.

As Keenan notes, the two men had every reason to dislike each other: McCarthy was not only English but upper class, a public-school boy, and a well-paid professional. Forced to lie side by side, all day, day after day, "like lovers in bed," they regard each other with considerable wariness. Little by little,

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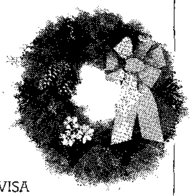
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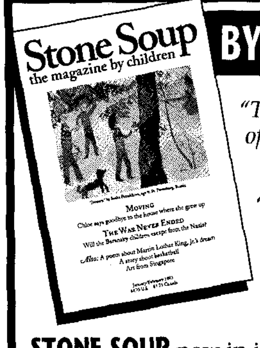
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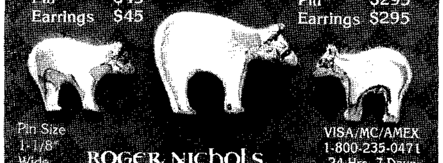
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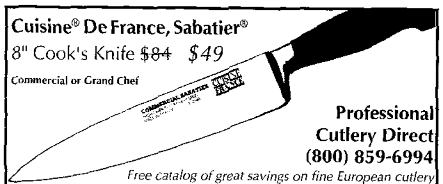
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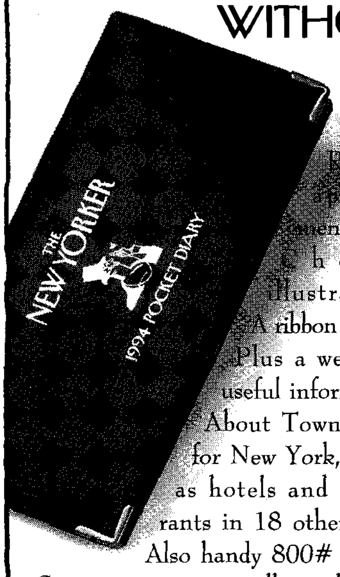

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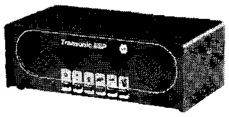

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VILLE ET VILLAGE

though, they begin to open up. They tell each other stories about how they were reared—McCarthy in an Elizabethan farmhouse with an orchard and an herb garden, Keenan in a terraced house on a back street of Belfast. They discuss God (seeing Him as a primitive, immanent force) and devise elaborate escape plans (all of which end in abject failure). They conjure up old girlfriends and debate international politics.

They play games as well. Every day, the guards bring them processed cheese wrapped in tinfoil. Keenan saves the foil, and one day he begins rolling it up into little balls. He then tears a plastic drinking bottle in half, sets the bottom against the wall, and begins pitching the balls toward the bottle. Only a few land inside. "You're bloody hopeless," McCarthy snaps at him. "Give me those things and I'll show you how to do it." So begins a match that lasts for weeks. The competition "was full of vicious but good-humoured banter," Keenan writes. "Expletives rolled off our tongues with such fury that we entertained ourselves doubly."

These contests of ribald one-upmanship become a daily fixture of life in the cell. "That's the problem with *marley mouths like you,*" Keenan chides McCarthy during one exchange. "You write about news you have no understanding of."

"Marley mouth?" McCarthy asks, laughing.

"Yes, you talk like you were born with marleys in your mouth . . . I don't know how you ever got the silver spoon in."

"Marleys?" McCarthy asks again, his laughter rising. "What in the name of fuck are you talking about, you ridiculous Irish aborigine."

"Marleys, you brain-dead piece of shit, are little coloured glass balls that children play with. . . . I would have thought that a boarding school pimp like yourself would know all about playing with balls."

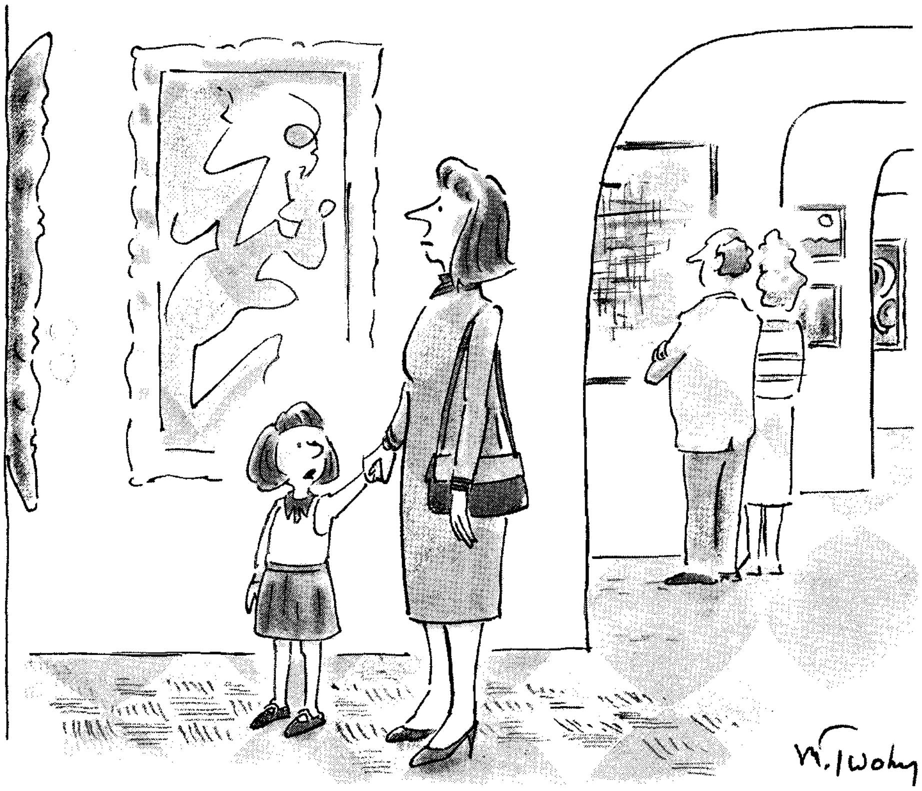
"My dear fellow," McCarthy replies, in the Queen's best English, "you mean marbles. It always amazes me that the race of apes from which you descended should ever have acquired the basic rudiments of language. As for my manner of speech, your own diction is unfathomable. It is only matched by your audacity, you maggot-faced, pea-brained piece of pus."

They collapse in hysterics. And so it goes, day after day, their most "profound meditations" on religion and politics degenerating into extended Rabelaisian exchanges. "We hurled this abuse with such pretended vehemence and at other times with such calm perverse eloquence that the force of it and the laughter pushed back the crushing agony of the tiny space," Keenan writes.

Even the guards become a matter for sport. Keenan and McCarthy assign them nicknames—Jeeves for one who is well-mannered, the Brothers Kalashnikov for a pair that never leaves home without one. One of the guards marches about imitating the sounds of the Road Runner cartoon character. "Meep, beep, whoosh," he mutters, thinking that this will scare the hostages, when in fact it only perplexes them. Another jailer—a fleshy son of a butcher—asks McCarthy to teach him to dance; McCarthy points out that this would be rather difficult, given that his feet are chained. One day, while watching a video of "The Dirty Dozen," a guard points to the image of Telly Savalas on the screen and asks, "He Churchill, yes?" Keenan and McCarthy erupt in laughter. The more they're exposed to the guards, the more they come *to see them, too, as people trapped in* their own impotence, and so are able to break down some of the cultural and psychological barriers that separate prisoner from jailer.

After more than two years together, Keenan and McCarthy are one day hooded and shackled and driven to a new holding pen, in the Bekaa Valley. Led into an underground cell, they remove their blindfolds to find Terry Anderson, Tom Sutherland, and Frank Reed sitting opposite them. The men eye one another curiously. "It had been years since either John or I had been in a room with other men with whom we could talk," Keenan writes. "The Americans' initial hesitancy spoke, I suppose, of the same inhibitions. Terry Anderson *was first to break the ice* and introduce himself."

Almost immediately, the contrast in *hostage cultures becomes apparent.* Keenan and McCarthy—eager to perform for their new audience—resume their buffoonery, the laughter "bursting forth, cradling us in its outrageous obscenity." The Americans—so long ensnared in their wounding debates and



"Now can we have an eating experience?"

• •

arid arguments—look on in disbelief, unable to determine whether the abuse is maliciously intended or not. It's as if Monty Python had suddenly crashed a Jesuit seminary. Keenan detects in the faces of the Americans "a kind of jealousy or envy." They seem "not to have, or to have lost any capacity for playfulness, for laughter."

Gradually, the Americans catch on to the wicked game and become intimate participants in it. Tom Sutherland, heretofore sour and grudging, begins telling jokes, infecting everyone else with his delight in them. Keenan writes:

> No matter what the punchline of the joke, which usually fell flat, the sight of this man uncontrollably laughing at his own joke reduced us to a quivering mass. Even Tom's half-confessional, half-delirious tales of his adolescent love life thrust him again and again into those tear-filled raptures.

"It's amazing sometimes how much laughing we do," Anderson writes in "Den of Lions," recalling this period. "John's imitations, Brian's terrible shaggy-dog stories, Tom's awful puns and drinking songs, Frank's tales of Boston. Even the idiotic and frustrating things the guards do set us off in giggles." More glumly, he notes that Keenan and McCarthy "have developed an incredibly close relationship, despite their vast differences. Makes the rest of us a bit jealous. They've been put off quite a bit by the aggressive quality in our discussions."

Keenan himself writes, "Terry, though enjoying the comic atmosphere, would not allow himself to be overcome by it. He was a man of vast intellect. It needed feeding. He was ravenous. He could not do without deep, complex conversations." More generally, he observes that the Americans were unable to get along. They continued to snipe and squabble and play games as if their lives depended on it. Taking offense at the smallest slight, a man would sit in silence for days, his dignity deeply insulted. "From all this, John and I eventually turned away," Keenan observes. "We would no longer be participants."

In his book's most inspired scene, Keenan tells of watching one of the men in the cell "lie still for days, his body a living corpse." Intent on rousing him, Keenan begins to relate a mad marketing scheme he plans to launch once he's back home. It involves visiting the island

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off Northern Ireland where Robert the Bruce, the hero of Scottish independence, watched a spider weaving a web in a cave while plotting his campaign against the English. No one has ever found the cave, Keenan points out, so he will go hunt for it, and if he can't find it—well, he'll take some explosives and blow a hole in the side of a hill and call it Robert the Bruce Cave. Then he'll fill the island with goats and milk them—no, not goats, that's too common—he'll fill the place with *pigs* and milk them. "When I've made all the milk into cheese," he goes on, "I'll put the cheese in this cave and I'll call it Robert the Bruce Cheese . . . and nobody will ever have eaten cheese like it before because there is nobody who eats pig's milk cheese." Since this is special Robert the Bruce cheese, he adds, he'll have to make it look different—mottle it with green to show that it's Irish.

As he ponders ways of turning the cheese green, laughter begins to ripple up. "What are you all laughing at?" he demands indignantly. "I'm deadly serious, this thing could work, think of it . . . you could make a fortune. . . . Pig's milk cheese, stick Robert the Bruce on it, go to this island, blow a big hole in the wall, who is going to know?" Soon, even the mute hostage in the corner is joining in. "A man emerges back into life," Keenan writes, "not because of anything I have said, but the lunacy and the laughter that is at the heart of our life beckon him back and he cannot resist it. There are many things a man can resist—pain, torture, loss of loved ones—but laughter ultimately he cannot resist."

The scene, and the insight, captures the vibrant humanism at the heart of "An Evil Cradling." Full of pluck and defiance, it seems to draw on centuries of Irish anguish. Yeats' blood-dimmed tide, Stephen Dedalus' setting forth from home, Bloody Sunday, the hunger strikes—they all echo loudly here. Even when Keenan is told, in August of 1990, that he's going to be released, his stubbornness wells up. "What about my friend?" he demands, reluctant to leave without McCarthy. "How much freedom," he muses, "can there be for a man when he leaves one half of himself chained to the wall?" Nonetheless, he decides that resisting would benefit neither of them, and so Keenan goes, ending more than four years in captivity.

ANDERSON, Sutherland, and McCarthy are eventually joined by Terry Waite. Nearly four years earlier, Waite had been kidnapped in Beirut after reports surfaced about the arms-for-hostages deal. (He denies having known about the deal.) For Waite, having company was a momentous change; until that point, he had been held in solitary confinement. Throughout, he had to endure a series of physical ailments: cracked teeth, which made it painful to eat; an excruciating earache, which made it hard to sleep; an infection that caused his eyelids to puff up like blowfish. Equally unending, however, was the mental anguish. "I have no centre," Waite writes in one of many heartrending passages in "Taken on Trust." "I am hurting myself. If I don't leave here soon, I will go mad, dissolve in pieces. They will attack me from without, and I will destroy myself within."

To keep from imploding, Waite becomes a voracious reader. Craving books even more than fruit, he endlessly badgers the guards for more. When the quality falls short of his expectations, he grows frustrated. After being given a gothic romance, he implores a guard to look for Penguin books. When the guard expresses puzzlement, Waite asks for a pencil and reproduces the Penguin logo as best he can remember it. "I thought of suggesting Pelican Books also, but I didn't want to complicate matters," he jokes. "Besides, I couldn't draw a pelican." A few days later, a bulky cardboard box is set down in his cell. "The box is full of books!" he exults, peeking inside. "I can see several of the old Penguin Crime series, distinctive in their green-and-white covers. There is a volume from the Penguin Classics series, Herodotus' 'The Histories.' Wonderful, a dream come true!" In all, there are at least a hundred volumes, and Waite is soon devouring "The Brothers Karamazov," "Joseph Andrews"—even the Encyclopedia Americana volume "M to Mexico City."

Not even Dostoyevski and Fielding, though, can compensate for the lack of human companionship. With each passing year in isolation, Waite's disbelief, and disconsolation, grow. "Three years since I had a normal conversation with

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anyone, three years since I saw the sun or felt the wind and the rain; three years in chains," he writes. "How much longer can this go on?" At another point, he wonders if he "will ever be able to bear the demands of human company again." Finally, he is moved into a building where the other hostages are being held, and he is able to make contact with them by tapping on the wall. Terry Anderson is on the other side, and, like characters in "Darkness at Noon," they work out a rudimentary code. Over the next few days, Anderson, who has access to a radio, scrapes his knuckles raw informing Waite of all the epochal events he has missed, from the fall of the Berlin Wall to the election of George Bush. Waite is elated to be brought up to date, but he worries about his fellow-hostages: "Have they been able to give each other support, or have they fought? Did I once read that rats kept together for long periods of time destroy each other? Do human beings behave in the same way, or do they unite against a common enemy?"

He soon gets the chance to find out. In the presence of other hostages, Waite finds himself so disoriented that he can barely speak. And his companions are not exactly supportive. Tom Sutherland—delighted to have a new ear in the cell—immediately latches on to Waite and pours out his life story. Waite quickly grows weary of his tale and looks to the others for relief. But Sutherland's huddling with Waite has had the effect of driving McCarthy and Anderson closer together. "I would have expected John, as a fellow countryman, to be a little more forthcoming," Waite writes, "but for reasons I don't understand he holds back." As for Anderson, Waite senses at once that he is the leader of the group, but he, too, remains aloof. And so, despite all the company, Waite's sense of solitude persists. "Over the years," he observes, "the other three have discovered ways of living together in captivity and I am conscious that my presence has disturbed their routine."

This passage is typical of "Taken on Trust": it is formal, restrained, and, one senses, not the whole story. While effective at evoking the life of the mind, Waite otherwise comes across as a fussbudget. Bodily functions seem to make him squeamish, and—a true test of candor—his book fails to mention sex even once. Four years without so much as en-

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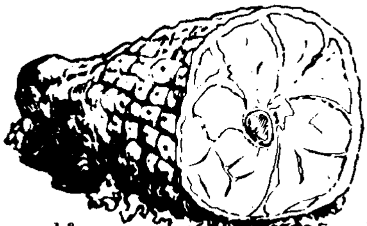

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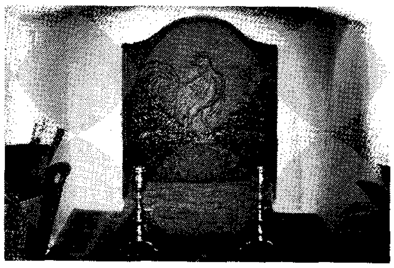

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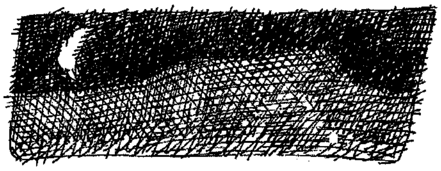
countering a woman, yet all he writes about is how much he misses his wife and kids. (Anderson briefly alludes to masturbating in his cell, and Keenan goes on at length about his bouts of impotence.) As a hostage, Waite, seeking to escape the vile present, retreated into the golden past, and he does the same in his book. A great deal of "Taken on Trust" is devoted to his pre-captivity life, from his days in primary school to his travels on behalf of the Church. He offers bland impressions of foreign lands ("Despite all the problems, Italy was a pleasant country in which to live") and throws bouquets to people he has met along the way ("Pérez de Cuéllar had been known to me for some time, and I had considerable respect for him"). His description of his time with his fellow-hostages also seems written so as to give minimum offense.

For a more unvarnished account, one needs to look to Anderson. Waite's presence, he observes in "Den of Lions," greatly increased the tension in the room. Having been put off by Waite, Sutherland developed a dislike for him that "deepened into outright antagonism." Things got so bad that the group held some encounter sessions, to little avail. Waite "cannot seem to understand that there are things he does that drive the rest of us crazy, especially Tom, whose mattress is right next to him, just inches away." Whereas Waite found Sutherland unbearably loquacious, Anderson felt the same about Waite. "TW wants to talk all the time, no matter what we want," Anderson writes. "When he does engage in conversation, he has the large man's habit of moving in close, until he looms over you."

In texture, these three books could hardly be more different. Reading "Den of Lions" is like eavesdropping on a parishioner at confession, our admiration at his candor mixing with discomfiture at his revelations. Toward the end of the book, Anderson mentions his interest in leaving journalism ("whores," he calls his former colleagues) and entering politics. If he does run for office, "Den of Lions" will not necessarily be an asset: an opponent would no doubt have a field day with the book. Terry Waite's account seems more the politician's book. "Taken on Trust" reads like the authorized account of a great man's life—not exactly what one expects of a prison memoir. Keenan, meanwhile, comes across like a raconteur in a pub, the anecdotes and adventures growing richer and more colorful with every downed pint of Guinness.

Yet, for all their dissimilarities, these books point toward a similar conclusion. Poisonous disputes, seething animosities—these, it seems, were the norm inside the cells of Lebanon. It's a sad paradox: in a situation crying out for mutual support and encouragement, most of the hostages retreated into their own psychic fortresses, with unhappy results. In a minor but revealing episode early on, Terry Anderson describes fashioning several rosaries by pulling strings from the plastic mat on the floor of his cell, tying knots in the strings to represent beads, and using toothpicks and tinfoil to make crosses. He then gives a rosary to each of the other hostages—even to Sutherland and Jacobsen, who are not Catholic. "I was trying to explain to our two Protestants how comforting it is to follow the ritual, to have a formula for prayers sometimes," Anderson writes. Though the act was meant as a compassionate gesture, it comes across as proselytizing. Seeking shelter from the terrors around him, Anderson took refuge in his Catholicism; rather than serving as a bridge to others, however, it became another source of division.

Brian Keenan managed to avoid this. Despite his keenly felt Irishness, he refused to be confined by it. In the end, it was his ability to transcend nationality, as well as class and all the other particularistic allegiances of the modern era, that enabled him to make his empathetic leap toward McCarthy and his imaginative leap from their cell. "In the circumstances in which we found ourselves physically chained together," Keenan writes, "we both realized an extraordinary capacity to unchain ourselves from what we had known and been." In a world swept by ever-narrowing categories of self-identification, Keenan's unchaining stands as a powerful example of how, in even the most adverse circumstances, a sense of universality can prevail. But the memoirs of his fellow-prisoners show just how difficult those chains can be to sunder. ♦



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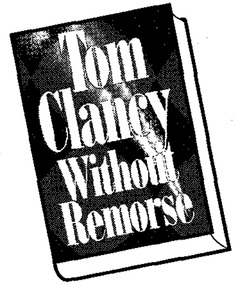

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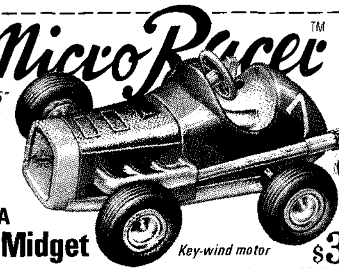

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Brothers
by Frederick Barthelme
(Viking; $21)

DEL TRIBUTE is forty-four, thinking about fifty, and looking for work in Biloxi, Mississippi, but "nothing in death or sales." He has a Ph.D. in communications, so he is able to conclude that if the Hail Mary "had lasted this long it was beyond grammar." Del's girlfriend, Jen, is twenty-four. She downloads bizarre stories from Compuserve and compiles them into a single-sheet newsletter, which she posts around town: "First it was *Blood & Slime Weekly*, then *Jen's Total Puke*, then *Organ Meats*." Del has a brother, Bud, who also lives in Biloxi, and Del makes the mistake of fooling around a little with Bud's wife, Margaret, while Bud is in California trying to find a part of his personality which seems to be on permanent loan elsewhere. That causes problems, but nothing that can't be fixed with some antiseptic gauze, adhesive tape, and aluminum foil. There you have it: "The Brothers." The storms in Biloxi are beautiful, the air smells like water, and it's the kind of place that reminds you how once upon a time "industrial stuff was pretty." This is a funny book, full of odd, lingering warmth.

The Princess Hoppy
by Jacques Roubaud; translated from the French by Bernard Hoepffner
(Dalkey Archive; $9.95, paper)

IF this book were not identified on the cover as a novel, it might be mistaken for a series of parodies—of algebra problems, Arthurian romances, penny dreadfuls, and students' workbooks, among other things. It is in fact a whodunnit, but that question is not asked until the penultimate paragraph, and it's up to the reader to discover the answer. Clues are provided, but the solution is not. We are told, too, that "the enigma that consists of finding out what the tale's enigmas are is not the least of the tale's enigmas." Disregarding conventional narrative boundaries, Roubaud plays with high culture, higher mathematics, and low puns. His characters include four perpetually plotting kings, four perpetually potting queens, an adorable princess, a lovelorn astronomer, the sun, a hedgehog called Bartleby, a salmon called Solomon, a dog, his tail, and the tale itself, which contains passages in hitherto unrecorded languages such as Dog and Duck.

The Holder of the World
by Bharati Mukherjee
(Knopf; $22)

THE author's degrees in ancient Indian culture and English literature are put to abundant use in this embroidery on the idea of "one of those extraordinary lives through which history runs a four-lane highway." Hannah Easton is the daughter of a New England Puritan widow who goes native with a New England Indian lover. Hannah grows up to make distinctly un-Puritanical narrative pictures in colored thread on cloth, and these sustain her through marriage to a one-eyed pirate, who beaches her first in England and then in pre-Raj India. The meat of the story is in the last few dozen pages, when she throws over the traces for a Hindu king. She not only saves his life but slays his powerful enemy and makes herself a one-woman proto-U.N. ambassador besides. In other words, she is a product of feminist multiculturalism grafted onto the familiar form of a romance novel, itself disguised in ostentatious literary allusion and a style suitable to historical chronicles. The neat and surprising resolution is the book's best moment, but you never get close to a single character.

FROM THE ACADEMY

Seeds in the Heart
by Donald Keene
(Holt; $50)

THIS volume triumphantly completes Keene's exhaustive critical study of Japanese writing. During the nine hundred years covered here, from the eighth through the sixteenth century, literature was primarily an aristocratic pursuit, and the poems and prose produced include some of the world's most exquisite: "The Kokinskū" and other great *waka* collections, Sei Shōnagon's "Pillow Book," "The Tale of Genji," and Zeami's Noh plays. The elegance and urbanity of Keene's style suit this material, and he has a sure instinct for the characteristic passage: Lady Ben's self-congratulatory report of how she managed to visit her sister by persuading her escort that she was following an ancient custom; or the story of Emperor Gokashiwabara hanging up samples of his calligraphy to attract purchasers, which is an unforgettable example of the impoverishment of the sixteenth-century court. And Keene's enthusiasms are refreshingly wide-ranging: his delight in refinement does not preclude appreciation of the outrageous and melodramatic.

New Poems of Emily Dickinson
edited by William H. Shurr
(North Carolina; $19.95)

ALTHOUGH Shurr's impulse toward the poet and toward her audience is truly generous, this collection of shadow "poems," aphorisms, and riddles culled from Dickinson's letters may strike nonacademic readers as faintly sacrilegious. Shurr points out that some of the poems in the Complete Dickinson canon were in fact found in letters, and that Dickinson moved freely in and out of poetic diction in her correspondence. Still, it is impossible to suspend disbelief while reading what he calls "prose-formatted poems" or "poems disguised in the letters as prose." These fragments—exacting, heady, and hymn-metric though they may be—simply do not hold up as poems, at least not by the standards Dickinson herself set in her *un*disguised poems. The "epigrams" seem most legitimate as freestanding pieces, perhaps because Shurr doesn't make so great a claim for them; and, as apt comments on Dickinson's method and mind—"I work to drive the awe away, / yet awe impels the work"—they are wonderful to have. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

UNMASKED

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

WE didn't do Halloween this year. Oh, sure, I got out my axe-murderer's mask, in case I wanted to march in the parade that's traditional in our neighborhood. But we didn't have our usual post-parade party. We didn't hang a witch piñata out of the window. When a friend of mine who lives in another city asked why, I offered a simple answer: "We plumb ran out of kids."

The friend—I'll call him Horace—knew what I was talking about. He has run out of kids himself, and his neighborhood doesn't even have a Halloween parade that can accommodate unaccompanied grownups. A couple of years ago, he suggested to his youngest daughter that it might be nice to celebrate Halloween the way they had done in the past, and she informed him that it was not customary for third-year law students to go trick-or-treating.

"That's what it's like here, too," I said to Horace. I told him about how we had to give up our Easter-egg hunt several years back.

"But you must have held that Easter-egg hunt for fifteen years!" Horace said.

It's true that when our kids got too old to search for Easter eggs themselves we managed to extend the hunt a few years by having them serve as guides and bearers for some of the younger kids on the block. Finally, though, we had to call a halt.

"Why?" Horace asked. "What happened?"

"Same as Halloween," I said. "We plumb ran out of kids."

When Horace's kids were small, he's told me, he loved taking them around the neighborhood to trick-or-treat. He enjoyed the opportunity to have a little chat with neighbors he sometimes didn't get to talk to from one year to the next. It was always fun to see what each child had chosen as a costume—a witch, a Mars bar, Big Bird—and, Horace admitted to me, he rather liked getting into his own costume. He was a pirate captain. He approached each house shouting "Avast, ye hearties!" If his gang ran across people who offered apples or granola or whole-grain sugarless biscuits, or anything other than the disgusting teeth-rotters that Horace thought proper for Halloween, he threatened to run them through.

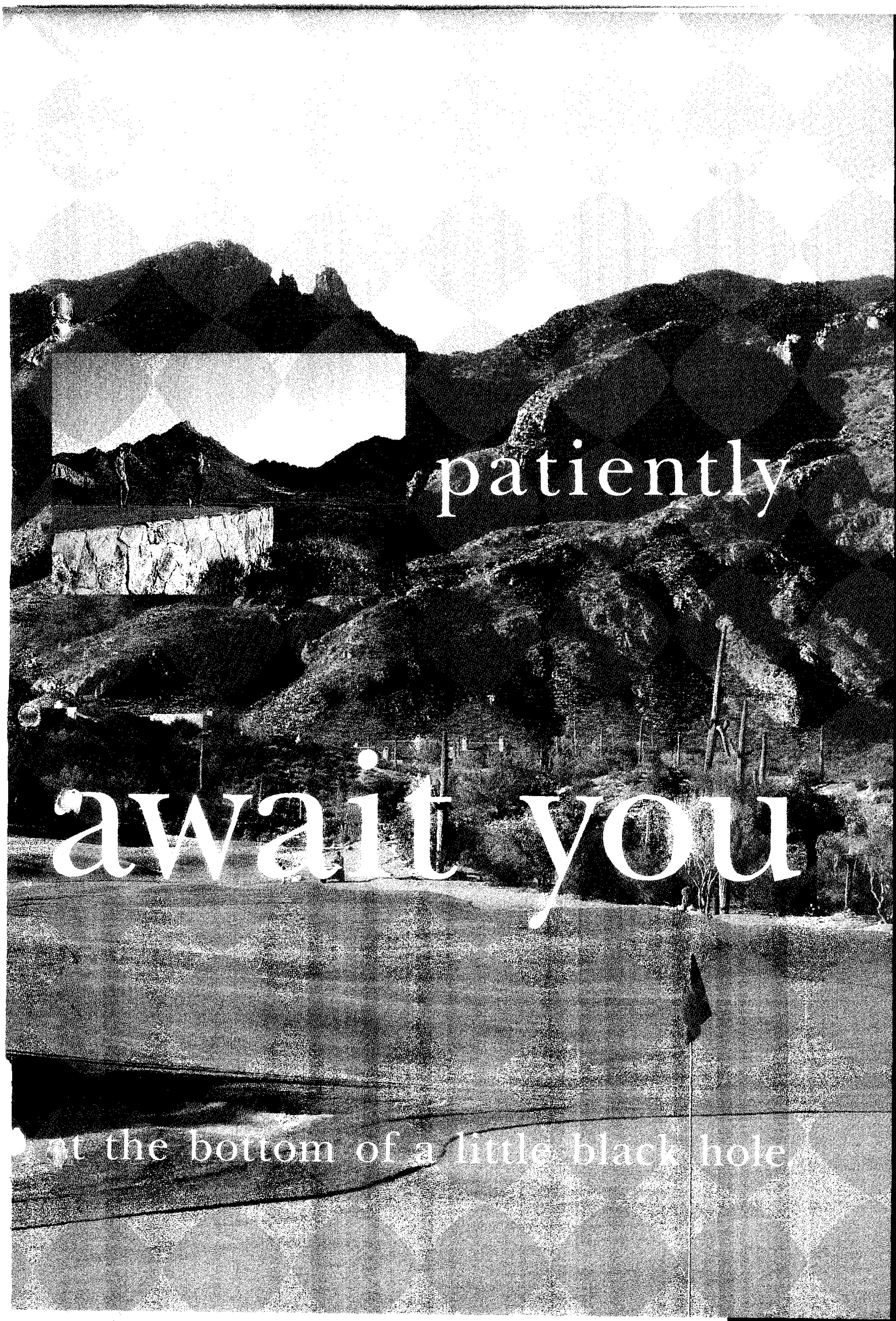
All that is over now. On October 31st, Horace and his wife sit home, recalling ghosts of Halloweens past. Even the occasional visit of trick-or-treaters doesn't do much to cheer them up. Horace still likes to see the neighborhood kids in their Halloween costumes, but he finds himself so envious of the accompanying adults that it's difficult to muster much cheerfulness.

A year ago, his wife suggested that he might feel better if he wore his old pirate-captain costume when he opened the door to trick-or-treaters, but a little boy in the first group of callers—a four-year-old who was ferociously costumed as a snaggletoothed monster—burst into tears at the sight of him. Now Horace wears his cardigan, which he was hoping would make him feel like Mr. Rogers but somehow makes him feel more like Mr. Wilson, the grump who lives next door to Dennis the Menace.

Horace and I agree about what's causing the problem for us and a lot of our contemporaries. Not long after you run out of your own kids to take trick-or-treating—or to take to the zoo or to the ballgame or fishing—you're supposed to have grandchildren to replace them. But there are no grandchildren in sight. When you read about the effects of changing marriage and child-bearing patterns in this country—women waiting until after their careers have taken hold before they get married, for instance, or couples living together for years before making it official and having kids—what you don't read about is that this is causing what can only be called a grandchildren gap.

This is why Horace spent this past Halloween at home in his cardigan, feeling like Mr. Wilson. He understands that. He understands that twenty years ago someone the age of his youngest daughter would probably have been the mother of two instead of being an assistant district attorney. Horace wants his daughter to do whatever makes her happy. He's proud of her. He has every reason to believe that she is a terrific assistant district attorney. On the other hand, he misses his pirate-captain costume. ♦

PATRICK BLACKWELL



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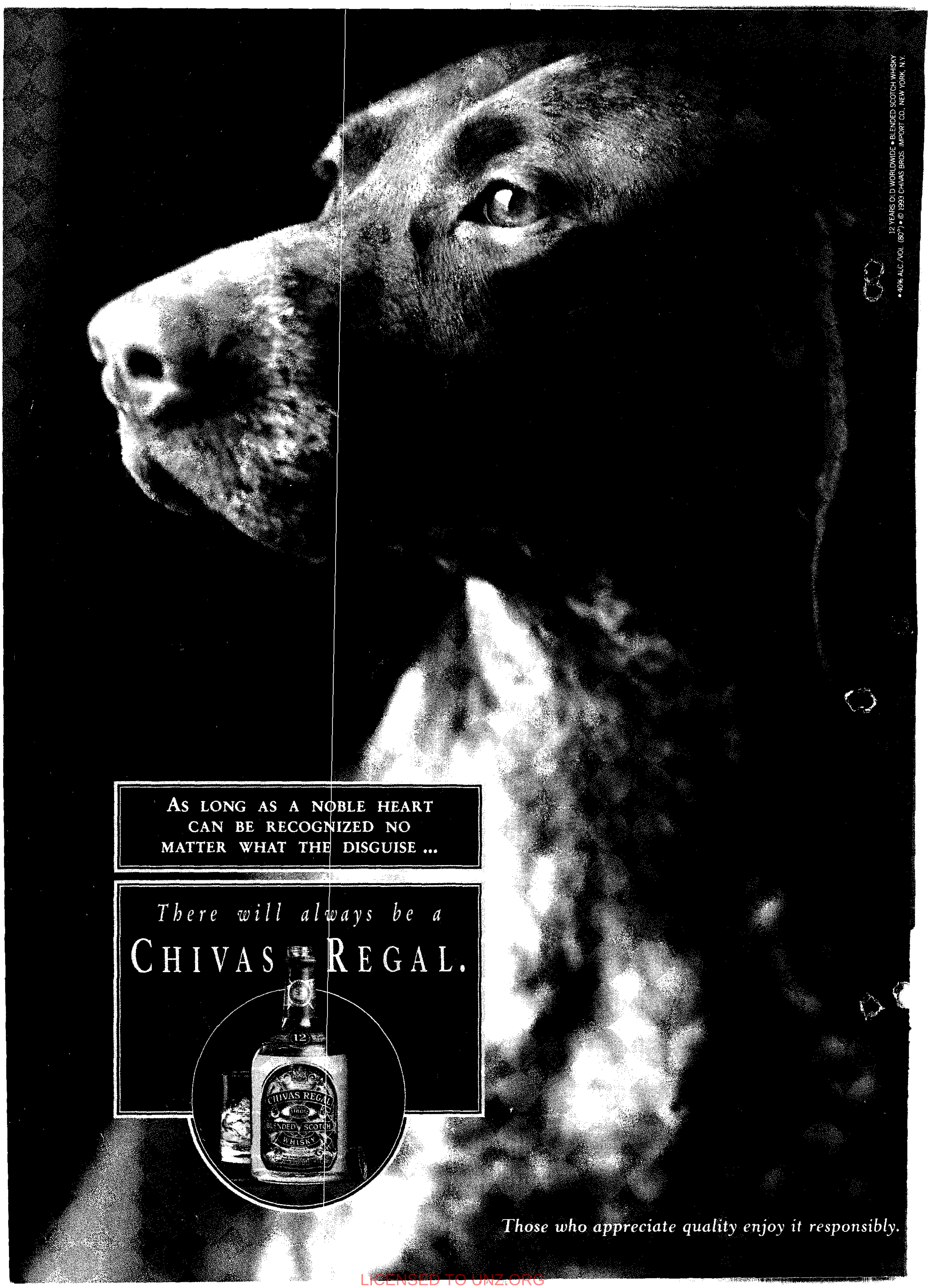
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